CONTRACTUAL MARRIAGE
We're Meant to Be Together

Contractual Marriage: We're Meant to Be Together

Rifa Coolheart

Published: 2022
Source: https://www.wattpad.com

1. Prelude

On the dinner table.

Two middle-aged men were seated side by side, and opposite of them was a young man who was about 30.

The young man, with his head lowered, was cutting through the steak and gracefully delivered it to his mouth bit by bit. He had a prominent facial outline and bright eyes. If it weren't for the blood on the corner of his mouth, it should be a very pleasing scene.

"Swish!" The man sitting opposite the young man let out a long, disdainful retroflex sound, interrupting the silence on the dining table.

"Whap!" Wei Qing finally couldn't bear the scorching gaze of the man in front of him. He suddenly put down the cutlery in his hand and looked at the man in front of him impatiently, "Wei Dongsheng, it has been ages since I came back last time. Can you do me a favor to let me finish this meal?"

"The meal?" Wei Dongsheng, crossing his arms on his chest, snorted coldly and said, "Son, how could you have the face to eat? You should know that in two more months, it will be your 26th birthday, and you are getting closer to 30 soon. You haven't even taken a boyfriend home. Do you still have the nerve to eat? "

Right, you didn't mishear. A boyfriend. By the way, Wei Qing was also a man.

Wei Qing had known since childhood that he was different. Others were nurtured by parents, while he was the product of modern society.

He had no mother, or he didn't know who was his mother.

He was born into a homosexual family. His father was gay, and so was his grandfather. Except for women, the dozens of people in his uncles' families are all gays.

It should be inherited.

Wei Qing's father was Wei Dongsheng.

Wei Dongsheng got married in his twenties to a big merchant in the same city, Zhuo Zhanheng, a popular bachelor with outstanding family background and a good-looking face. From beginning to end, Wei Qing

didn't know how his goofball dad had made acquaintance with such an upper-class person.

When Wei Dongsheng was twenty-three years old, he said he wanted a baby.

Zhuo Zhanheng doted on his 'wife'... husband. Without saying a word, he dragged Wei Dongsheng to Song City's third-grade class-A hospital and impregnated him.

The so-called artificial impregnation was to obtain Wei Dongsheng's sperms, and egg cells of any random woman, then combine them outside the body to form a fertilized ovum and cultivate it.

Wei Qing had asked Wei Dongsheng many times from whom he had taken the egg. Regardless of whether he had feelings for her or not, those unknown egg cells could be considered to be his mother whom he should take a look at, but Wei Dongsheng kept his mouth sealed and didn't say anything about it. After a long time, Wei Qing gave up.

Wei Qing had grown to twenty-six years old while he was still straight in all aspects. He kissed a neighbor girl at the age of fifteen and harvested his first love from a younger college female schoolmate at the age of nineteen. His job was smooth and he was smart. Although he was not as wealthy as Bill Gates, he was never short of money. Zhuo Zhanheng was one of the famous merchants of Song City, and he was a silver-spoon kid.

Although he was still single in his twenties, girls around him never being scarce.

Wei Qing thought that in his life, he should be able to get rid of the tag "gays", but he was wrong.

This tag was imposed on him by his goofball daddy.

Wei Dongsheng tapped on the table with his finger and stared at Wei Qing, "There will be a blind date tomorrow, which was introduced by your second uncle. A handsome boy. Go take a look."

Wei Qing's face instantly darkened. Impatience and distance could be seen in his eyes, and he said, "How many times do you want me to explain to you? I'm different from you. I'm not a gay."

Wei Dongsheng was irritated at once. He pounded the table with an irritation, pointed at Wei Qing, and looked towards the man beside him.

"Zhuo Zhanheng, did you hear what your son said? Is that what he is supposed to say to his father?! He cannot find a boyfriend himself and is unhappy to go on a blind date!

You are almost thirty years old but still single. Wei Qing, open your eyes and look at the boys in your uncles' families. Who hasn't had a boyfriend yet? Their boyfriends are all elites, charming and tall. To be honest, I don't want to compete with them. Even if you get me an ugly one, as long as he is a man… "

"Father." Wei Qing interrupted him calmly, "Stop talking."

"Why should I stop? What? Did it strike home? You have realized how embarrassing you are! "

"Father, truly, stop talking." Wei Qing said helplessly.

"You don't want me to talk? Well, You must go on this blind date. You…"

"You are sick, but don't make me like you!" Wei Qing suddenly stood up, kicking the chair next to his feet and roaring.

The round wooden bench rolled about on the smooth floor, smashing against the back of the sofa.

The loud sound made everyone in the room quiet.

Wei Dongsheng shrank his neck and said after a while, "Don't try to scare me. I'm not afraid of you."

Wei Qing sneered, "Wei Dongsheng, I'm afraid of you, okay?"

After that, the man turned around and walked out.

Wei Dongsheng stood up from his chair and shouted, "Escaping is useless. You are my son. If you don't find a boyfriend, don't go back home!"

Wei Qing had been striding out of the room. During this period, he looked indifferent and didn't lose his composure at all.

But when he walked past the villa and reached a place where no one was around, he suddenly broke out. Without saying anything, he raised his foot and kicked the tree.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck..." Wei Qing kept venting his anger while stamping on a big tree.

Just in the middle of this, someone patted his shoulder suddenly. "What are you doing?" !

Wei Qing turned his head angrily and saw that it was Zhuo Zhanheng.

Wei Qing hurriedly collected himself, straightened his collar, turned his head, and asked coldly, "Is there anything you need?"

He was not familiar with Zhuo Zhanheng. Even though he was his son in name, Zhuo Zhanheng paid all his attention to his goofball daddy, and he rarely asked about this unrelated son.

Therefore, Zhuo Zhanheng wouldn't pay attention to him unless he had to discuss work with him.

With one hand in their pocket, Zhuo Zhanheng smiled very gentlemanly. It must be said that even though he was over forty years old, this man's demeanor was not worn out because of time.

"Your father is like that," Zhuo Zhanheng laughed softly. "He is used to being spoiled by me, so he is still very willful in his forties."

Wei Qing's heart is itchy. A man said affectionately in front of him that he was used to spoiling another man, which was a lot of information for him.

2. Setting The Boundary

"That's the case." Zhuo Zhanheng took out a cigarette from his pocket, put it into his mouth, and said, "I don't want to force you, but I still hope that you can find a boy to get married within this month."

Wei Qing's face clouded, and he sneered, "I thought you were different from my dad. You might be more sensible, but I didn't expect…"

"Take it easy." Zhuo Zhanheng interrupted him. "I don't mean real marriage. You can find a boy to get married under a contract as soon as possible, and then you can divorce in a month or two."

Wei Qing was stunned, "Why?"

"I won't hide it from you further." Zhuo Zhanheng said with a grave look, "There is something wrong with your father's heart recently. He will have a big operation in two months. The doctor said it would be pretty risky. I haven't told him the real condition, so I hope you can be a little more well-behaved recently. After all, no one knows what will happen on the operating platform."

Speaking of "what will happen", Zhuo Zhanheng's finger was trembling.

Wei Qing felt like his heart skipped a beat. Zhuo Zhanheng was not the kind of person who would easily share his worries. Unless it was really risky, he would never tell others an unknown prediction.

'Risky…

Could there be something unexpected happening to that seemingly healthy goofball man?'

After a brief pause, Wei Qing suddenly raised his head, "When is the operation set?"

Zhuo Zhanheng narrowed his eyes and said quietly, "I'm not sure, but the doctor said it should be within these two months."

Wei Qing clenched his fists and opened his mouth with difficulty after quite a while, "Go back and tell Wei Dongsheng that shortly, I will... I will try my best to find a marriage partner. Don't let him think too much about this."

Zhuo Zhanheng sighed, "Wei Qing, you are a good kid."

Shaking his head, the man smiled bitterly, "I just want to pay off the debt of him raising me to set a clear boundary with him as soon as possible."

Zhuo Zhanheng approached Wei Dongsheng as soon as he entered the room, "How is it?"

The man nodded, "Settled."

Wei Dongsheng suddenly raised his hand and patted Zhuo Zhanheng's shoulder, "I told you this method will work!"

Zhuo Zhanheng held his hand and frowned, "How old are you? Don't get inflamed so easily."

Wei Dongsheng snorted, looking at the bench Wei Qing had kicked on the ground and complained, "Can you blame me? What kind of attitude did Wei Qing have? When I went to the hospital to pick the copy, I told you that I would not choose the egg cells of the female boxer. You insisted that it would thrive better with a strong life force. Now, such a grumpy son is here! "

"Then whose did you want to choose?"

"That female cleaner's. She just looked amiable."

Zhuo Zhanheng, "…"

3. I'm Getting Married To Him!

"What?" Your cousin is getting married!"

"Quiet down." Wei Yuan pressed jumpy Yan Chuyang onto his seat and whispered, "This is the library. Are you asking for a beating?"

Yan Chuyang seemed to have lost his soul. He fell to his chair with a vacant look, murmuring, "How can it be so soon? He... he is still so young."

"Young?" Wei Yuan closed the book in his hand and said, "My cousin is almost 26 years old. If he hadn't been hurt by that bitch Shen Shimin a few years ago, he might have got married long ago."

"Then, what should I do?" Yan Chuyang was paralyzed on the chair, his face is so pale as if he had suffered a lot.

"Hey, don't be like this." Wei Yuan couldn't help patting Yan Chuyang's shoulder. "There are plenty more fish in the sea. Why just love my cousin? I'll find you a more handsome date."

"Impossible." Yan Chuyang lowered his eyes feebly. "I only like him. If he gets married, I will find no meaning to live on."

Wei Yuan felt a chill down his spine when he heard this. He frowned and said, "What is this?" Are you going to die if he gets married? "

"No." Yan Chuyang shook his head. "Even if I will die, I will attract his attention. So, I want to kill someone first." Yan Chuyang raised his eyes and stared at Wei Yuan, "Kill someone who is by my side first, better his family."

Wei Yuan shivered and subconsciously shrunk backward. He raised his hand to protect his chest and said, "You motherf**ker, you being lovelorn, why are you trying to scare me?"

With a bang, Yan Chuyang knocked his head on the icy cold table and said aggrievedly, "Wei Yuan, I'm going to die. What should I do? What should I do?"

Wei Yuan sighed, "It seems you like my cousin."

Yan Chuyang was gay and adored his elder cousin Wei Qing.

This was a secret that Wei Yuan had known when he was at the middle school.

Yan Chuyang and Wei Yuan had grown up together. They lived very close to each other. When Yan Chuyang was five years old, his father died and his mother remarried. He grew up with his grandmother. His grandmother had passed away a few years ago, and only Yan Chuyang was left.

Wei Yuan had never understood why Yan Chuyang had fallen in love with his cousin with a poker face all the time.

In short, when he was fourteen years old, Yan Chuyang pointed at his family photo and said, "Is this one wearing a shirt your elder cousin?"

Wei Yuan glanced at him and nodded, "Yes, it's my uncle's son."

Yan Chuyang nodded and said calmly, "What a coincidence! I didn't expect the one I have a crush on is your cousin."

Wei Yuan didn't feel surprised. He just gave a simple response to show that he got it.

According to his mother, aside from girls, most men in her mother's family were gays. He was used to the fact that there were so many gay relatives around him.

From that day on, Wei Yuan became the messenger of Yan Chuyang, delivering Wei Qing's private information in secret.

Everything about Wei Qing would be delivered to Yan Chuyang through Wei Yuan.

"All right!" On the eighteenth time Yan Chuyang knocked his head on the table, Wei Yuan finally couldn't stand it anymore. He raised his voice and said, "Let me tell you the truth. I was scaring you just now. You don't stand no chance anymore; instead… your change is coming."

Yan Chuyang snorted dejectedly and said in a hoarse voice, "He's getting married. How can I still have a chance?"

"My cousin is faking a marriage." Wei Yuan said slowly, "He is in a hurry to find a marriage partner. In addition, he entrusted me with the task of finding someone."

It was silent for a few seconds.

The man leaning over the table jumped up suddenly, "Me! Me! I will marry him!

"Damn!" Wei Yuan stood up and pressed him down. He looked at the strange gazes around the library, nodded apologetically, and sat down. Then he whispered to Yan Chuyang, "You are a college student at least. Do you have any manners?"

"Me, me." Yan Chuyang grabbed Wei Yuan's arm and said in a low voice, "I am the most suitable. I have dreamed of getting married to him countless times. I am qualified!"

Wei Yuan twitched his brow and said with disgust, "You should be a little reserved."

Yan Chuyang said endlessly, "Wei Yuan, me, me. I will marry him!"

Wei Yuan said, "It's not just saying. My cousin said there would be an interview."

"Me, me, I will marry him."

"There'll be an interview."

"Me, me, I will marry him.."

Wei Yuan, "…"

By the window of the European-style Restaurant, a tall man in a black suit was leaning against the back of a chair with his back straight, his fingers unconsciously tapping on the table.

It seemed that he was waiting for someone. Every minute, the man raised his sleeve and looked at the dazzling platen watch. His brow was furrowed deeply.

Despite his impatience, he still gave off charm and a noble aura.

"Hey?" Wei Yuan?"

"Cousin, why are you calling?"

Wei Qing looked outside the window and said coldly, "When is the person you introduced coming? I've been waiting for him for ten minutes and thirty-seven seconds. "

"Cousin, don't worry. He got out early in the morning. He might be stuck on the road."

"Can you be more reliable?"

"This one is reliable!"

Wei Qing said discontentedly, "You also said that a few days ago, but what cockroaches you have brought to me? One came up with his pinky up and was so sissy. Another one wore silk socks, wanting to eat me alive! Even if it is a fake marriage, you can't make me feel disgusted! "

"Cousin, my fault." Wei Yuan explained, "Those guys are all accidents. You will be satisfied with this one today."

Those guys introduced by Wei Yuan a few days ago were specially hired by him.

He knew that his cousin was very straight. His most annoying thing was sissy pants, so he especially found a few people on the street to show sissy spirit to disgust Wei Qing.

With the contrast of these terrible "sissy" guys, Yan Chuyang should be able to lighten up Wei Qing's eyes.

4. I Can Marry You Anytime

The contrast was the best way to manifest beauty.

As a friend, there was only so much he could help. The rest all depended on Yan Chuyang's fortune.

"Hello." A boy hurriedly pushed open the glass door of the restaurant and grabbed the wrist of a waiter passing by, gasping heavily. "Is there a man called Wei Qing?"

Hearing the voice, Wei Qing turned his eyes and saw the man wearing a black safety helmet at the door. He said to his cell phone, "Enough. The guy you introduced is here." After that, the man hung up the phone.

"Wei Qing?" The waiter shook his head. "I'm not sure, but that gentleman seems to be waiting for someone." As he spoke, the waiter pointed to the table next to the window, "I wonder if he is the Wei Qing you mentioned."

Yan Chuyang followed the direction of his finger. Wei Qing just happened to raise his eyes to look at him. The two of them looked at each other from afar.

Yan Chuyang gasped, his eyes locked on him.

'How could he be so handsome?

How could his nose be so sharp? How could his facial features be so prominent?

Why are his eyes so mesmerizing?

The eyes staring at me are so deep that I'm willing to fall in.

It is worthwhile to die for such a person.'

Yan Chuyang walked towards Wei Qing step by step.

It was like stepping on his chest, and his heart was palpitating.

He felt a little regretful. 'Why didn't I take the rest of my grandmother's Quick Acting Heart Reliever pills to save myself?

My heartbeat is simply too fast.'

"Hello." Wei Qing was the first to stand up and reach out to Yan Chuyang.

Yan Chuyang lowered his eyes and stared at the big hand with clear bone joints. His Adam's apple was rolling. However, after hesitating for a while,

he did not hold his extended hand. Instead, he raised his eyes, trying to suppress the regret, and said, "There's no need for such formality. Let's come into the business."

Wei Qing raised his eyebrows and didn't say a word, but he's frowning was relieved. The boy's sharp way of handling things made him feel very comfortable.

Wei Yuan taught it to Yan Chuyang before coming.

Wei Yuan told him that he must perform swiftly and resolutely because what his cousin hated the most was sissy men and gays especially, so he must suppress his admiration for him and show his masculinity.

Yan Chuyang sat down at the table. As soon as he sat down, he subconsciously picked up the glass of water on the table and held it to his mouth. But by the side of his mouth, the glass knocked the protective goggles on his safety helmet, and water was sprinkled out.

"Eh…" Wei Qing frowned and stood up. He lifted the glass goggles of the safety helmet for Yan Chuyang.

Yan Chuyang didn't expect that he would do it, so he subconsciously widened his eyes.

Wei Qing's hands trembled.

He was completely frightened by the boy's pitch-dark eyes.

He hadn't seen it just now, but now he saw them clearly with the goggles on the helmet lifted.

The boy was very young, about seventeen or eighteen years old, and the distance between his eyebrows was very narrow. He seemed to have heard that people with narrow eyebrows were very stubborn and persistent.

His skin was very fair, as tender as a child. High-bridged nose, big eyes, and thin lips with light color.

He had infolded double eyelids and a very big black pupil which was why he felt uneasy while being stared at by him.

All in all, he looked good.

Wei Qing put down his hand and thought to himself leaning on the back of the chair. 'Although he is not the best among the other handsome faces, he is cute, 95 in the score.'

"Sorry." Yan Chuyang raised his hand and took off the helmet embarrassedly. He put it aside and said, "I was in a hurry. I forgot to take off the helmet."

Wei Qing said that it was fine. He casually glanced at the word "SHOEI" on the boy's helmet and raised his eyebrows, "You came here on a motorcycle?"

Yan Chuyang was stunned. "Ah!" He said, "Yes! Motorcycle.".

"You like motorcycles?"

"Right." Yan Chuyang laughed exaggeratedly. He opened his arms, leaned back on the back of a chair, and said in a loud voice, "Men, all have a dream of Harley."

Wei Qing nodded with satisfaction.

'Good. Although he is not very manly while boasting, he is a little cute. He is quite manly compared to the guys with pinky up I saw just a few days ago.'

"Are you going to order?" Yan Chuyang looked at him with eyes wide open.

"Go ahead." Wei Qing handed over the menu and said, "My treat."

"Hmm," Yan Chuyang said. He took the menu and glanced at it and said, "Fillet steak, rare."

Wei Qing raised his eyebrows, "You like it rare?"

"Right." Yan Chuyang raised his head and said unconvincingly, "Steak with blood is best to eat."

'Very good.' Wei Qing's eyes turned dark, and then he made another check in his heart.

'Good looking, manly, and similar in appetite.

Next is family background, If it is clean, I could make a decision.'

Wei Qing secretly rejoiced. It seemed that he had come right today. After searching for so many days, his unreliable cousin finally found the right one after all.

"Do you know your purpose of coming today?"

Wei Qing came straight to the point.

Yan Chuyang nodded, "I know. To marry you."

Wei Qing twisted his eyebrows and pulled his necklace with a sullen face, "It's a fake marriage. Please add the word 'fake' all the time. I do mind."

"Oh," Yan Chuyang said. Suddenly, he raised his dark eyes and asked, "When can we get married? Do we need to get a marriage certificate? Would we exchange rings? Which church should be selected?"

It was silent for two seconds.

Wei Qing knocked on the table with his fingers and looked at him suspiciously.

"Excuse me, are you in a rush?"

Yan Chuyang sighed and regained his wits, saying hurriedly, "I… I'm not in a rush. I'm going to pay the tuition soon, and I'm a little tight. I want to make money as soon as possible. I heard that if I get married to Mr. Wei, I'll get paid. Thus… "

Wei Qing spread his eyebrows and nodded satisfactorily, "Of course, this is a job. We are business partners, so I will pay you every month."

5. If It's Okay, Lets Sign The Contract

Yan Chuyang said, "Then I have no worries. I can marry you at any time."

"It's a fake marriage."

"Oh." Yan Chuyang scratched the back of his head. "I have brought my identity card. When will we go register the marriage?"

Wei Qing twitched his mouth and said, "I don't know much about you. Introduce yourself first."

Yan Chuyang straightened up nervously and said seriously, "Yan Chuyang, nineteen years old. I am a junior at an art academy and I major in drawing. After my parents divorced, I have been living alone, and not very flush with cash."

"Do you have a girlfriend?" Wei Qing suddenly asked.

Yan Chuyang nodded heavily, "Yes."

Wei Qing's last bit of worry disappeared with his affirmative answer.

'If he has a girlfriend, it means that he is very straight and wouldn't develop any unnecessary illusions about me.'

"Very good." Wei Qing smiled contentedly. Suddenly, he pulled out a piece of paper from his handbag and handed it to Yan Chuyang.

"I'm very satisfied with you. You have passed the test. This is the contract. If it's convenient, you can sign it now."

"We even have a contract." Yan Chuyang whispered after receiving it.

"Of course." Wei Qing gracefully took a sip of his cup of tea and said, "A matter of business, so it should be precise."

"But…" Yan Chuyang stared vacantly at the one hundred rules densely packed on the paper. "That's too much."

"Better be more detailed. It can avoid conflicts in the future."

"But why can't we sleep on the same bed?" Yan Chuyang frowned at the contract paper.

Wei Qing's face changed, "It's a fake wedding. Of course, we don't need to sleep together."

"But sleeping in different beds can easily arouse others' suspicions, right?" Yan Chuyang put down the contract and stared at Wei Qing

seriously. "I heard from your cousin that you are forced too hard by your parents, so you wanted to get married to fool around. If we sleep in different beds, wouldn't it be discovered by them?

"It's fine." Wei Qing pursed his lips. "I don't live with them. They won't find it."

"But we should sleep together on our wedding night, right?" Yan Chuyang frowned. "Your family will monitor you on the day of the wedding. If you split the room on the first day of the wedding, you will be discovered."

Wei Qing looked a little sullen. After a long time of silence, he murmured, "Trouble."

"No trouble." Yan Chuyang pointed to the first rule of the contract and said, "Just add an item here-sleeping together on the day of the wedding."

"No need." Wei Qing's face turned cold. "I won't sleep with a man."

Perhaps because his father had tried to make him gay since he was very young, Wei Qing was very reluctant to have contact with men.

He wanted to get rid of the tag of "gay".

Moreover, if it hadn't been for the fact that his family was all gays, Shen Shimin wouldn't have left him either.

All because of the three-letter word. He detested it.

"Why do you react so hard?" Yan Chuyang felt his heartache like being pricked by a little thorn. He lowered his eyes and said, "Then if you don't agree, I think I can't sign this contract for now."

Wei Qing raised his head, "Why?"

"I feel that we must sleep together on our wedding night. After all, I have taken your money and have to take responsibility for the job."

Wei Qing took a long breath and said while rubbing his eyebrows, "Don't think too much. Just listen to my arrangements."

"No way." Yan Chuyang pushed the contract to Wei Qing's hand. "If you don't agree to the new item, I won't sign it."

"I will never agree to sleep together!" Wei Qing said word by word, with a determined look on his face.

"Fine, then." Yan Chuyang shrugged his shoulders, then stood up and pulled the chair aside. "Since Mr. Wei doesn't agree, then our conversation can end here."

Wei Qing's face froze, "Are you leaving now?"

"Right." Yan Chuyang picked up the helmet on the table, turned around, and walked outside the restaurant.

Looking at the boy's back, Wei Qing thought in his mind.

'This guy has a good look, a good temperament, and a good family background. Even his appetite is similar to mine. Besides, he is a classmate of Wei Yuan. If he knows him so thoroughly, I wouldn't have to worry that he would quit halfway.

My father is waiting for the operation, life or death being uncertain. He is waiting for me to bring a boyfriend back.

Time is running short. Am I going to spend more time looking for someone else?

Besides, would I meet someone as suitable as Yan Chuyang in such a short time?'

Wei Qing narrowed his eyes and shouted, "Stop!"

Yan Chuyang stopped, and a smile of triumph appeared on his young face.

"Why do you want to leave in such a hurry?" Wei Qing said in a low voice, "Let's discuss further."

Yan Chuyang turned around and sat back at the table with great cooperation. He picked up the contract paper and said, "Then I'll add the item to the first rule. We need to sleep together on the new wedding night."

Wei Qing's face darkened. After a while, he said unwillingly, "Fine."

Yan Chuyang smiled and lowered his head. He picked up the pen and added the additional item of the "sleeping together" to the contract.

"Are there any more questions?" Wei Qing took a long breath and asked.

"Um…" Yan Chuyang looked through the contract terms one by one and suddenly asked, "Why only you hold the marriage certificates? Shouldn't each of us have one?

Wei Qing's eyes darkened, "The reason I have the marriage certificates is to get divorced more conveniently."

Yan Chuyang's heart sank. He couldn't even force a fake smile.

"No way." The boy shook his head and pushed the contract to Wei Qing's hand. "Each of us holds a marriage certificate. It is the mutual respect between husband and husband."

"Respect?" Wei Qing shook his head, speechless. "The relationship between us is fake. Since it is fake, why do we talk about respect?"

Yan Chuyang murmured with the table cloth in his hand, "It's fake to you. Not to me."

"Mr. Yan?" Wei Qing knocked on the table. "If it's OK, let's sign the contract."

6. One Kiss A Day

Yan Chuyang regained his wits and shook his head earnestly, "No, this item has been changed. The marriage certificates must be held by each of us."

"Why do you insist on it?" Wei Qing couldn't understand.

"If you don't agree, I'll leave." Yan Chuyang used his old trick and stood up again.

Wei Qing said nothing with a sullen face.

Yan Chuyang turned around and walked outside. He didn't walk far yet.

"Stop!" Wei Qing shouted again.

Yan Chuyang thought to himself, 'I owe Wei Yuan a big gift. The methods he taught me to deal with Wei Qing works like magic!'

The boy sat down again. He excitedly took the contract over, picked up the pen, and said.

"Then I shall cross off the item about the marriage certificate and fill in another one-each holds a copy of the marriage certificate."

Wei Qing clenched his fists and said with a cold face, "Fine."

Yan Chuyang picked up the revised contract and blew to dry the ink faster.

"Can you sign it now?" Wei Qing knocked on the table with his fingers and asked impatiently.

"Sure." Yan Chuyang smiled and picked up the pen to sign the name on the bottom of the contract. But as the pen was about to touch the paper, he paused again.

Wei Qing's forehead twitched and he asked in a low voice, "What's the problem again?"

Yan Chuyang clicked his tongue and put down the pen. He raised his head awkwardly and said, "Actually, I still have a presumptuous request to be written into the contract."

Wei Qing sneered and said knowingly, "Do you think your salary is low and you need to increase your pay?"

"Well… no, it's not."

"Mr. Yan." Wei Qing took a sip of his coffee and interrupted him. "After all, you can't be too greedy. But don't worry. I'm not a petty person. If you perform well, except the promised pay, I will pay extra..."

"I'm not asking for money." Yan Chuyang interrupted him vexedly. "I want to say if we can add another item, that is, can we kiss every day?"

Wei Qing's face stiffened. After a long while, with the erected ears, he approached Yan Chuyang, "Sorry, I didn't hear it clearly. One "what" every day?"

Yan Chuyang widened his round eyes and repeated word by word with extreme earnestness, "Kiss. One kiss every day. We kiss each other on the lips once every day."

With a bang, Wei Qing leaned back on the back of the chair, his face turning cold, "Are you gay?"

"I'm not!" Yan Chuyang hurriedly waved his hand and explained, "I told you. I have a girlfriend. If you don't believe me, just ask Wei Yuan. The two of us are classmates with the same major! He is your cousin. He won't lie to you!

Hearing the name of Wei Yuan, Wei Qing's brow relaxed a bit and he said with his hands crossed over his chest, "Since you are not gay, why do you make such a disgusting request? "

"That's how it is." Yan Chuyang sat down and began to talk nonsense. "I have selected a course about happiness in college. Our teacher is so perverted that he asked us to have an experience of getting along with strangers and kissing each other each day, and then write it down as the final assignment."

"Then why do you choose me?"

"Isn't it a coincidence?" Yan Chuyang said earnestly, "The teacher gave us a month to do the homework. During this period, we happen to get married. You are a stranger to me. The two of us have to spend some time together, so all your conditions are suitable, so…"

"Impossible." Wei Qing shook his head seriously. "I absolutely cannot accept such a ridiculous request."

"Can't you consider it?"

"I can't."

"Fine." Yan Chuyang stood up again, lowering his head, and said, "I'm sorry. I can't sign this contract for now."

After that, the boy once again turned around and stepped outside.

Wei Qing kept silent with a stiffened face.

Seeing the boy's back gradually disappear, and the unsigned contract on the table, Wei Qing broke down and slapped on the table, "Can't you give me some more time? Have I said that it's under no discussion?!

'Leaving at will again and again. What the hell do you want you?'

Yan Chuyang turned and scratched the back of his head innocently.

"Mr. Wei, actually, eh, I just wanted to go to the bathroom."

The contract was finally signed.

Yan Chuyang successfully added another one under the 100 items of the contract.

"During the contractual marriage between A and B, A and B need to kiss each other once a day. P.S., on the lips."

"Go back and pack up." Wei Qing walked Yan Chuyang to the door and said, "Tomorrow, we will fly to Mexico to get our marriage certificates and then come back home to have a private banquet. This matter is settled."

Yan Chuyang nodded, "Okay."

"Then I'll go back." Wei Qing opened the door, turned suddenly when he was about to enter, and said seriously to Yan Chuyang.

"Mr. Yan, wish us a happy cooperation."

"Likewise."

Wei Qing got onto the car and drove forward steadily.

Watching the car speeding away, Yan Chuyang breathed a sigh of relief and walked towards the motorcycle parking at the door of the restaurant.

He didn't go home but went to the cemetery in the north of the city.

His grandmother's tomb was located there.

"Here you are." The mid-aged man guarding the tomb smiled and waved at Yan Chuyang.

Yan Chuyang smiled, threw him a pack of cigarettes he had bought on the road, and said, "Mister, take a cigarette."

The mid-aged man was surprised, "Why do you have cigarettes? You don't smoke, do you? "

Yan Chuyang smiled, "Wedding cigarettes. I'm getting married."

"Oh, Yang, you are getting married!" The man teased, "You can't forget us after you get married."

Yan Chuyang scratched the back of his head and his fair face flushed slightly, "Of course, I will come here once every week. I still want to see my grandmother."

Knowing that Yan Chuyang was bashful, the man no longer teased him. He smiled and let him leave.

7. Degrading Himself

"Granny." Yan Chuyang put the balloon flower in his hand in front of the grave, squatted down to touch the photo of a benevolent elderly woman on the center of the cold gravestone. He said with a smile, "I'm going to get married."

In the silent cemetery, only wind could be heard.

"Do you know whom am I going to marry?" Yan Chuyang was all smiling. After a silence, he shook his head, "I suppose you can't guess it at all."

"Alright." The boy shrugged, "I won't keep you in suspense. I'm gonna marry Wei Qing."

"Wei Qing, this name doesn't ring a bell, does it? Let me tell you, he is the one who donated us anonymously every month ."

"Your monthly medical expenses and my annual college tuition were all donated by him. However…"

Yan Chuyang lowered his eyes; he shook his head as if he thought of something funny, "However, if you see him, you won't believe he is that kind of person who donated us. Because with a straight face, he looks like a mean, bad boss."

"But I know he is kind." Yan Chuyang smiled with a warm expression in his eyes. "If it hadn't been for him, you might not have been able to have that operation eight years ago, and I would not have been so lucky to have the chance to stay with you for another six or seven years. "

"He is such a nice guy." Yan Chuyang turned around and sat down against the tombstone. He said with a faint smile, "At first when I approached him, all I wanted was just to thank him and repay him. But the more I knew him, the more I adored him. You don't know that he is so handsome and so good-looking. I was shocked when I saw him the first time. His lips were rosy and his teeth were white; he looked cold but still pretty. He looked just like... like an arrogant little prince."

"I have already met him at the age of 12. I hid it from you that I went to the address written on the donated materials."

"At that time, he was standing at the door feeding a stray cat with a bun. I can still remember how he looked back at me. His cold eyes made him look fickle, but what he was doing was very cute. He threw the bun to me and said, Hey, kid, I need to go to school now. Help me feed this cat. "

"Alas." Yan Chuyang shook his head. "I can't even remember whether I fed that cat or not. It was all because of him for being so gorgeous that I could do nothing else except look at him."

The boy was in a daze for a while, and then suddenly said, "But it's not for his appearance that I like him." Yan Chuyang stressed, "What I like is his gentle heart."

"So…" The boy let out a breath, and his jet-black eyes were resolute. "So I want to repay him. I want to become someone excellent, someone, worthy of his love. And then, I'll be with him."

"Granny, here comes the opportunity. I'm going to marry him. The two of us will have a long time to get along with each other. So, please bless me in heaven and let him fall in love with me quickly. The love will be so deep that..." Yan Chuyang narrowed his eyes as if he was joking with his granny like he used to, "that he can't extricate himself and can't be without me for a single minute."

"Of course you will bless me, won't you?" Yan Chuyang turned his head and looked at the amiable smile on the gravestone.

The wind was light and no one answered. But he always felt that he saw that benevolent old woman standing in front of him with a smile, "Sure, anything my grandson says."

Knock, knock.

The clear knock on the door awoke the one sleeping well in bed.

Yan Chuyang stroked his hair impatiently, turned around with his eyes closed, and covered his ears with quilts to keep sleeping.

Today, he lied to his professor that he didn't feel well enough to take a leave. His biological clock was very accurate. Besides, there were not many classes in college, especially in the morning. So, sleeping till 9 o'clock was the basic respect for bed.

Last night, due to the great excitement of getting married to Wei Qing soon, he had insomnia for the first time in nineteen years. He kept tossing and turning for half a night and still failed to fall asleep.

So no surprise, he had difficulty getting up this morning.

Without hearing an answer, the person outside the door kept knocking.

"Bang Bang."

"Bang! Bang!"

Finally, Yan Chuyang couldn't bear it anymore. He kicked the quilts aside and roared, "Who is that!"

The one outside paused and then answered in a deep voice, "Wei Qing."

'Wei Qing?' Yan Chuyang stared at the ceiling and pondered for a while. 'Who is Wei Qing?'

'Wei Qing!!'

'It is my husband who's here!'

It was a good shock, so Yan Chuyang jumped off the bed right away, found his shoes under the bed, and put them on in a hurry. Then he rushed to the door to open it.

"Here you are." Yan Chuyang opened the door and looked at the man in front of him with a grin on his face.

Wei Qing looked the young man in front of him up and down.

He had just woken up. His hair was in a mess. His jet-black eyes were full of steam; even his eyes and eyebrows looked lazy as if he had just yawned.

And he was wearing...

"You like the Calabash Brothers." Wei Qing stared at the Calabash Brothers printed on Yan Chuyang's white cotton pajamas and asked in a low voice.

"Ah, that," Yan Chuyang was stunned and scratched the back of his head. After quite a while, he stammered, "They... didn't they defeat the snake spirit? It's pretty good, so…"

'Holy crap!' Yan Chuyang wanted to slap himself. 'What the hell am I talking about?!'

'Snake spirit?!'

'It seems that I need to pay for someone to cure my syndrome of becoming an idiot after waking up!'

Wei Qing simply nodded and didn't express any disdain. He merely said seriously, "Won't you let me in?"

Yan Chuyang recovered his wits and promptly turned himself sideways, "Come in, come in."

Wei Qing stepped into this small house that was only about twenty square meters large.

To be honest, he had a feeling of entering the bathroom in his place.

The bathroom in his house would be more than twenty squares.

"Take a seat please." Yan Chuyang pointed at his lazy sofa.

That was an extremely soft single lazy sofa that one would sink into it as soon as he sat in.

Wei Qing glanced at the sofa but didn't sit. That made him feel like degrading himself.

8. You Are Quite Caring

"Well." Seeing Wei Qing standing there bolt upright, Yan Chuyang thought he might be a little embarrassed so he hurriedly moved the sofa to the back of Wei Qing, pressed his shoulder, and said, "Don't be restrained. Just make yourself at home. Sit down."

Wei Qing didn't expect that he would suddenly press his shoulders, so he sat down straightly and sank into the sofa.

A man dressed neatly in suit and tie, with his face full of primness, sank into an orange-look soft sofa.

That looked kind of weird.

"Don't be so stiff." Yan Chuyang pinched his shoulder. "No one will sit on a lazy sofa as you do."

"Go pack your things." When he recovered his wits, Wei Qing fought down his displeasure and stood up. He smoothed his wrinkled suit and said in a low voice, "No need to take care of me."

"Alright." Yan Chuyang shrugged his shoulders. He walked to the coffee table to pour Wei Qing a cup of water and then sent it to him.

"You came a little early today."

Looking at the ceramic cup, which had a hand painting of the eldest brother of the Calabash Brothers on it, Wei Qing felt speechless and put it on the cabinet.

"It wasn't that early." Wei Qing adjusted his cuff and said, "When I came here, it was 8:15. Didn't we agree to meet at 8:00 sharp?"

Yan Chuyang went blank for a moment and then said awkwardly, "Sorry. I couldn't sleep well last night, so I didn't get up in time today."

"It's OK." Wei Qing raised his hand and looked at his shining watch, "It's 8:20 now. I've booked the flight tickets to Mexico at 10 o'clock. Take your identity card and passport. We're leaving soon."

Yan Chuyang's eyes suddenly lit up and looked at Wei Qing eagerly, "Are we going to get our marriage certificates today?"

"Yes."

Yan Chuyang exhaled nervously, "Should I buy a suit to wear? After all, getting married is very serious. "

"No." Wei Qing glanced at the boy's slightly narrow shoulders and said, "Your shoulders are narrow. You'll be better looking in casual clothes."

'Better looking?

Is this an indirect way to say that I'm good-looking?'

Yan Chuyang went into the bathroom to wash up while feeling dizzy with joy.

Wei Qing stood in the cramped little room and looked around.

It was small but tidy.

The wallpaper was light yellow, and the furniture was simple and casual. What he was standing on was a soft carpet. The decoration of this room made him feel warm.

Wei Qing paced to the window, a drawing board was standing there, on which there was an incomplete painting. It was a painting of a kitten curling up by the fireplace. There were just lines on it; the painting hadn't been colored yet.

But somehow, when he saw the little kitten shrinking its neck and narrowing its eyes in a languid look, he just felt that this kitten was the self-portrait of its owner. They both looked silly and easy to be fooled.

When he got tired of waiting, a rustling sound like a mouse gnawing at sawdust suddenly came from overhead.

Wei Qing subconsciously glanced backward. When he saw a little white mouse in a small iron cage hanging above the window, his blood ran cold and he backed up stiffly. What he feared most were rats.

The one easy to be fooled in Wei Qing's eyes happened to come out of the bathroom just in time to see Wei Qing and the little rat staring at each other. He smiled and said, "Don't be afraid. It won't bite."

Wei Qing pulled his necktie awkwardly, barely maintained his idol image, and said, "I'm not afraid. I'm just a little surprised that someone keeps a rat as a pet."

Yan Chuyang came over and shook his head earnestly, "This is not a rat; it's a lab rat. The rat is harmful to people, and the lab rat benefits people. There's an essential difference between them."

Wei Qing snorted, "Still disgusting."

Yan Chuyang couldn't agree with him. He took the little rat off the hook and specially raised it to Wei Qing's eyes, "How could it be disgusting?

Look at its pure white fur, its round black eyes, its… "

"Stay away from me!" For the first time, Wei Qing roared furiously in front of someone else besides his stupid dad.

It must be understood that he usually paid great attention to his deportment.

In Wei Qing's view, a person who couldn't even control his emotions would never be successful.

Yan Chuyang was shocked by his roar; then he frowned with distress and lowered his voice to comfort him, "Don't be scared. Sorry, I don't know you are so afraid of this."

"I'm not afraid!"

"Alright, alright. Relax, I'll take it away." Yan Chuyang said, turning around to hang the little rat back; then he looked at Wei Qing consolingly, "It's OK now. I have hung it up."

Wei Qing snorted to cover up his embarrassment, "There are so many kinds of pet. Why do you have to keep a rat?"

Yan Chuyang clicked his tongue and said, "There's something destined between this rat and me. Our biology teacher asked us to kill the little rat by lethal injection, but my hand trembled while injecting it and missed its heart, so it survived. However, due to the medicine injected, it lost its appetite. Feeling guilty, I brought it home."

Wei Qing's twitched the corner of his mouth, "You are quite caring."

"Well, kind of." Yan Chuyang smacked his lips and said, "I'm going to get its stomach well and then give it another lethal injection. I'll see if my hand will tremble again."

Wei Qing, "…"

9. No Longer Under Control

The trip to Mexico had been very smooth.

Due to great patience for homosexuality and the legalization of same-sex marriage, Mexico became the most popular place for same-sex couples in the world.

With the support of the policies, Wei Qing and Yan Chuyang received two sealed certificates proving their relationship of "spouse" which were equivalent to the Chinese marriage certificates with no effort.

Yan Chuyang was afraid that these two pieces of paper would be broken carelessly, so he specially bought two red covers to wrap them up.

As soon as he arrived at his hotel room, Yan Chuyang sat on the sofa, fiddling with those two thin sheets of paper with glue, knife, and hardcovers, while Wei Qing walked to the balcony to make a call.

"Yes, I've sent you the photo of the marriage certificate through the cellphone. You can show Wei Dongsheng later and tell him not to care about my marriage from now on."

"Wei Qing." After being silent for quite a long time, Zhuo Zhanheng sighed, "I spoiled your daddy and made him wayward, which makes you suffer too much these years. I'm really... sorry."

Wei Qing's face changed slightly, but soon his eyes turned cold again and he sneered.

"No need to be sorry. I'm already used to it. If he doesn't force me to do anything, I will feel strange."

Zhuo Zhanheng sighed, "I will try to dissuade your father."

"There's no need to do that recently." Wei Qing lowered his voice. "Isn't he going to go through an operation soon? Let him maintain his mood."

Zhuo Zhanheng said hurriedly, "Yes, yes, yes. He's going to have an operation soon. I'll bend to his wishes these days. I believe he will be in a good mood when he knows you have married so that the operation will be performed smoothly."

Wei Qing said, "I hope so."

Zhuo Zhanheng asked one more question, "Are you still abroad?"

"Yes, I'll fly back tomorrow afternoon."

"Then let's have a family dinner tomorrow night. Your daddy and I will go to your house. You know that your daddy is so suspicious that if he doesn't see that boy, he won't believe you have married."

Wei Qing nodded and said, "Okay."

Zhuo Zhanheng said goodbye on the line and then hung up the phone.

Wei Qing put his cellphone back into his pocket, held his arms against the railing, and looked into the distance.

When the cold wind blew over, he suddenly felt that his necktie was so tight that he couldn't breathe. He pulled it hard, but he still felt stuffy. He lowered his head and put his forehead on the icy railing, repeatedly rubbing.

It seemed that this would help him feel a little cooler.

He didn't expect to compromise.

He thought his marriage would be the only chance to win in the long battle with his old and moronic daddy, but he didn't expect that in the end, he had married a man.

How ridiculous!

They had no affection, no understanding, and even didn't know each other's names before.

He had always said that he hated gays, but finally, he married a man. Even if it was fake, he still felt it so disgusting that his throat tightened when he saw the so-called "Marriage Certificate" with his own eyes.

As expected, he had no bottom line gradually.

He should have been used to that these years.

Wei Dongsheng had treated him as a wooden puppet since he was young.

Just as Zhuo Zhanheng said, his birth was just because of Wei Dongsheng's whims.

All of a sudden, he said that having a baby was interesting, so he went to the hospital to provide his sperms and found a woman whom he had only seen in a picture by paying money. Then Wei Qing was born.

For a man, there would be no cost to give birth to a child. Maybe this was the reason why his dad had never truly regarded him as his son.

Most of the time, he was treated like a pet dog.

It didn't matter if he was obedient; however, if he didn't obey his daddy's words, he would be intimidated and forced.

When Wei Qing was seven years old, Wei Dongsheng ignored his thoughts and told the whole class at a parent-teacher meeting that he was

gay. All his classmates knew that he was born in a strange and even abnormal family in which he had only a gay father and no mother.

He still remembered the scene that his deskmate Pang laughed at him when clutching his belly and said he was given birth by a transvestite.

At that time, he was young and had no idea of discrimination, so he could endure it.

But the older he grew, the more unbearable he felt to have been born in such a family.

It was a shame.

The awkward feeling of someone pointing at your backbone and sneering at you at all times was embarrassing.

He had run away from home many times during his youth, but what could he do if he went out?

With the blood of Wei Dongsheng flowing in his body, he couldn't refuse to acknowledge the fact that he was given birth by a gay.

When he was 17 years old, Wei Dongsheng forced him to change his major to economics.

When he was 19 years old, Wei Dongsheng handed over the whole company affairs to him regardless of his own will.

No one had ever asked him, "What do you want?"

or, "what didn't you want?"

He was nothing more than a handsome puppet.

He had to endure again.

Wei Qing raised his head to stare at the flash of light in the distance. In his mind, after his moronic father had successfully operated, he would marry a girl.

No matter he was fond of that girl or not.

He would no longer be under his control.

10. Draw A Line Between Them

"Ouch! Wei Qing!" Suddenly, a scream of boy rang out from the living room.

Shocked by the scream, Wei Qing hid his feelings and walked to the living room quickly.

"Wei Qing! Wei Qing!" Yan Chuyang ran to him with a twisted expression, clutching his little finger tightly, and said, "My finger is broken!"

"What?"

"My finger is broken!"

Looking at the bloodstain on Yan Chuyang's white shirt, Wei Qing felt stressed. He frowned and said, "Take your hand away and let me see."

"No way!"

Yan Chuyang clenched his finger tightly, with his body bent, and said painfully, "My finger will fall off as soon as I move my hand away. You don't know how to reattach it. I'll be a man without his little finger!"

Wei Qing's brows knitted, "It won't fall. Let me see how it is first. There are medical kits for emergencies in the hotel. Let me help you to treat it first."

"No," Yan Chuyang's round eyes turned red which were filled with tears. He said, "It will fall. It will!"

"No, it won't." Wei Qing leaned over, holding Yan Chuyang's wrist, and then carefully moved away from his fingers which were clenched one by one.

"It will fall." Yan Chuyang was still murmuring. "It will fall."

"It won't." Wei Qing consoled him in a low voice and then prized Yan Chuyang's clenching fingers open with difficultly. In the end, Wei Qing's forehead was covered with sweat.

'Damn. Though this little boy is fair and skinny, he does have strengths.'

Finally, Wei Qing prized the last finger open.

Yan Chuyang suddenly stiffened. He raised his head and closed his eyes tightly, shouting, "Did it fall?"

Wei Qing picked up the tender and fair little finger and checked it front and back. He asked softly, "Did you hurt this hand?"

Yan Chuyang got nervous with his shoulders stiffening, and he said with a trembling voice, "Yeah. How is it?"

"Why didn't I see any blood?"

Yan Chuyang opened his eyes and lowered his head to look, "How could you not see blood?! Ah!!"

Yan Chuyang screamed miserably and grasped his other little finger, "I made a mistake! Damn, it's this finger. I was wondering why I felt so painful when you prized my grip. That makes sense now. "

Wei Qing felt impatient and released his hold. He took a few steps back and said, "Don't be so extravagant. Your other little finger is fine. It just got scratched."

Yan Chuyang raised his head with a hatred expression, gritting his teeth, and said, "It's not your finger. You couldn't feel the pain, but you should have known that fingers are connected with the heart!"

Wei Qing shook his head, "You are a man..."

Yan Chuyang gave him a hard look, then walked to the sofa and took a bandage on the tea table. He tore it open with his mouth and carefully wrapped the small scratches on his little finger.

While wrapping, he said sullenly, "Everything we have is given by our parents, so a man cares about his own body. That's what my grandmother once told me."

Wei Qing snorted and said, "If your grandmother knows that her words became an excuse for you to be so afraid of death, she would change what she said."

"Impossible." Yan Chuyang shrugged his shoulders and said, "She's already passed away."

"Oh." Wei Qing said awkwardly, "Then I'm afraid you'll be this way for the rest of your life."

Yan Chuyang didn't say a word. After wrapping his fingers, he ran to the sofa and took those two "Spouse Certificates" wrapped with red covers. He handed one to Wei Qing, "Here you are. Our marriage certificate."

Wei Qing glanced at him, "Why did you wrap it so carefully?"

"I have nothing better to do so I just took some time to wrap it."

Looking at the red sign, Wei Qing felt a little dazzling, so he didn't go take it. He turned around and sat on the sofa, took a cup of tea, and sipped

it, saying flatly, "You can have mine."

He didn't want to see the marriage certificates.

With a twinkle in Yan Chuyang's eyes, he seemed to be surprised and said happily, "Do you want me to keep both of the marriage certificates?"

"Yes, just take care of them."Wei Qing said.

'Anyway, the marriage certificates are nonsense. It doesn't matter who keeps them. When it's time to get divorced, I could ask him for it.'

Yan Chuyang happily walked to the edge of the sofa, bent over, and put them in his backpack, muttering in a low voice.

"My grandmother said that marriage certificates are always held by the head of a family because what he says matters.' This is indeed true."

Wei Qing suddenly got choked by the coffee. With his face darkened, he said, "Your grandmother's words are quite classic."

"Right." Yan Chuyang zipped up his backpack, then sat down on the sofa right next to Wei Qing.

"Those senior people, after living for such a long time, can always find out some truths about life."

Wei Qing nodded, noncommittal.

Yan Chuyang leaned back on the back of the sofa, stretched his arm, and asked, "I'm very hungry. Do you want to go out and buy some food?"

Wei Qing raised his hand and looked at his watch, "It's getting late. There's a guest service in this hotel. Just make a call later and let someone deliver some food."

"Fine, then." Yan Chuyang rubbed his belly and shrunk his body down. "The food here tastes bad. They are all half-cooked, which makes me sick."

Wei Qing glance at him out of curiosity, "You said you like steak medium rare the first time I met you, didn't you?"

Yan Chuyang was stunned, and his eyes rolled around in panic.

"Ah! I get an upset stomach recently. So, I have to restrict my diet."

Wei Qing nodded and didn't say anything else. After sitting for a while, he suddenly took out a stack of cash with the face value of 100 from his pocket and handed it to Yan Chuyang.

"It's urgent to come aboard so I didn't bring much money. Take the money first, which can be considered as the payment for the effort you have been made over the past two days."

Yan Chuyang felt uncomfortable and said sullenly, "The contract said my salary would be paid at the end of each month, didn't it? It had only been a

few days. "

"Well." Wei Qing thought for a while and said, "It can be considered as a bonus for the past few days. After all, you have spent a lot of time doing all this stuff and made many efforts."

Yan Chuyang stared at the stack of red cash for a moment, then suddenly shrugged his shoulder and said, "Fine, then. Since you insist on giving it to me, I will accept it."

Then, he took the money.

Wei Qing felt relieved in his heart. Giving money was the best way to draw a line between them and make Yan Chuyang recognize his identity.

11. Top Or Bottom

Yan Chuyang lowered his head and spat on his thumb, counting the stack of money and asking, "How much is this in total?"

"Five thousand."

Yan Chuyang raised his head and asked, "How much do you make each month?"

Wei Qing pursed his lips and said, "I'm paid based on annual salary instead of monthly."

"Then how much is your annual salary?"

"There's about… seventy or eighty million."

"Seventy or eighty million!" Yan Chuyang stared at him with his dark eyes wide open. "Seventy or eighty million a year, which is equivalent to over six million each month. But now you only give me five thousand?"

Wei Qing was in a daze and coughed awkwardly, "I said just now. I didn't bring much cash with me."

Yan Chuyang shook his head and said, "Although our marriage is fake since we have married, we are now a family living together. So, I hope both of us can be more generous to each other when it comes to family expenses."

"Here you are." Yan Chuyang suddenly took out a card from his pocket and handed it to Wei Qing, "I'll make a model first. This is my salary card. Take it."

Wei Qing was completely confused.

"Take it. It's not much anyway." Yan Chuyang put the card into Wei Qing's pocket and said seriously, "This is the amount of money that I made in my college's lab. 1,500 RMB will be transferred to my account on the 15th of each month.

You can take it when you need to use money. Just tell me when you take it."

Wei Qing frowned and took out the bank card, threw it on the tea table, and asked, "Why did you give me this?"

Yan Chuyang said with fear, "The couple's joint property."

Wei Qing asked, "... Joint property?"

Yan Chuyang blinked, stared at Wei Qing's eyes filled with confusion for a while, and then suddenly raised his voice to explain.

"Don't get me wrong. I don't have any strange thoughts. I just think that since you have hired me to marry you, I should play the role of a good husband. After all, this is my work. I have to be responsible for the salary you pay me, so I must give you my salary card."

As Yan Chuyang spoke, he picked up his salary card and stuffed it into Wei Qing's hand.

The expression on Wei Qing's face froze for quite a while, and then he asked quietly, "The role of a husband?"

"Right." Yan Chuyang said shyly, straightening out his collar, "This is my first time being someone else's husband. Please give me more support and consideration in the next few months."

Wei Qing's face darkened. After a long time of silence, he squeezed out a sentence from his teeth and said, "Don't get me wrong. I hired you to play the role of my wife instead of my husband."

Yan Chuyang suddenly raised his eyes, with his dark eyes brighter than before. He suppressed his surprise and asked.

"Your... wife?"

Wei Qing felt that something was wrong with his words, but now it was not the time to sit on whether he was right or not. The most important thing was to seize the initiative, so he nodded heavily, "Yes! Wife!"

With Yan Chuyang's head suddenly drooping down, His face flushed as he stared at the ground. His feet unconsciously rubbed the carpet on the ground and said softly like a mosquito.

"Actually… I don't have any demanding requirements. As long as that person is you, I could be either the top or the bottom... Hey, where are you going?"

Wei Qing didn't listen to his muttering at all. After these two days, Wei Qing was too exhausted to hear him out, so when the boy lowered his head and murmured, Wei Qing got up from the sofa and went to the bedroom.

"Go to bed." Wei Qing turned his head and answered. He looked at the watch with frowning eyebrows. "Do you know what time it is now? I'm tired."

Yan Chuyang clenched his fists in disappointment, "But…" 'But this is our first night after marriage.'

"Is there anything else I could help with?" Wei Qing's tone was impatient, but the gentle character which he was born to have helped to repress the impatience.

"Nothing serious." Yan Chuyang looked at him and said seriously.

"It's just one of the contract terms. We have to kiss each other every day after we get married. Today is the first day of our marriage, isn't it? Do you think we should carry it out?

Wei Qing cursed in his heart.

He was so busy that he forgot this ridiculous item.

At that time, he was eager to ask Yan Chuyang to sign the contract and didn't pay too much attention to the additional terms. He only thought it was hilarious and Yan Chuyang might just say it rather than taking it seriously.

But now the time to carry it out made him startled.

'Holy crap! Do I need to kiss a man?'

Seeing that he was silent, Yan Chuyang thought that Wei Qing regretted it, so he hurriedly ran to him and stared at him with sparkling eyes, "You can't regret it. It has been written down in the contract with your signature on it. You are a businessman. You should be a man of honesty."

Wei Qing raised his hand and clenched his fist over his mouth, coughing dryly, "Do you think we can discuss it?"

"What?"

"Didn't you say that kissing with strangers is the practical homework that your teacher arranged for you?"

"Right."

"Can I find someone else for you? Can I find a beautiful woman for you? "

Yan Chuyang's eyes were full of ferocity, like a little wolf, and he said hatefully, "No! I don't want it. I have a girlfriend and I won't betray her!"

"Can I find you another man?"

Yan Chuyang shouted, "Do you think I am an easy person? Do you think I could kiss anybody? "

Seeing him being agitated, Wei Qing hurriedly explained, "I don't mean that. I just think… Stay where you are. Don't come over!"

Seeing Yan Chuyang walking to him step by step with a ferocious look, Wei Qing raised his voice trying to stop him.

Yan Chuyang was so aggrieved that his eyes turned red. He stood there and complained, "We both made an agreement when we signed the contract

that I can kiss you each day after we get married, but what is it now? We are partners. I have performed my promise. How could you not perform… "

"Enough." Wei Qing felt a headache and interrupted Yan Chuyang's nagging. "It's just a kiss, isn't it? It's not a big deal. I will do what I said."

Yan Chuyang wiped his face immediately and shouted with his eyes wide open, "Really?"

"Yeah."

Yan Chuyang exhaled nervously, straightened his shoulders, and said, "Then I'll come over."

12. Hand In Your Pay Check

Wei Qing responded with a determined look on his face.

Yan Chuyang stepped closer and his eyelashes could be seen under the light. Finally, he stopped in front of Wei Qing.

Yan Chuyang was five feet eight inches tall, shorter than Wei Qing, who was six feet two inches tall. So Yan Chuyang needed to stand on his tiptoes to reach Wei Qing's lips.

"Wait a moment." Wei Qing suddenly took a step back, so Yan Chuyang failed to kiss him on the lips.

Yan Chuyang wiped his lips and glared at him, "What again?" Yan Chuyang was about to offer his first kiss!

Wei Qing pulled his tie and said, "Why am I feeling a little bit weird?"

Yan Chuyang was startled and tried to suppress his surge of emotion through snorting, "Don't think too much. We are just here to fulfill the contract term."

"How come I still feel a little bit weird?"

Wei Qing started to figure it out from the very beginning.

Yan Chuyang took away the two marriage certificates and submitted his paycheck. And now Yan Chuyang was here to take the initiative to kiss him.

All these indicated that Yan Chuyang was still playing the role of a husband?!

Wei Qing suddenly became unhappy.

This was already deviating from his plan. He managed to have Yan Chuyang play the role of his wife. When did Yan Chuyang become the husband?

Obviously, things were going out of his control! Wei Qing's strong sense of ownership started to take effect.

"Have you made up your mind?" Yan Chuyang urged, "I'm a bit sleepy. Once you figure it out, I'll kiss you and go to sleep."

Wei Qing exhaled a long breath and nodded, "Yea, I have."

Yan Chuyang instantly became refreshed with a pair of shinings eyes and said, "Then can I kiss you?"

"Yes, but…" Wei Qing rolled his eyes and pointed to the wall corner, "Stand there, don't move. I'll kiss you."

Yan Chuyang was stunned and after a while, his breathing became harsh and his eyes flashed with excitement.

Wei Qing wanted to take the initiative to kiss him.

This was a huge difference! He never expected Wei Qing to take the lead!

Having suppressed his happiness, Yan Chuyang walked to the wall corner and stood straight, ready for Wei Qing's kiss while putting down his eyelids.

Wei Qing coughed and walked in front of him before he lowered his head to look at Yan Chuyang's face.

In a closer look, Wei Qing could see that Yan Chuyang's eyelids were quite intensive, as if small fans, which was slightly shaking.

To be honest, had the lights been a little bit darker, he might mistakenly take the person in front of him as a Pekingese pet dog.

Yes, a Pekingese pet dog was right there in his family.

And the dog was having a liquid black eye when it was staring at you, just as Yan Chuyang did.

Yan Chuyang was having a very lovely face. His face was not cute and feminine-like. It was the kind of... loveliness that you could often find in a small animal.

He had a high-bridged nose which looked delicate and petite, and his face was having some masculine features. But the thin and smooth chin tip and fairly fair skin made him look more gentle and kind but not aggressive at all.

He was not ugly at all. And to some extent... he was comely.

Alas, Wei Qing was likely to offer his first kiss to the man in front of him.

"Raise your head." Wei Qing said in a low voice.

Yan Chuyang was having a red face and raised his chin to show his agreement.

Wei Qing raised his hand and pinched Yan's chin so that Yan Chuyang could raise his head to a precise angle, before he kissed that pale lips.

"All right."

"So fast." Yan Chuyang opened his eyes as if he was just waking up from a dream. "I didn't even feel your touch yet."

Wei Qing took out a tissue and wiped away the warm and exquisite touchy feeling from his fingertip. He said in a muffled voice, "It's done.

Never ask for the second time."

Yan Chuyang let out a disappointing voice, "If I knew it earlier, I wouldn't have closed my eyes." But soon after the disappointment, Yan Chuyang perked himself up and said, "It's all right. Tomorrow will come anyway!"

Wei Qing put his hand into a pocket and said in a low voice, "We will go back to China tomorrow morning and we are expected to arrive at home in that afternoon. When we arrive home, you need to get prepared for the evening dinner at eight o'clock at night. The dinner is a pre-arranged appointment with my family. They are coming to meet you. So you must deliver a wonderful performance by then."

"Does that mean I am soon meeting your parents?"

"Yes, my daddy is Wei Dongsheng. I'll particularly introduce you to him. The most important thing is to convince him that we are married because of true love. Never let him find out the fact that we actually just met not long ago."

Yan Chuyang nodded, "It's a breeze."

In fact, Yan Chuyang had known Wei Qing long time ago. He had been in love with Wei Qing for seven or eight years.

Wei Qing said, "Then let's go to sleep early."

Yan Chuyang said okay, then turned around happily and walked into another bedroom.

Wei Qing walked into the master bedroom.

The light was dim. Wei Qing was laying on the bed and staring at the ceiling. He was surprised that he was very happy at the moment after a day of busywork.

He had believed that "the day of marriage registration" must be unacceptable. But to his surprise, he was having a peaceful night here.

Wei Qing flipped his body, closed his eyes, and thought to himself, 'Perhaps the unacceptable day was eased by that "broken" finger.'

The next morning, they flew back to China.

Yan Chuyang went to school after he took off the plane because he had asked for two days' leave. If he didn't go to school this afternoon, he would be registered "absent".

Wei Qing went home and got ready for the evening dinner.

"What's up?" Wei Yuan hurriedly ran to Yan Chuyang and couldn't wait to ask as soon as Yan Chuyang walked into the dormitory room, "Married?

Made love? Is everything going well?"

Yan Chuyang was shocked and hurriedly looked around. Fortunately, the rest two classmates were not in the dorm. Only he and Wei Yuan were there in the room.

"Be quiet!" Yan Chuyang was speechless and pounced Wei Yuan on his shoulders.

Wei Yuan rubbed his shoulders with a twisted expression and said, "I'm caring about my cousin. You are always looking at his photos every night while having psycholagny. I'm afraid that you might hurt my cousin after the marriage."

Yan Chuyang blushed and stared at Wei Yuan while mumbling, "You... how do you know that I was having psycholagny with his photos?"

13. Somewhat Lovely

Wei Yuan sneered, "I'm right under your berth. No one knows about what you are doing every day more clearly than me. Also, I know you are touching the front view picture of my older brother so often that the color on the photo started to fade away. Are you considering to replace the picture with another one?"

"I'm not likely to." Yan Chuyang took a book from the upper berth and said, "He is always smiling nicely to me in that photo."

Wei Yuan sighed, "You are just finding an excuse for your disgusting behavior. You are building your lust upon his innocent smile. Don't let me look down upon you!"

Yan Chuyang kicked Wei Yuan when he got down from the upper berth. Both of them kept making fun of each other as they went to the classroom.

But as soon as they walked out of the dormitory building, a limousine stopped in front of Yan Chuyang.

A tall and slender man in a formal suit got off the car.

"Huaiqi?"

"Chuyang." Song Huaiqi started to stride towards Yan Chuyang and asked anxiously, "Where have you been in the past two days? I couldn't find you anywhere on campus, nor did anyone answer my phone call."

Yan Chuyang scartched his head awkwardly and said, "I'm sorry. I've been working on something important these days, so I was leaving in a hurry, nor did I have time to call you."

Song Huaiqi was several years older than Yan Chuyang and was a senior student in the same university. When Yan Chuyang was still a freshman, Song Huaiqi had already been in his third year for his master's degree. Now Song Huaiqi had already graduated and seemed to have inherited the real estate property of his family business. He was doomed to become a young master of his family and a successful businessman, needless to pay any strenuous effort.

Song Huaiqi nodded and sighed slightly when he said, "It's all right. I was just a bit worried when I couldn't reach you."

Wei Yuan who was left behind said awkwardly, "Yan Chuyang, let's go. The class is about to begin."

"Oh," Yan Chuyang said to Song Huaiqi, "Huaiqi, I'm sorry. I cannot miss this compulsory course. See you later."

Song Huaiqi smiled warmly and nodded, "Okay. The class is important anyway."

Yan Chuyang nodded in agreement and was soon dragged away by Wei Yuan before he could do anything.

They kept walking for a long time before Wei Yuan patted Yan Chuyang's shoulders and said, "Hey, I can sense something different from your talk with Song Huaiqi."

Yan Chuyang compressed his lips and said, "Something different?"

"Yes. He often comes here to find you. But he never said anything serious whenever he met you. He would always smile when talking with you. I guess he has a thing for you."

"Puff!" Yan Chuyang couldn't help laughing and shaking his head when he said, "Even if I'm in love with Wei Qing, you cannot take for granted that everyone in the world is a gay."

Wei Yuan snorted and said, "Anyway, I can sense something different."

Yan Chuyang squinted and said, "I find you are becoming more and more sensitive to these stuff. You were not like this in the past."

Wei Yuan said seriously, "That's all because of you. You are no longer my buddy anymore. You are going to become my cousin's wife. I have the duty to keep an eye on you at any moment so as to immediately stop you from cheating my cousin."

Hearing this, Yan Chuyang was having a stronger heartbeat. His ears became red slightly and said, "I'll never get rid of your cousin. He is such a handsome man that you could never forget in life. So I'll never have any love affair."

In Yan Chuyang's eyes, Wei Qing was special.

When a limosine stopped in front of you, you wouldn't bother to look at the poor car beside it. So did he.

As soon as they finished the class, Yan Chuyang's 'limosine' came to pick him up.

"The class is too long." Wei Qing leaned against the car window and said to Yan Chuyang impatiently.

It was spring and the sunlight was very warm. Wei Qing was standing in front of Yan Chuyang, wearing a pair of sunglasses, which covered a larger half of his handsome face, but his sexy lips and charming chin could still show his glamor.

Having suppressed the strong surge of joy, Yan Chuyang took his bag off and held the it in his hands when he said, "The Chinese teacher is too talkative and the class was prolonged for more than ten minutes."

Wei Qing took over his bag and said with a little disdain, "How can a college student carry such a backpack."

"Well..." Yan Chuyang scratched the back of his head, "It's more convenient to have a bag like that and the bag is big enough."

"Is the stuff inside important?"

"Yes, there are my books inside."

Wei Qing said okay and turned around to open the rear door. Then he calmly opened the bag and threw all the stuff inside to the back seat.

"Hey," Yan Chuyang pulled Wei Qing's arms hurriedly, "What are you doing?"

"Never use this bag again."

"Ah?"

Wei Qing turned around and quickly threw the bag away before Yan Chuyang could do anything. The bag was exactly thrown into a dustbin with a "bang" sound after drawing a curve in the air.

"What are you doing? Oh my god. Are you… " 'out of your mind?'

Yan Chuyang stopped his curse immediately, because he didn't have the heart to curse such a handsome guy.

"I just bought it not long ago!" Yan Chuyang stomped his foot hard, turned around and decided to run to the dustbin. But before he could make a move, Wei Qing had pulled him by his collar and stopped him.

"Bang." Wei Qing threw a leather handbag to the chest of Yan Chuyang. "I'm giving this to you for free. You are not allowed to use that bag."

Yan Chuyang lowered his head to look at the bag in his hand with puzzlement. He gently touched the leather bag and murmured, "Why are you giving me this bag instead?"

"Take it. This is for you"

Yan Chuyang clicked his tongue and said, "But the quality of this kind of leather bag is not good. I bought it once. But the leather was completely ruined once I exposed it under the sun."

Wei Qing's forehead twitched and said, "Where did you buy that bag?"

Yan Chuyang said seriously, "Household Appliance Wholesale Market."

"Oh, I see," Wei Qing said, "this is the latest version of Prada handbag for men, with a market price of RMB 53,800."

"Ah, really?" Yan Chuyang suddenly turned around, quickly started to stuff all his books into the Prada bag and said seriously, "That's really a waste of money. A brandy bag isn't worthwhile. A bag should be handy and functional, and that's enough. You see, this bag is even smaller than my canvas bag."

Wei Qing raised his eyebrows and said, "Go and get that canvas bag back from the dustbin, if you are really not used to this one."

"Not necessary." Yan Chuyang grinned as he pulled the zipper. He tightly held the bag against his chest and said, "Since you have given it to me, I'll never reject."

Wei Qing burst into laughter. He was unexpectedly not feel annoyed to see Yan Chuyang's cunning and tricky appearance.

'He seems… somewhat lovely.'

14. Aesthetic Value

"Hey," Yan Chuyang raised his head, "Why did you suddenly give me a bag?"

Wei Qing raised his eyes and looked at Yan Chuyang's fair face with certainty when he said, "You look young and dress like an innocent teenager. Wei Dongsheng... my daddy is hypercritical. You are having dinner with my family tonight. I don't want you to become my shame."

Yan Chuyang was a bit disappointed and said, "Really?"

Wei Qing said, "Yeah. Buy some quality clothes in the shopping mall on our way back."

Yan Chuyang agreed unhappily.

"Let's go." Wei Qing opened the door and raised his chin at Yan Chuyang.

Yan Chuyang was unhappy and didn't move.

"What's up?" Wei Qing frowned.

Yan Chuyang clenched his fists harder. After a long while of silence, he suddenly raised his head and said, "Wei Qing, I'll work hard."

"Ah?"

"I'm learning comics painting now. My comic works have already received many important awards. My teacher also appreciates my talents in this field. In June, the biggest comics competition will be opened in Japan. I'll participate in the competition. If I could become the winner, I would..."

"What are you talking about?" Wei Qing frowned and interrupted him.

"Well." Yan Chuyang lowered his head and kicked a stone when he murmured, "I mean I'll work hard to become more outstanding."

'Not only will I become more outstanding, but I'll also become rich and stronger, to be more competent to stand by your side.'

'Until I'm strong and competent enough to honestly tell you that I love you.' Yan Chuyang thought.

"That's great." Wei Qing pushed Yan Chuyang back to the seat and helped fasten his seat belt when he said carelessly, "Keep it up."

"Sir, how about this set of suits?" The salesman asked when he was checking a deep blue suit the size of Yan Chuyang.

Wei Qing was sitting on the sofa with his head down, carefully reading a magazine. Upon hearing the salesman's question, he raised his head and looked at the suit as he said calmly, "The color is too dark. Do you have a light-colored suit? He is young and not suitable to have such a deep-colored suit."

The salesman thought for a while and said, "This is the latest spring version. There are only three color options: blue, black, and white."

"Give him a white one and ask him to try."

"Well, the white one is quite popular and has all been reserved by others."

"I'm not reserving. I'm here to pay," Wei Qing stood up and handed a VIP gold card to the salesman, "I remember that a senior membership enjoys the privilege to directly buy a suit, needless to ask for any reservation. Am I right?"

Seeing the VIP gold card, the salesman's face changed. He hurriedly nodded and said, "Of course! Of course!"

Wei Qing handed the card to the salesman, "I want blue, black, and white versions, per this gentleman's size."

Upon hearing Wei Qing's requirements, the salesman's eyes lit up and he said with a fawning smile, "It turns out that you frequently visit our store, no wonder you have such a good taste of suits in here. If I have known earlier, I wouldn't have asked you those questions and you are free to directly purchase any clothes in our store."

Wei Qing interrupted, "Please kindly take out the suit so that he can try them on."

The salesman said okay and turned to the counter to get those clothes.

Yan Chuyang walked to Wei Qing's side bashfully and said in a low voice, "Is it okay if we buy the clothes that have been reserved by someone else. I think the blue one is good enough."

Wei Qing snorted coldly, "The blue one is too ugly. Are you a comics painter? You are at least an artist. How come you are having such a poor aesthetic value?"

Yan Chuyang's face turned red. He kept silent for a long while until he said, "It's okay. I appreciate your aesthetic value!"

After saying that, Yan Chuyang turned around and went into the fitting room. He kept grinding his teeth as he walked; he thought to himself, 'Wei

Qing, hadn't I loved you so much, I would have scolded back!'

When Yan Chuyang was trying the clothes, Wei Qing was casually reading the magazine.

Ten minutes later, the fitting room was pulled open with a 'swoosh' sound, when Yan Chuyang came out awkwardly. He walked slowly to the side of Wei Qing and whispered.

"This is my first time wearing a white suit. Is it a little weird?"

Wei Qing casually raised his head and was surprised. The magazine soon fell off his hands when he saw the handsome and elegant young man standing in front of him.

Yan Chuyang's skin was fair. He was slim and gentle. The white color was a perfect match with his manner. The pure white and straight suit, together with a pair of clear eyes, made him look like a graceful child coming out from a painting scroll. Each move he made was graceful.

"It looks not good, right?" Seeing Wei Qing's look, Yan Chuyang awkwardly pinched the corner of these clothes and said, "I think the blue one is good enough. It helps me keep a low profile. Let me replace this one with the blue one."

"Don't move." Wei Qing grabbed his wrist.

Yan Chuyang became nervous immediately and felt his wrist was burning hot. The skin touched by Wei Qing's hand was unusually comfortable.

Wei Qing stood up, removed the light blue tie on Yan Chuyang's neck, and handed it to the nearby salesman when he said, "Give him a black bow-tie."

"Eh." Yan Chuyang raised his eyes to look at Wei Qing. "Instead of a tie?"

"Yes. A bow-tie is better."

"Why?"

"No way."

Yan Chuyang was speechless and embarrassed.

'I'll never ask him any questions. Asking him questions is embarrassing.' Yan Chuyang thought to himself.

The salesman took a black bow tie. Wei Qing helped Yan Chuyang to properly wear it.

Yan Chuyang was stunned when he was looking at Wei Qing who was busy helping him with his slim and big hands. Wei Qing's hands were big, looking clean and warm.

"It's done." Wei Qing reorganized Yan Chuyang's collar before Wei Qing stepped back and said with satisfaction, "It looks much more comfortable."

The bow-tie, together with the white suit, made Yan Chuyang more like a little prince than he had been just now.

Yan Chuyang was still struggling. He rubbed the bow tie and said unhappily, "Why not a tie? The bow-tie is too feminine."

Wei Qing snorted, "Will you immediately become more masculine if you wear a tie?"

"Yes, at least it looks better than a bow tie!"

15. My Son, I'm Proud Of You

Wei Qing shook his head and said, "Please kindly improve your aesthetic value in the early days of our marriage."

Yan Chuyang snorted unhappily. He touched the bow-tie and said, "Why am I supposed to improve my aesthetic value?" 'We need mutual respect.'

"Tch," Wei Qing frowned and moved his hand off the bow-tie, "don't touch the bow-tie. I have just properly put it on."

By the time they got out from the clothing store, it was already seven o'clock in the evening.

As soon as Yan Chuyang got in the car, he started to sleep. Usually, he would be busy with comic painting or playing video games at this moment. But today, he was out to buy suits in the shopping mall so he was a bit tired and sleepy at the moment.

Wei Qing helped to put the rearview mirror in the middle while driving and frowned when he saw the sleeping guy in the back seat.

"Don't sleep now. Be clear-minded. I have to give you some instructions."

Yan Chuyang was suddenly thrilled and adjusted to have a proper sitting position in the back seat. He rubbed his eyes and said, "What is it? Tell me."

"At eight o'clock at night, my daddy will come to the family dinner. You might have heard about my daddy from Wei Yuan. My daddy is gay."

Yan Chuyang nodded, "Yes, I know."

"My daddy's husband will come as well, who is a bit taller than my daddy. You may either call him 'uncle' or his given name. His full name is Zhuo Zhanheng. When you meet my daddy, you may call him..."

"Call him father-in-law." Yan Chuyang said kindly.

Wei Qing's face became a bit frozen. But he nodded in the end and said, "You can call him father-in-law, but... that's a bit unacceptable to you."

"Not at all. That's my duty."

"Don't worry." Wei Qing said in a deep voice, "Calling him father-in-law is an extra job. I'll pay you an extra reward."

Wei Qing believed that asking a boy to call a 'fool' father-in-law without any reason is inexplicable harmful to the boy's psychological growth. And he was a bit guilty of that.

Upon hearing this, Yan Chuyang's heart was painful. He kicked the car flooring and said unhappily, "No need. That's quite natural."

"The reward will be directly paid to your paycheck. Please kindly check it out when their payday comes."

"… Okay."

"Also, if my dad ever asks you how we came to know each other, just tell him you were once on your internship in my company and have helped design several suits for my company. From that time on, I started to appreciate your talents and gradually fell in love with you."

"Oh."

"Exquisite Design, DK Jewelry, and Querry Fashionable Brand are all my companies. When my dad asks you, don't say anything wrong."

Yan Chuyang nodded and kept silent for a while, until he suddenly said, "Oh, so you are working in the design sector. No wonder your aesthetic value is so sharp."

Wei Qing shook his head modestly, "Not bad, but much better than your aesthetic value."

Yan Chuyang, "…"

"Your home... is so big." This was the first thing Yan Chuyang said after coming into Wei Qing's villa.

"It's all right." Wei Qing took Yan Chuyang's bag away and handed it to the nanny who was standing nearby before he turned to the butler and said, "Mr. Yan's luggage is right in the trunk. Please help him pack up and bring them to his room."

The butler nodded respectfully and retreated from aside.

Yan Chuyang said while changing shoes at the threshold, "Being rich is always good. The house is large enough for people to run inside. No need to design any running track. It's quite easy to have a running practice."

Wei Qing said modestly, "It's not a big deal, but much larger than your house."

Yan Chuyang, "…"

'Is he making fun of me? I can't tell that clearly.' Yan Chuyang thought to himself.

However, Yan Chuyang didn't know that Wei Qing was famous for his way of speaking among the noble families in the Song City. His words would always make people feel uncomfortable, but people could never find anything wrong. His words would often make people's faces redden, but they just couldn't find any rebuttal for a long time.

Wei Qing brought Yan Chuyang to the table.

Seeing the delicious food on the table, Yan Chuyang took a deep breath.

"Don't be nervous." Wei Qing stared at him and said slowly, "I've told you some important information. You will have an easy conversation with my daddy as long as you remember them very well.

Yan Chuyang nodded and then raised his head after thinking for a while, "What kind of person does my father-in-law like?"

"Ah?"

"What kind of characters does my father-in-law like? Does he like someone to be mature, energetic, or conservative?"

Wei Qing murmured, "Which type of character do you have?"

Yan Chuyang puffed out his chest and said seriously, "Can't you tell? I'm having a mature lifestyle."

Looking at the boy's young face, Wei Qing twitched his forehead and said, "Then, be yourself. "

Yan Chuyang said okay and was quite happy to see that his boyfriend was having a nice and kind heart, no matter how vicious his words were.

"By the way," Yan Chuyang patted his head and said, "Please kindly repeat the names of your companies. Or it will be embarrassing for me to know nothing about your companies when we talk about it."

"All right." Wei Qing looked serious and began to talk about his companies. When they were whispering to align their "lies", the doorbell rang.

Yan Chuyang straightened his shoulder and had a nervous face, "Here they are."

Wei Qing nodded and raised his chin at Yan Chuyang, "Open the door."

Yan Chuyang pointed at his nose and asked, "Are you asking me to open the door? Why me? "

"Don't forget that we have already married."

"And then?"

Wei Qing turned his face and said, "Would any family owner come to open the door?"

Yan Chuyang was quite puzzled at Wei Qing's arrogant look and ran to open the door when he decided not to quarrel with Wei Qing at the moment.

As soon as the door was opened, Yan Chuyang was quickly shocked.

"Oh, My God!" Wei Dongsheng shouted excitedly when holding the boy in his arms, "What a cute and handsome boy!"

Zhuo Zhanheng pulled Wei Dongsheng away helplessly and whispered, "Be careful to control your emotion."

Yan Chuyang hurriedly retreated with nervousness and shock.

Wei Dongsheng stopped Zhuo Zhanheng's pulling and excitedly held Yan Chuyang's wrist as he hurriedly walked to the side of Wei Qing and said with surprise.

"My son, I'm proud of you. Look, the boy is a hundred times more handsome than the boyfriend of your eldest uncle's son! If your uncle boasts of him anymore, I'll diss back!"

16. Name Dispute

Wei Qing frowned and pulled Yan Chuyang behind his back and said, "You seem to be pretty healthy."

Wei Dongsheng's face became gloomy, but he immediately restored and laughed, "I was excited at your marriage. So I recovered very quickly."

Zhuo Zhanheng came over and said to Wei Qing, "This is just your father's way. Never mind."

Seeing the situation, Yan Chuyang came out from behind and bowed when he said politely, "Hello, nice to meet you. My name is Yan Chuyang... I'm Wei Qing's boyfriend."

Wei Dongsheng hurriedly helped him stand tall and said, "Be yourself. Be at home. No need to bow."

Yan Chuyang stood there at a loss. Honestly speaking, he was a bit nervous. After all, this was his first time meeting Wei Qing's parents. He wanted to leave them a good first impression.

"Come, Yang, take this." Wei Dongsheng suddenly took out a red envelope and gave it to Yan Chuyang, "This is my gift to you for our first meeting."

"Ah?" Yan Chuyang was shocked and hurriedly rejected the envelope, "Thanks for your offer, but it's improper for me to take your gift. I... I have income."

"Your income has nothing to do with me. This is my gift to you." Wei Dongsheng once again returned the envelope to Yan Chuyang.

"But..." Yan Chuyang looked back at Wei Qing helplessly and whispered, "What should I do?"

Wei Qing frowned and pulled Yan Chuyang behind him unhappily, "Take it. It's given to you. Don't be afraid. What a fool!"

Yan Chuyang lowered his head and took the red envelope as if it was something difficult to handle. He kept silent for a while before he bowed again and said, "Thanks for your gift, Mr. Wei."

Wei Dongsheng nodded. The more he looked at his son's boyfriend, the more satisfied he was. In his eyes, Yan Chuyang was not only handsome

and obedient but also considerate and polite. This boy was indeed a perfect match with his son.

Wei Dongsheng raised his eyebrows and looked at Yan Chuyang, teasing him, "You and Wei Qing have already been married. Are you still calling me Mr. Wei?"

"Ah... this..." Yan Chuyang turned to look at Wei Qing. He knew what Wei Dongsheng was implying exactly, but at the moment, he didn't know how to respond.

At the very beginning, Yan Chuyang believed it was an easy job to call him "father-in-law" since Wei Qing and he had got married, but when this time finally came, he started to feel it was difficult to do.

Wei Dongsheng seemed to be only thirty to forty years old. In addition, this was their first meeting, so Yan Chuyang could hardly call him "father-in-law" at the moment.

Looking at the boy who was in a dilemma, Wei Qing said to Wei Dongsheng with a cold face, "Go and have another child, if you want to become someone else's father. Don't force him to call you 'father-in-law'."

To Yan Chuyang's surprise, Wei Dongsheng was not angry at all but seemed to have found something more interesting. "Oh, good," he said in an ambiguous tone, "You are indeed in love with each other. Now you are even protecting him in front of me."

Wei Qing's face became gloomy and he didn't say anything though he was extremely uncomfortable with his words.

Wei Dongsheng could not be irritated because he was going to go through a heart operation. So Wei Qing could only restrain from arguing with his father at the moment.

Zhuo Zhanheng came over and tried to ease the tension between the father and the son, "It's getting late. Let's start to have dinner."

Four people sat down at the table.

That was a rectangular-shaped table. Wei Qing and Yan Chuyang were sitting together, while Zhuo Zhanheng and Wei Dongsheng were sitting together on the opposite side.

"Let's start." Wei Dongsheng kept putting food into Yan Chuyang's plate, "Yang, you are too thin. You should have more."

Yan Chuyang was surprised but nodded with astonishment until the small bowl in front of him was full of food.

Wei Qing was eating slowly with a cold face as if it had nothing to do with him.

"Chuyang," Wei Dongsheng finally started his investigation, "When did you meet Wei Qing?"

Yan Chuyang choked and hurriedly drank some water before he answered, "I... I was once an intern at Wei Qing's company. That was when we came to know each other."

"Ah!" Wei Dongsheng smiled satisfactorily, "That is a growing love partnership."

"...Yes... somewhat."

"That's wonderful." Wei Dongsheng sighed slightly, "I've asked Wei Qing to find a boyfriend long ago. Zhuo Zhanheng always blames me for my intervention in Wei Qing's daily life. To be honest, without my advice, he would never find a good wife like you."

Yan Chuyang smiled awkwardly, "Yes, you are right."

"So," Wei Dongsheng said delightedly while he leaned against the back of his chair, "I have driven that Shen Shimin away that year, which is the best decision I've ever made."

Upon hearing that, Wei Qing's body stiffened and everybody else became silent immediately.

It took a long while before Wei Qing threw the fork into his plate with a 'clang' sound. Wei Qing raised his eyes and asked Wei Dongsheng with a cold voice, "Driven her away? Have you ever driven her away?"

Wei Dongsheng's face changed and his eyes flickered, "Not really. I just told her that we are a family with a homosexual orientation. You like men and will never fall in love with her. Then she became frightened and ran away. That meant she didn't have any trust in you. That's not my fault."

Wei Qing sneered, "No, that's not your fault. Who dares to blame you?"

Zhuo Zhanheng said, "Wei Qing, don't talk to your father like this."

Wei Qing lowered his eyes, exhaled a long breath, and continued eating.

Wei Qing had already gotten used to it.

He grew up in such an environment, where Wei Dongsheng would randomly have him under control, while Zhou Zhanheng was another backup force of Wei Dongsheng, who would always help Wei Dongsheng exercise better control over him.

Both Wei Dongsheng and Zhuo Zhanheng were working in collaboration and were secretly controlling everything in his life, no matter it was his

business or his emotional life. Wei Qing had no choice but to follow Wei Dongsheng's instructions.

Wei Dongsheng took for granted that Wei Qing was his son, and seemed to never regard Wei Qing as a living person, a person with his thoughts and ideas.

Wei Dongsheng raised him as a pet only.

Sometimes, Wei Qing hated to be indecisive. Once he was decisive enough, he would wage a fight against Wei Dongsheng's control; after all, Wei Qing was already an adult. He had every capability to protect himself against any decisions made by Wei Dongsheng and safeguard his businesses. But he was not that resolute enough.

Wei Dongsheng was at least the only family he had in the world.

No matter what, Wei Qing didn't have the resolution to go away and leave Wei Dongsheng behind.

That was the root cause of his current lifestyle, paralyzed by his irresolute character.

Feeling the subtle changes in the dining atmosphere, Yan Chuyang coughed awkwardly, "Mr. Wei, have some..."

"Eat your meal." Wei Qing interrupted him coldly.

Yan Chuyang immediately lowered his head and started to put rice into his mouth.

When finding the ongoing tension, Zhuo Zhanheng pulled Wei Dongsheng to stand up and said, "It's getting late. We are very satisfied to find your couple to live in harmony and peace. That's enough. We are going home."

Wei Qing didn't say a word but coldly stared at the table.

Zhuo Zhanheng sighed slightly, "Don't mention the trivial matter in the past. Let it go."

Wei Qing's heart became painful and he thought to himself, 'Let it go? I've always been an outsider and a puppet under control in the family since my childhood. Wei Dongsheng's so-called family kinship is only his unilateral belief.'

'I'm always lonely.'

17. Monster

When Wei Dongsheng was about to say something, Zhuo Zhanheng dragged his sleeve and pulled him away with his arm around Wei Dongsheng's shoulders.

When they got to the door, Wei Qing said coldly.

"Wei Dongsheng, don't think too much. I didn't blame you."

Wei Qing suddenly became softhearted because he finally decided to ease their tension before Wei Dongsheng went through the operation. Alas, Wei Dongsheng was at least his biological father.

Wei Dongsheng's eyes suddenly flashed, and he turned his head, "My son..."

Wei Qing said disdainfully, "Stop pretending to be having a close father-and-son kinship. Go away now."

Wei Dongsheng nodded and said in a soft voice, "My son, happy marriage."

Then he turned around and caught up with Zhuo Zhanheng.

The hall fell silent.

Yan Chuyang kept eating rice with his chopsticks and gingerly glimpsed at Wei Qing's cold face. After quite a while, Yan Chuyang said softly, "Come and eat something. The meal is getting cold."

Wei Qing didn't answer.

Yan Chuyang sighed and put a piece of mutton chop into Wei Qing's bowl, "Here, have your meat."

"Yan Chuyang." Wei Qing turned his face and stared at Yan Chuyang's dark eyes, "What does your first love look like?"

Yan Chuyang was startled. He coughed slightly and said, "Not bad." 'And he is perfect without any flaw. Unfortunately, he is a man.'

Wei Qing nodded and leaned back unconsciously against the back of the chair, "Shen Shimin, whom you just heard about, was my first lover."

Yan Chuyang's eyes darkened and he whispered when fiddling with his chopsticks, "... First lover?"

"Yes." Wei Qing squinted slightly and said calmly, "She is several years younger than me. When I was in college, she was studying in senior high school. We met each other at a charity banquet organized by our school. She was the leading role of a play at that time."

Yan Chuyang suppressed his discomfort and forced a smile, "She must be beautiful, right? You must fall in love with her at the first sight, right?"

"No," Wei Qing shook his head, "To be honest, I didn't see her face when I first met her."

"Oh," Yan Chuyang was even more jealous, "Then, you人love for her grew later?"

"Not really." Wei Qing frowned awkwardly, "I fell in love with her at the first sight."

Yan Chuyang was even more confused, "You said you didn't see her face when you first met her."

"Right." Wei Qing was serious. "I saw her back."

"Back?"

"Yes. She was dancing when her back was shown to the audience. She was having a very cute sailor's style uniform, having narrow shoulders, a straight neck, and small ears. She jumped ups and downs like a rabbit."

Wei Qing still remembered that his heart palpitated when he saw that dancing girl on the stage.

At that time, Wei Qing was still a freshman in college and his daddy was trying his best to make him gay. Wei Qing was eager to find something to prove that his sexual orientation. And that back, as if a beam of light, suddenly lit up his struggling life.

That was the first time he saw the back of a girl. He was so excited that his heart was beating quickly as if he had finally found some redemption. That heartbeat was living proof of his nature. He would forever shake off the hateful tag of gay.

So as soon as the dance was over, Wei Qing rushed backstage to find the girl.

By the time he arrived backstage, the performers had already changed their uniforms. He thought it would be rather difficult to find that girl out. But fortunately, Shen Shimin was the only girl among the few people staying backstage.

From that day on, Wei Qing decided to start to date Shen Shimin and to have a serious romantic relationship with her. At that time, he had even

regarded Shen Shimin as his significant other for the rest of his life.

"You must be very happy at that time, right?" Yan Chuyang raised his eyes and whispered, "A romantic story always begins with a loving couple between a talented boy and a beautiful girl."

"Kind of," Wei Qing pondered for a while and said, "with the goal of marriage, I started dating So I was pretty much into that relationship."

Youth memories were always romantic and beautiful. When remembering his time having Shen Shimin by the side, he could often recall they're happy time together, the same with the other loving couples, even if his initial excitement had gradually faded away.

"Oh, that's pretty good." After finishing, Yan Chuyang kept silent while fiddling with his bowl. Yan Chuyang was overwhelmed and became speechless. He didn't even know why he was curious to learn those romantic details between the guy he loved and his first love, which was a torment to him.

"Then... then why did you break up in the end?" Yan Chuyang couldn't help but ask the question.

Wei Qing's face became frozen, while he released a severe cold momentum. The light in his eyes was deep and gloomy.

When sensing the tension, Yan Chuyang rubbed his neck and asked awkwardly, "Am I supposed not to ask the question?"

"You are free to ask any question." Wei Qing let out a long breath and continued, "Everything was gone. It's okay for me to tell you everything."

After pondering for a while, Wei Qing said slowly, "I have managed to propose to her as soon as I graduated from college. But on the day of graduation, she suddenly came and told me that she could never accept my family and the fact that I was the son of a gay. So I was rejected and she left. I heard that she had gone to the USA and married a foreigner later."

Wei Qing had long believed that Shen Shimin must learn the fact from gossips. But to his surprise, he now knew that his father was the one to blame.

How cruel! His father decided to reveal the fact on the day his son was about to propose.

Wei Qing was angry. Shen Shimin was the one he treated seriously throughout his youth but was finally driven away by his father.

Therefore, Wei Qing hated Wei Dongsheng. Without Wei Dongsheng, his life would never be so miserable and ridiculous. That meant, he would

always become the one that people laughed at, no matter how hard he worked, or how successful he was.

Yan Chuyang looked at Wei Qing in silence and said softly, "Don't blame your father too much. I think your daddy... didn't do it on purpose."

Wei Qing sneered, "He didn't do it on purpose. He just did it for fun. He wouldn't be satisfied until he forced his son to become the same monster as he is."

18. Why Didn't I Feel It

Yan Chuyang became nervous and said, "Monster?"

"Exactly," A cold light flashed across Wei Qing's eyes. He bit his jaw and said, "A man who is in love with a man has no difference with a monster."

Yan Chuyang hurriedly lowered his eyes and avoided Wei Qing's gaze, while he said with a slightly trembling voice, "Not necessarily..."

Wei Qing was only immersed in his memories and didn't notice the pale face of the boy; Wei Qing continued, "He is insane and trying to make his son sick. How funny!"

Yan Chuyang lowered his head harder and pinched his pants tightly.

"Eh?" Wei Qing suddenly nudged Yan Chuyang and said, "When are you going to get married to your girlfriend?"

"Ah?" Yan Chuyang raised his head in astonishment.

Wei Qing repeated, "You have a girlfriend, don't you? When are you going to marry her?"

Yan Chuyang pulled his pants and murmured while lowering his eyes, "It's still early now. We are all very young."

"Yeah, that's right." Wei Qing nodded. "You are all still in college. It's best to get married after graduation."

Yan Chuyang said yes. He didn't want his muffled voice to show his disappointment in front of Wei Qing.

Wei Qing took a cup of water from the table, raised his head, and took a sip, "Wei Yuan should have told you why I would suddenly request to have a fake marriage with you."

"Yes, he did," Yan Chuyang said softly, "He said that was because of the pressure of your parents."

"That's only part of the reason." Wei Qing added, "It has something to do with Wei Dongsheng, my father. He needed to go through a heart operation, which will be fairly risky. I want him to calm down and receive the operation. That's why I decided to have a fake marriage with you."

Yan Chuyang raised his head in surprise, "You seem to hate your father, don't you? Why are you..."

Wei Qing shook his head and laughed bitterly, "Yes I hate him. But at least, he is my biological father. Without him, I would never come to this world. That's the most powerful reason for me to compromise."

Yan Chuyang's heart became softened. As expected, his boyfriend was at least kind-hearted, no matter how merciless and powerful he appeared to be. All his appearance turned out to be a camouflage for his self-protection.

"But I'll never easily give up the fight against him." Wei Qing raised his eyes with the resolution, "When his operation is finished, I'll show my hand to him."

Yan Chuyang's eyelashes shook slightly, "But how?"

Wei Qing turned his head to look at Yan Chuyang while he said with a deep voice, "Once the operation is over, I'll get divorced with you, find another girl to date and get married with. I want to live a normal life."

"Oh," Yan Chuyang said. After quite a while, Yan Chuyang decided to suppress his sadness and said, "That... that's good."

Wei Qing glanced at the boy's bowl full of food and asked, "Are you full?"

"I'm full."

"Then, come and take a shower. Have a good night."

"Okay."

Yan Chuyang stood up from his chair and went to the bathroom at a loss. Just now, he suffered from too many blows. His mind was still dizzy until now.

Yan Chuyang went to the bathroom to take a shower, while Wei Qing sat on the sofa in the living room, handling files and contracts sent from his companies.

Normally, he didn't work at home. But these days, he had been busy with the marriage affairs. So he had so many accumulated tasks to deal with at the moment that he had to work at home.

After taking a shower, Yan Chuyang came out of the bathroom, wearing a bathrobe. He sat on the sofa while wiping his hair. He glanced at Wei Qing's laptop and said, "It's getting late. You should go to take a shower and then go to bed."

"Okay." Wei Qing said without raising his head, "I'll soon finish this."

Feeling bored, Yan Chuyang picked up the phone on the table and started to play games.

After playing the game for a while, Yan Chuyang became bored and whispered to Wei Qing, "When are you going to finish?"

Wei Qing frowned, "Go to sleep by yourself. Your bedroom is on the second floor. I already asked the nanny to clean it up. No need to wait for me."

"Well," Yan Chuyang slipped down and rubbed his slippers against the carpet, "we have not kissed each other yet."

"Ah?" Wei Qing's hands which were hitting the keyboard suddenly stopped and Wei Qing turned to look at the person next to him.

Yan Chuyang had just finished a shower and his hair was not yet fully dry. His white face was suffused with steam and his eyes were red. He looked innocent and pure.

"We have not kissed each other yet." Yan Chuyang repeated, "We have to kiss each day, as written in the contract."

Wei Qing leaned backward and flopped onto the back of the sofa. His face was full of resistance.

Yan Chuyang was having great sorrows, but he would never give up!

He had only two to three months to be together with Wei Qing. He needed to make the best use of each second. He would try his best so that he would never regret even if he failed to make Wei Qing fall in love with him in the end!

This was the decision he made when taking a shower.

He wanted to seize the ongoing opportunity, though the opportunity would soon be lost after two to three months. He would try all means to make Wei Qing fall in love with him within this period so that he would never regret it even if he failed in the end.

"Tell me exactly," Yan Chuyang snorted, "When you will kiss me? What time will you kiss me? It's going to be midnight, which is tomorrow."

After a long time, Wei Qing gave in and sighed. He rubbed his eyebrows and said, "Come here."

Yan Chuyang's shoulders suddenly relaxed, when he was trying his best to suppress his happiness. He moved to Wei Qing who was sitting at the other side of the sofa.

Wei Qing turned his head. When he saw the boy's round and black eyes, he said, "Close your eyes."

"Not necessary." Yan Chuyang looked at Wei Qing innocently and said, "This is also good enough."

The man clicked his tongue and said, "I'll never kiss you if you don't close your eyes."

"All right. Okay. I'll close my eyes." Yan Chuyang hurriedly closed his eyes tightly.

Looking at the rows of moving eyelashes as if small fans, Wei Qing felt a bit awkward. But he soon suppressed his discomfort and gently kissed the boy on his lips.

As soon as he got close, Wei Qing could sense the refreshing fragrance of lavender herbs from Yan Chuyang. It seemed to come from his shampoo.

It was weird because he didn't find the shampoo so fragrant when he was using it.

Especially when Wei Qing kissed the boy's lips, he felt as if he was kissing a jelly, because the boy's lips were slightly soft, tender, wet, and refreshing. Perhaps, the boy had just brushed his teeth.

"It's done." Wei Qing released the boy and moved backward.

19. Where Is My Ice Cream

"Done?" Yan Chuyang opened his eyes and said with disappointment, "I didn't feel it."

"I did anyway. " After saying so, Wei Qing continued typing on the keyboard.

Yan Chuyang sighed. He leaned back to the sofa and murmured, "Have I known it someday earlier, I would have written one more term on the contract, that only hot kiss is acceptable..."

Wei Qing looked at the clock on the laptop and frowned, "Go upstairs to sleep. It's getting late."

"It's okay for me." Yan Chuyang took out his phone and clicked open the video game, "I won't go sleep until you finish."

Wei Qing raised his eyebrows uncomfortably and said, "No need. I'll stay up late for work."

"No way." Yan Chuyang said casually, "Today is the first day of our marriage. We agreed to sleep together."

Wei Qing froze again. This time, he was reluctant.

Yan Chuyang was glum. After a while, he said, "Don't be serious. I'm kidding you. I'll never force you to do anything you don't want to." He didn't want to force Wei Qing.

Wei Qing had a sigh of relief, "Thanks for your understanding. I'm used to sleeping alone since my childhood. I'm not used to sharing the bed with someone else."

"I get it." Yan Chuyang stood up from the sofa and said without raising his head, "Then I'll go upstairs to sleep. Wake me up when necessary."

"Okay."

Yan Chuyang went upstairs step by step. God knew how reluctant he was at the moment.

It seemed that chasing Wei Qing was going to be a long and arduous task.

It was already past 9 a.m. when Yan Chuyang got up. By then, Wei Qing had already gone to work.

Today was Saturday and Yan Chuyang had no class at all so he stayed at home and got ready to have a walk around Wei Qing's residence.

As soon as he went downstairs, the nanny went to greet him, "Mr. Yan, the breakfast is ready. Mr. Wei asked me to keep it until you come downstairs to have breakfast."

Yan Chuyang rubbed his neck with surprise and said, "Nanny, I'm sorry to have bothered you. No need to spare your energy to help me. I'll go and find some food to eat when I'm really hungry."

Nanny wiped her hands with the apron and said with a smile, "How can it be? You are the guest of Mr. Wei. We can't afford to neglect you."

Servants in the villa had not learned about the news of their marriage. In other words, Wei Qing never declared their marriage to anybody else, except Wei Dongsheng and Zhuo Zhanheng. Perhaps, Wei Qing still believed it was something shameful.

The word "guest" was breaking Yan Chuyang's heart, so he forced a smile and said, "No need indeed. You are approved to have a break until Wei Qing comes back."

"How can that be?"

"I'm serious." Yan Chuyang interrupted her and said, "I'm uncomfortable if you stay here."

Hearing this, the nanny's face changed and said, "If so, I'll go home now and will come back when Mr. Wei arrives home."

"Okay, that's good." Yan Chuyang nodded repeatedly, "That's exactly what I want."

"Okay." The nanny took off her apron and said, "Then, Mr. Wei, I'll go home first."

"Yes, be careful on your way home."

"Okay."

Yan Chuyang kept looking at the back of the nanny until the door was closed. Then he quickly ran to Wei Qing's bedroom.

They had been in marriage for two days, but Yan Chuyang had never seen Wei Qing's bed.

Yan Chuyang was stunned when he opened the door.

This... was way too simple.

The carpet inside Wei Qing's bedroom was made of black fur. The wall was pure white and the bedside table was white. The whole bedroom was in

black and white, without any other colors. Even the quilt was in black and white colors.

The bedsheet was tidy without any wrinkles and the quilt was folded neatly like a piece of tofu.

Yan Chuyang shook his head and flopped on the bed, thinking to himself, "This is too clean and tidy."

After rolling on the bed happily, Yan Chuyang began to formulate today's plan while hugging Wei Qing's pillow. Yan Chuyang decided to have a nap before he started his comics painting and then prepared dinner for Wei Qing.

As soon as he finished the plan, Yan Chuyang hid his face in the soft pillow and sniffed deeply. He was sweetly imagining his perfect life when he was living together with Wei Qing.

When Wei Qing arrived home from work at five o'clock, Yan Chuyang was sitting on the sofa, very concentrated on the comics he was drawing on a drawing board.

"You're back." Hearing the door open, Yan Chuyang turned his head excitedly and shouted.

"Mm-hmm." Wei Qing asked casually when changing his shoes, "You didn't go to school today, did you?"

Yan Chuyang answered when he kept working on the board. "Don't forget today is Saturday. I have no class at all."

Wei Qing nodded and lifted his hand to untie his tie. He casually threw the tie to the sofa, and then he walked slowly to the refrigerator to get some ice cream as usual.

But when he opened the fridge, Wei Qing was stunned. Only some bottles of drinks could be found on top of the fridge, no ice cream left.

"Where is my ice cream?" Wei Qing turned his head and asked.

"Ah?" Yan Chuyang raised his head and stared at the empty icebox, "Oh, the ice cream in the fridge seems to be out of date soon, so I have eaten them up."

"Eat them up?" Wei Qing twitched eyebrows and said, "That's a big box of ice cream. Have you eaten it all?"

Yan Chuyang pursed his lips, "I'd like to have something to eat whenever my inspiration is gone. As a result, I have unknowingly eaten it up..."

Wei Qing ground his teeth, "Why not save some for me."

Yan Chuyang blinked and suddenly picked up the small spoon where a small bite of ice cream could be found. He stood up and ran to Wei Qing's side before he handed the small bite to Wei Qing, "There's still some ice cream left. If you don't mind..."

"I do mind." Wei Qing said coldly, "Forget it."

Yan Chuyang put down his hand with disappointment and said, "In fact... I did it for your sake. Eating too much ice cream is harmful to your stomach. I'd rather risk my health to eat it for you."

Wei Qing was rendered speechless, "That means I should thank you for helping me."

Yan Chuyang kicked the carpet and said, "No need."

Wei Qing said with a cold face, "Raise your head."

"What are you doing?"

"Raise your head!"

Yan Chuyang raised his chin unwillingly.

Wei Qing took out a wet wipe from his pocket and wiped off the ice cream left at the corner of Yan Chuyang's mouth, "Watch out. I just bought my sofa not long. Wait for my punishment if any part of it is stained by you."

20. Lets Live Separately

Yan Chuyang rubbed his burning mouth and stared at him, "Why so fussy? It's no big deal. I can wash it for you."

Wei Qing walked over him with a long face and looked at the kitchen. "Why didn't Nanny Wang come to work?"

“Ah...” Yan Chuyang said guiltily, "She asked for a leave. It seems like she has some family issues to deal with."

"Leave?" Wei Qing frowned unhappily, "Why didn't she tell me about it?"

"Maybe it was urgent, and she hasn't got the time."

Wei Qing was sullen, "What about the supper today?"

"I've cooked it for you."

Wei Qing turned and looked at him with surprise, "You cooked?"

"Mmm," Yan Chuyang pointed to the dining table, "There it is. I've already eaten, so help yourself."

Wei Qing's expression softened a little, "Thanks."

Yan Chuyang waved his hand, "Not at all."

'Cook for you, I'm most willing to.'

Wei Qing walked to the dining table and looked down at the table. "Where's the meal?"

"Here," Yan Chuyang pointed to a bowl in the middle of the dining table, which was covered by a porcelain plate.

"… What is this?"

Yan Chuyang took the porcelain plate away and said, 'Instant noodles."

Wei Qing twitched his brow as he looked at the several lumps of black objects on the scattered noodles. "What is on the top?"

"This," Yan Chuyang picked up a lump with pride and said, "It's beef. I was afraid you wouldn't like it plain, so I particularly found beef at home to cook for you."

Wei Qing's eyebrow twitched violently, "Beef? Where did you get it?"

"From the cupboard, in the bottom. It was wrapped with several layers of plastic film. I could hardly recognize it... Hey, where are you going?"

Wei Qing went out to the cupboard in a hurry and pulled it open. At the sight of an empty plate, he felt like a piece of the heart being cut off.

It was the "Golden Aquitaine" beef that he had entrusted several people to send back from Lorraine, the northeast area of France, where had the best quality of all beef. He had intended to make it medium rare and taste it in a leisurely manner. Unexpectedly, it was cooked together with... instant noodles!

"What's wrong?" Yan Chuyang whispered behind him.

"Shut up!" Wei Qing roared and walked to the bedroom coldly.

He was stunned as soon as he opened the door. There were several pots of flowers and plants on the balcony. Not only on the balcony, on the bedside cabinet, on the desk, and the tea table, there were also bottles of flowers, which were of all colors, looking flashy and weird.

"Yan Chuyang!" Wei Qing roared angrily.

"Here, here," Yan Chuyang ran over hurriedly.

Wei Qing turned his head and stared at him freezingly. "Did you display them on the table?"

Yan Chuyang replied, "There are no plants in your room. I think it's good for your health to keep some in the room."

"You think so, you think so!" Wei Qing roared, "Mr. Yan, are we two familiar? Can you stop acting as you think?!"

Yan Chuyang's face turned pale and he subconsciously lowered his head, "Sorry."

Wei Qing tugged on his bow tie and said with a twisted brow, "Mr. Yan, I don't think the two of us might be suitable to live together."

Yan Chuyang raised his head abruptly, "But we have just got married. How can we divorce so soon? Besides, your dad hasn't had the operation yet."

"We do not divorce," Wei Qing looked at him and said seriously, "I mean we live separately."

"Live separately?"

"Yes, you go back to your school or your original apartment. When my dad comes to our home. I'll contact you and then you will come over."

Yan Chuyang's shoulders trembled and his eyes flashed, "Is there no room for discussion?"

"No."

Yan Chuyang lowered his head and murmured, "I'm sorry to cause you trouble. If you feel annoyed, I'll leave now."

"I didn't ask you to leave right now. It's already midnight!"

"It doesn't matter," Yan Chuyang said with his eyes lowered, "It seems I am always like that. Stumbling around and making people annoyed. I'm sorry."

After the words, the boy bowed, turned around, and hurriedly walked out. The thin figure looked pitiful and lonesome.

Wei Qing frowned and felt even worse than before, but in the end, he still didn't stop him.

It's better to live separately. He really couldn't stand being with someone who has the opposite personality with.

At midnight.

After he had finished washing and moved all the eyesore plants out of his room, Wei Qing began to toss and turn restlessly on the bed.

For some reason, he kept feeling restless.

As soon as he thought about how Yan Chuyang stared at him with a grieved look when he left, he felt his heart tighten.

Anyway, Yan Chuyang was still a boy. He was only 19 years old and was a college student, so his endurance capacity was weaker than his.

He didn't do anything to cross the line. It was no more than having eaten his ice cream, stewed his beef, and messed up his room. In addition to these, he had behaved nicely. He even cooked for him after he returned from work, even though it was only instant noodles, it was very thoughtful of him.

However, he directly drove him away.

Was it too much?

"Ah!" Wei Qing turned over and let out a long sigh as he stared at the ceiling. With a vacant look, he thought that the boy usually looked energetic and full of vigor, so he probably wouldn't be so thwarted by his words, right?

However… he seemed to be quite sad when he left. His face was pale, his eyes were lowered and he didn't dare to look at him. Besides, his shoulders were trembling.

19 years old, he was only 19 years old. It was right the time when a boy had the strongest self-esteem, while he roared at him without caring even a bit of his feelings.

An idea occurred to Wei Qing in an instant. He suddenly remembered the news in the morning about the college student who had jumped off the building out of outrage for being reproached by the professor.

According to the news, the college student was like Yan Chuyang, who was also 19 years old.

21. I'm Fine! Go Ahead, Curse Me

When the terrible scene of the college student's death in the newspaper flashed across his mind, Wei Qing got nervous and straightened up all of a sudden. He quickly grabbed his phone from the table and dialed a series of numbers.

"Dooh, door…"

"Hello? Who is that?"

"Why did it take you so long to pick it up?" Wei Qing yelled.

"Ah, cousin?" Wei Yuan cleared his ears which had been shocked and yawned, "Why did you call me in the middle of the night?"

"Where's Yan Chuyang? Ask him to answer the phone." Wei Qing knew that Yan Chuyang and Wei Yuan shared the same dormitory.

"Chuyang?" Wei Yuan cried in surprise, "Isn't Chuyang with you? The two of you didn't live together?"

Wei Qing's fingers were cold. 'Hasn't Yan Chuyang gone back to the school dormitory?!'

"Cousin?" Wei Yuan asked anxiously, "What happened? Isn't Yan Chuyang by your side? It's 2 a.m."

Wei Qing lifted the blanket and said calmly while he hurriedly threw his shoes on, "It's fine. He said he wanted to go back to school in the morning. Sleep blurred my memory so I thought he has been back to school."

"Ah, where is Chuyang now? Is he by your side?"

Wei Qing didn't have time to keep talking with him. He immediately said, "I'm hanging up." Then he pressed the 'hang-up' button and took a few strides to open the door of the bedroom, walking outside.

He had to check the small apartment that Yan Chuyang used to live in first. If he wasn't there, he had to call the police.

But just as he opened the door of the living room with a sinking heart, something round plumped onto his feet.

"Ouch!" Yan Chuyang yelled and shouted, "My butt."

Wei Qing abruptly breathed a sigh of relief; then he dragged him up and asked angrily, "I asked you to go back to your dormitory. What are you

doing here?"

Yan Chuyang rubbed his painful butt and frowned, "I also wanted to go back to school, but the dormitory has been locked at that time."

"Don't you have a rented apartment?"

"Since I moved into your house, I have terminated the tenancy and the key has been taken back by the landlord."

"Why not find a hotel?"

"I didn't get my ID or money."

Seeing the boy's reddened eyes, Wei Qing loosened his grip by his collar, "Why are your eyes so red?"

"No idea," Yan Chuyang shook his head, "I've been dizzy since I squatted at the door."

Wei Qing touched his forehead. As he felt the burning skin, his face changed, "You have a fever."

"Really?" Yan Chuyang touched it himself and muttered, "It's fine. I'm just a little dizzy."

But just as he finished his words, Yan Chuyang went weak at his knees suddenly and fell to the ground. Wei Qing held him in his arms in time and shoveled him into the room while cursing in a low voice, "You deserve it!"

After eating more than half a bucket of ice cream, and then squatting for about four or five hours in the cold wind in the dead of night, only a superman would still be fine!

Yan Chuyang leaned weakly on the sofa and looked at the cold remedy Wei Qing passed to him, "Does this work? I feel particularly uncomfortable right now. My throat feels like burning. "

Wei Qing handed a pill to him. "You only have a fever now. Since there are no other symptoms of a cold, it shouldn't be serious. You will be fine when the fever is gone."

Yan Chuyang took the water he handed over and washed down the pill. He rubbed his throat in surprise and said, "I think you're resourceful. Aren't you majoring in design? Why do you also know about illness?

Wei Qing smirked, "I was a school dweller since I was young. Nobody cared or inquired about me. If I didn't learn to take care of myself, I won't be able to survive."

Yan Chuyang looked at him with an aching heart and said in a low voice, "It's OK. They were all bygones. I'll protect you later."

Wei Qing didn't hear what he said. Seeing that the boy's shoulders still trembling, he covered him with a blanket and said, "Take it easy. You'll feel comfortable when the heat retreats."

Yan Chuyang nodded and tucked him in, saying. "Why are you going out in the middle of the night? Are you going to find me?

Wei Qing's expression changed, "What for? To annoy me? "

Yan Chuyang reached out from the blanket and tugged at the man's clothes. "I was wrong. I apologize to you, sincerely."

Wei Qing snorted, shook off his hand, and crossed his arms across his chest. "Wrong in what way?"

Yan Chuyang said earnestly, "I shouldn't have added beef to the noodles. I shouldn't have eaten all your ice cream, I shouldn't have entered your room without your permission."

When it came to beef, Wei Qing thought of his quality beef again. His anger was back again, so he said coldly.

"No matter what you do, let me know in advance. To be frank, the relationship between us isn't real. We're just a partnership. If we do business with each other, we should do it..." Wei Qing stared into the eyes of the boy in front of him, his voice becoming smaller and smaller. Finally, he stopped and said, "Don't look at me like this, OK?"

The limpid eyes of the boy were wavering all the time and the pitch-black pupils were as if immersed in a thin film of water. He gazed at Wei Qing in such an innocent manner that he couldn't have the heart to scold him again.

"I‘m fine." Yan Chuyang coughed weakly and continued pitifully gazing at him. At the same time, he said thoughtfully, "Go ahead, curse me. As long as you can feel better, I don't mind."

" Damn it!'

Wei Qing cursed inwardly. How could he scold him under such a condition? Yan Chuyang was just about to put his face under his hand. How could he still say anything?

"Not again." Wei Qing said coldly, "This time, we will both take a step back."

"You have forgiven me?" Yan Chuyang's eyes lit up.

"Mm-hmm." Wei Qing lowered his eyes to avoid Yan Chuyang's sparkling eyes, "This is a lesson. I hope that you can learn your place when you get along with me in the future."

Yan Chuyang breathed a sigh of relief in his heart. 'Well, it is alright. Fortunately, I have been smart enough to know that only by placing myself in the most dangerous condition could I strike back again.'

'If I just left mopishly as soon as Wei Qing drove me away, then all my plans to get close to him would be in vain.'

'Fortunately, Wei Qing is kind, and he couldn't handle my self-injury ruse at all.'

22. Your Dad Is Here To Inspect

"Have an early rest." Wei Qing stood up and said, "It's getting late, so don't take the trouble to go upstairs, you just settle here on the sofa for tonight."

Yan Chuyang nodded, "Okay."

Wei Qing turned to leave.

"Hold on!" Yan Chuyang called him.

"What?" Wei Qing turned around and asked impatiently.

Yan Chuyang leaned back on the sofa and pulled the blanket. "As I'm sick today, I shouldn't have made this request with you, but…"

Looking at his face with embarrassment, Wei Qing sighed, leaned over, and kissed the boy on his forehead. "To prevent infection, I only kiss your forehead. Is it OK?"

"Yes," Yan Chuyang nodded nonstop and said after a while, "If that's the case, you need to kiss me twice tomorrow."

"Ah?"

Yan Chuyang said seriously, "It's a deal. We have to kiss the lips. If you didn't kiss me today, Then you should for me tomorrow."

Wei Qing didn't know whether to laugh or cry, "I find that you always go extreme. Sometimes extremely lazy and sometimes extremely stubborn."

Yan Chuyang compressed his lips, "As to you, I definitely won't be lazy." With all his efforts, he still hadn't got him. He could not afford to be lazy.

Wei Qing had intended to turn around and leave, but then he saw Yan Chuyang's dry lips. With some hesitation, he walked over to the tea table and poured a glass of warm water, handing it to Yan Chuyang. "Drink some water before sleeping."

Yan Chuyang took a sip of it very obediently. Then, he looked up at the man in front of him and said softly.

"Wei Qing."

"Hmm?"

"Is our case today like the saying, 'lovers' quarrels are soon mended'?"

Wei Qing's face darkened. "No."

"Oh, fine." Yan Chuyang rubbed the glass in disappointment and muttered, "You still haven't forgiven me?"

Seeing the obvious dismay in Yan Chuyang's eyes, Wei Qing couldn't help rubbing his soft hair on the top of the head. He rubbed it for a while, then immediately withdrew his hand with shock.

He had treated Yan Chuyang as the Pekingese he kept.

The man put his hand in the pocket and said, "Didn't I say it clearly? The two of us both take a step back. As long as you will behave yourself, let these be bygones.

Yan Chuyang smoothed his disheveled hair that he had messed up and said in a relieved tone, "That's good. Don't worry, I'll try my best to recover, and I will try to get better tomorrow."

Wei Qing sneered, "'Diseases come on horseback, but go away on foot.' How can you recover so soon?"

"I have to get better soon," Yan Chuyang looked up at him and said, "I don't want to trouble you. Besides, 'in cases of chronic diseases, there are no filial children at the bedside.' I can't let you feel that I'm a burden."

Wei Qing's face darkened again. 'No filial children, good!'

"If you don't know the meaning of these sayings, don't use them." After that, Wei Qing returned to the bedroom with a sullen face.

Early in the morning.

Yan Chuyang was woken up by the doorbell. He struggled to get up from the sofa and found that it was only seven in the morning.

"Who is it?" Yan Chuyang held the blanket over his ears. He wanted to close his eyes and fall asleep again, but the bell kept ringing. Not wanting it to affect Wei Qing's sleep, he unwillingly put the blanket aside and shuffled to the doorway in cotton slippers.

When he habitually looked down through the peephole, Yan Chuyang's dazed state was suddenly woken up.

With a shudder, Yan Chuyang quickly turned around and trotted to Wei Qing's bedroom.

Because he had long been used to living by himself, Wei Qing never locked the bedroom door at night. Yan Chuyang pushed it open.

"Wei Qing Wei Qing!" Yan Chuyang pounced on him and shook his shoulder. "Your dad is here. Your dad is here to inspect!"

Wei Qing coughed for being pounced hard by him. He then was startled awake from his dream.

"What are you doing?"

"Wei Qing? Chuyang? Are you up?" Wei Dongsheng's merry voice rang from the living room.

"Your dad has your key?"

Wei Qing's sanity was still wandering, he nodded after a while, "Right."

Hearing the approaching footsteps, Yan Chuyang nervously opened Wei Qing's pajamas and took two bites hard.

"Hiss-" Wei Qing gasped in pain and kept pushing Yan Chuyang's shoulder. "What's your problem?"

While Wei Qing was still dizzy and feeble, Yan Chuyang pressed down Wei Qing's shoulder with his arms and whispered, "I'm helping you." Then the boy lowered his head and sucked on Wei Qing's neck.

By the way, he was not taking advantage of the situation; instead, he was helping Wei Qing.

Speaking of which, all newlyweds would be burnt with lusts at the wedding night, let alone two grown young men. If there wouldn't be any traces left on their bodies over the night, nobody would believe that they had slept on the same bed.

The distinct gnawing feeling gave Wei Qing a tingling sensation in the lower abdomen, and his back went numb as if getting a shock.

Though he knew that the person who kissed him was a man, the morning stimulus still aroused him.

Wei Qing's eyes turned chilly. He grabbed Yan Chuyang's back neck and roared, "If you kiss me again, I'll throw you out!"

"Bang!" The sound came from the door.

Wei Qing and Yan Chuyang turned to look outside the door at the same time.

Wei Dongsheng bent down to pick up the scattered hot pot ingredients in a flustered manner and said, "I'm sorry. I thought you guys have got up and wanted to make a hot pot for you..."

"Get out!" Wei Qing yelled.

Wei Dongsheng quickly retreated and closed the door.

Yan Chuyang was still bestriding on Wei Qing's waist. Watching the man go out, he breathed a sigh of relief. Then he leaned down on Wei Qing's shoulder and said with a little trepidation, "Thanks to my quick... ouch!" "Bam!"

Yan Chuyang was thrown out of bed.

When Wei Qing got dressed neatly and came out of the room. Wei Dongsheng was sitting on the sofa in the living room, looking solemn and sighing constantly.

Yan Chuyang rushed into the bathroom to wash up and followed Wei Qing into the living room.

23. Be Patient When Pursuing Someone

Yan Chuyang hurriedly finished his bath and followed Wei Qing to the living room.

When Yan Chuyang saw the hickey on Wei Qing's neck, he was surprised and quickly lowered his head as his ears were turning red. Yan Chuyang said to Wei Qing, "I've finished my wash-ups. And I'm having some classes today, so I'm going to the college." Then he turned away and was about to go out.

"Wait," Wei Qing called him unhappily.

Yan Chuyang turned around, "What's up?"

"You haven't had the breakfast yet."

Yan Chuyang pinched his pants and looked aside, "I'm having breakfast in the college canteen."

"Has your fever gone?"

"It's gone. I can't feel any hot fever."

Wei Qing walked to the sofa and sat down. He was impatiently waving his hand as he was drinking a cup of water, "Okay. Then go to your class since you are fine now."

Yan Chuyang said okay and bowed to Wei Dongsheng, saying, "Goodbye, Mr. Wei." Wei Dongsheng nodded with satisfaction and said with a smile, "Goodbye. Be careful on your way."

Yan Chuyang nodded in agreement and gingerly glanced at Wei Qing. Then he lowered his head and added, "Goodbye, Lao Gong (the term for husband in Chinese)."

"Cough--" A mouthful of water was all stuck in Wei Qing's throat.

Yan Chuyang quickly ran to open the door when he was running even faster than a clever monkey.

"Alas," Wei Dongsheng kept looking at Yan Chuyang's back until he disappeared. Then Wei Dongsheng sighed slightly, "I'm sorry for the boy."

Wei Qing wiped away the water stain at his mouth corners with a piece of tissue. Then he flung the tissue onto the table and said coldly, "What the hell to be sorry for?"

"Aren't you feeling sorry for him?" Wei Dongsheng turned his head and looked at Wei Qing's side face seriously.

"You should call him 'Lao Gong'. But he was even calling you that to maintain your face and dignity. As a love seeker without any giving, what else are you expecting him to do?"

Wei Qing's expression changed drastically. After a long time, he gritted his teeth and said, "Should I call him 'Lao Gong'?"

"That's right."

Wei Dongsheng sighed and looked up at the love bites on his son's neck. Then he shook his head and said with a strong sense of guilt.

"This is also my fault."

Wei Qing was confused, "What the hell are you talking about?"

Wei Dongsheng sighed and said, "I'm always the one to be the bottom of the bed. Over the years, how much I wish to make you become an aggressive top on the bed! But it turned out..."

Wei Dongsheng rubbed his face with disappointment and said in a deep voice, "But it turned out that my son is having the same style as mine and finally became a... Alas, forget about it. If I knew how powerful DNA was sometime earlier, I would have never married Zhuo... Hey, where are you going?"

Wei Qing kicked the door and roared angrily, "Go to hell!"

As soon as Yan Chuyang got into the taxi, he started to hit the glass window with his head, which frightened the taxi driver who hurriedly tried to stop him by saying, "Young man, life is tough. Stop hitting my glass window. Go to the road if you want to commit suicide."

Yan Chuyang said in a weak voice, "I'm fine. Go and drive your car." He would never kill himself before he finally made love with Wei Qing.

As soon as he remembered the murderous look of Wei Qing after his kiss, Yan Chuyang became fretful and screamed. He rubbed his face and fell onto the back of the rear seat.

'What should I do? We have just reached reconciliation and didn't yet enjoy any peaceful days. Now we have disputes again.'

'What Wei Qing hates the most is having intimate touch with men. He would even barely get through the daily kissing. How much he would hate me when I was even riding on him, kissing his neck and biting him this morning...'

'This must be the end of the world. I've not only bumped into his bottom line, and even trampled into his restricted area!'

'Alas, I was too impulsive, too impulsive!' Yan Chuyang thought to himself.

After deliberation, Yan Chuyang decided to call Wei Qing to explain.

After all, he didn't intend to offend him. He was just pretending that they were in love with each other when his daddy came in, to avoid him from finding anything wrong.

The phone kept buzzing for a long time before it was finally answered.

"Hey, Wei Qing," Yan Chuyang shouted anxiously as soon as the phone was answered, lest that Wei Qing might hang it up again.

"What's up?" The person on the other end of the phone said in an unfriendly tone.

Yan Chuyang was having a heartache upon hearing that. After silence for a while, he said, "Are you still mad at me for what I've done this morning?"

"What do you think I should be made for?" Wei Qing sneered and gritted his teeth, "I don't know what to be angry about since I've received many surprises in this early morning."

Yan Chuyang pursed his lips, "I'm talking about my kiss this morning."

Wei Qing kept silent.

Yan Chuyang pulled his pants on the knees and said, "I'm sorry. I was in a hurry. It seems I was kissing you..."

Wei Qing kept silent for a while on the other end of the phone. And then a roar was heard from the phone. Yan Chuyang became speechless.

Then, Wei Qing quickly hung up the phone as soon as he finished the roar.

Yan Chuyang was amazed, staring at the phone and thinking, 'Isn't it something proud to have strong pectoral muscles? Why is he so pissed off?'

'It's indeed difficult to understand men's mentality.'

"Are you at odds with your girlfriend?" The taxi driver asked with a smile.

Yan Chuyang was stunned and nodded. "Yes, indeed. I couldn't help but kiss her this morning. That's why she is so angry."

"Hey, it's nothing." The taxi driver seemed to be quite experienced in this respect when he said, "Couples in love are always found to have duplicity. Perhaps, she is indeed fond of your kissing. But she is too shy to admit."

"That is not my case." Yan Chuyang sneered and shook his head, "She seems to have some trouble even when I try to get closer to her, not to mention my kiss."

"You have to coax her and cheer her up. Call her again." The taxi driver suggested, "Don't be discouraged for her scoldings. You have to be patient in pursuing the one you love."

After thinking for a while, Yan Chuyang nodded in agreement, "Yes, you are right. One has to be patient. I'll call her again."

Yan Chuyang dialed the familiar number again as soon as he finished.

The first call was rejected after the phone kept ringing for two seconds.

The second call indicated that the other side was busy online after the phone kept ringing for three seconds.

The third call was answered by Wei Qing who said in a cold voice, "I'm giving you two minutes. You'd better have something important to tell me."

24. His Improper Feelings For You

"Don't get angry," Yan Chuyang straightened up and said in a nervous tone," How about this. I have kissed you this morning and that could be counted as the fulfillment of our contract so you don't have to kiss me tonight. Is that OK?"

Wei Qing was silent for a moment, murmuring, "Are you sure?"

Hearing Wei Qing's relaxation on the other side of the phone, Yan Chuyang sighed in a sad mood," Yes, you don't have to kiss me today."

Wei Qing loosened his tie a little. He was pondering over the suggestion and thought that it seemed a reasonable proposal, so he said. "Sure."

Yan Chuyang held his phone tightly, "Then you are not mad at me now."

Wei Qing replied with a soft "hmm", and added, "I won't be angry if I don't have to kiss you at night."

Hearing his words, Yan Chuyang's heartfelt a prick. Although he knew Wei Qing didn't like him, he never knew he hated him to such an extent.

The boy rubbed his knees and said glumly, "Don't worry. There will be no kiss today."

Wei Qing agreed without saying anything.

After a while, Yan Chuyang carefully asked, "Where are you now?" He sounded quite busy because there were always sounds of keyboards on the other side of the phone.

"I'm working," Wei Qing curtly answered.

Noticing his refractoriness, Yan Chuyang didn't have the mood to continue the talk, so soon he hung up the phone after saying goodbye.

When he arrived at school, it was over eight.

Yan Chuyang didn't have class since it was the weekend, but he was the president of the school's Comics and Animation Club, so he had to deal with the club business.

April was always the busiest month for every club because there would be a competition among all the clubs. Besides, the Comics and Animation Club had to prepare for a costume play on its opening day.

Hence, the whole of April would be the busiest period for Yan Chuyang.

"Chuyang, why are you so late?" Wei Yuan came over the moment Yan Chuyang entered the club office.

Wei Yuan was also one of the members of the Comics and Animation Club, but the reason why he joined this club was for his likings for comics while Yan Chuyang did that for his affection for comic painting.

"What's wrong?" Yan Chuyang looked at the empty office, frowning, "Today is a meeting day, isn't it? Where are our members?"

Wei Yuan answered with his palms up, " All went out for sponsorship."

"Sponsorship?" Yan Chuyang was confused, "Why? Our school will give us some money for our activities, won't it? We won't use too much, anyway."

"The school won't give money to us this year."

"Won't give money?" Yan Chuyang's eyes popped in consternation, "Why?"

Wei Yuan rubbed his nose and frowned. "It seems that the school's fund can't support so many clubs, so headmasters all agreed to cut money from entertainment clubs such as ours, to provide more to some "positive" clubs like GO club, Advanced Maths Club and Marx Studying club."

Yan Chuyang got so angry that he was gritting his teeth, "How could they!"

Wei Yuan shrugged, "It's already a decision. The announcement has come out this morning."

Yan Chuyang sighed helplessly, "Then I also have to go out to find a sponsor."

"I can be your sponsor." A deep voice came from the door suddenly.

Yan Chuyang turned to look back, "Song Huaiqi?"

Song Huaiqi walked up to the boy and whispered, "What's wrong? Was there a problem?"

Yan Chuyang stood up in a hurry and invited, "Please have a seat."

Song Huaiqi shook his head, "Don't bother, I'll just stand here."

Yan Chuyang lowered his head and let out a sigh, "The school won't provide money for our club activity, so we have to get a sponsor by ourselves."

Song Huaiqi thought for a while and said, "Give me your club activity plan. I can give you money."

Yan Chuyang raised his head, hesitating, "I am afraid that is not appropriate."

"Why inappropriate?, Song Huaiqi said in a serious tone, "I'll be your sponsor and you'll advertise our company. That's a win-win collaboration!"

Wei Yuan pulled Yan Chuyang's wrist and said in an ambiguous tone, "But we are comic club and your business is about real estate. We have nothing in common. How can we collaborate?"

Song Huaiqi smiled, " You can just print our company introduction on your posters so that more people get to know our company. That will be very helpful for us since we recruit many employees here every year."

Yan Chuyang nodded, "Right, that makes sense."

Song Huaiqi replied directly, "So it's a deal. We could talk about some details later."

Yan Chuyang curved up the corner of his mouth, "Alright, then. I will prepare for it very carefully, trying to add some introduction of your company in our activity."

Song Huaiqi was attracted by the determination and enthusiasm in Yan Chuyang's eyes, so it was quite a while before he nodded in agreement.

After setting a date for negotiation with Yan Chuyang, Song Huaiqi left. He seemed to be very busy, because every time he came to school, he could just meet with Yan Chuyang in a hurry and leave soon.

"So," Wei Yuan nudged Yan Chuyang's shoulder, "Are you gonna accept Song Huaiqi's endorsement?"

"Why not," Yan Chuyang lowered his head to calculate the budget for the activities and said in a low voice, "His company is very successful. If he can be our sponsor, our problem will be solved."

"But why not ask my cousin for help? You live together!"

Yan Chuyang paused for a moment and said, "I don't want to ask him for money."

The relationship had already been mixed with profits and interests. If he asked him for money in such circumstances, the relationship would be even worse.

Moreover, he didn't want to show his weakness in front of Wei Qing. He wanted to make money by himself and one day he would be able to have enough money to support him.

He had spent Wei Qing's donated money for many years, so he should earn money to pay back since he had already grown up now.

Wei Yuan shook his head in confusion, "It's your own business. But I have to warn you that Song Huaiqi seems to have improper feelings about

you. You gotta be more mindful."

25. Not Shameful To Look For Help

Yan Chuyang pouted, "You are too sensitive. He has a girlfriend. I've seen a beautiful woman sitting in his limousine several times before."

"That must be his older sister!"

"Heck," Yan Chuyang covered his ears helplessly and raised his head, "Dear Wei, can you stop gossiping and start to work now?"

Wei Yuan snorted, sat back down in his seat, and added, "I'm not interested in intervention, but you must always be loyal to my cousin."

Yan Chuyang couldn't help chuckling, shook his head, and started to work.

By the time Wei Qing got off work, it was already 10 pm. A client had visited his company and he had some drinks with that client.

When he arrived home, the living room was having the light on. Yan Chuyang was sitting on the sofa, checking his plan while dozing off.

Yan Chuyang set a workshop with Song Huaiqi on Friday. That meant he must finish his plan by the end of tomorrow. Therefore, he had to take time to finish the plan as soon as possible.

When Wei Qing was changing his shoes in the hallway, he frowned as he found Yan Chuyang was dozing with his folders in hand. Yan Chuyang was too sleepy that he was either hitting the sofa or bumping into his folders. Wei Qing kept looking at him for a while and finally, he could no longer stand it. Thus, Wei Qing walked to Yan Chuyang's side and took his folders away. Then he patted the back of Yan Chuyang's head and said,

"Go to bed in your room."

Yan Chuyang shuddered, rubbed his eyes, and looked up at the person in front of him when he said, "You're back."

"Yes." Wei Qing untied his tie and threw it to the sofa. He then sat beside Yan Chuyang and asked, "Why don't you go to bed when it's already so late?"

Yan Chuyang moved closer and took his folders back from Wei Qing's hand. Then he put the folders against his chest to avoid Wei Qing from

getting them back again, saying, "I haven't finished my work yet. I need to stay up and work overtime."

"Work overtime?" Wei Qing raised his eyebrows, "You have not graduated yet. Why do you need to work?"

Yan Chuyang opened those folders and said, "I'm the president of one of our school clubs. Our club is going to hold an event recently."

"Oh," Wei Qing snorted, "You are awesome. You are having a weak and young look, so I never expect you can take charge of a club one day."

"Tch," Yan Chuyang sneered, "Don't judge people according to their appearance. My ability is out of your wildest imagination. Believe it or not, I'm the idol of many younger students in the college."

"Haha," Wei Qing couldn't help laughing out loudly. Perhaps he was drunk at the moment, so he became quite easygoing. Wei Qing believed the man in front of him, who was boasting of himself, was way too lovely.

Yan Chuyang's young age was perhaps part of the reason to explain why Wei Qing would be very relaxed when he was talking with Yan Chuyang.

The drunken feeling and the dim light made Wei Qing quite relaxed and comfortable.

"Have you drunk alcohol?" Yan Chuyang leaned closer to him and sniffed at Wei Qing's collar. Then he frowned and said, "Seems you have had a lot of alcohol."

"No." Wei Qing pushed Yan Chuyang away. He could sense the fragrance of Yan Chuyang's shower gel. The aroma made him even dizzier.

"Tch, you must have had drinks." Yan Chuyang got off the sofa unhappily and shuffled to the kitchen with cotton slippers. Then he got back with a cup of Pu'er Tea and handed over to Wei Qing, "Here is your Pu'er Tea to dispel the alcoholic effect.

Wei Qing said thanks and took a mouthful.

Yan Chuyang sat back on the sofa and started writing and calculating again. He must list out all detailed expenses so that one could clearly understand at the first sight. Then the project could go on smoothly.

Seeing Yan Chuyang got busy again, Wei Qing said unhappily, "It's already past ten o'clock in the evening. What type of work are you busy with and must be finished tonight?"

Yan Chuyang didn't raise his head and said carelessly, "Time is tight and the task is strenuous. I'm the president and should shoulder more responsibilities."

Wei Qing put his head on the back of the sofa, rubbed his brow, and asked, "Have you eaten dinner tonight?"

"Yes, I have."

"Did you cook it by yourself?"

"No, Nanny Wang cooked it for me."

Wei Qing had a sigh of relief and said seriously, "If Nanny Wang isn't around, go and buy yourself something to eat from restaurants. Don't cook for yourself."

Wei Qing was "instant noodles with beef".

Yan Chuyang replied, "I got it."

"Have you eaten my ice cream in the fridge?"

"Yes, I have eaten only a little bit of it."

"Did you take the cold medicine?"

"Yes, I did."

"Didn't you have a fever this morning?"

"No."

"Well…"

"Aren't you going to sleep yet?" Yan Chuyang looked up and frowned; he looked quite unpleasant.

Wei Qing snorted with some awkwardness, "Did I disturb you?"

Yan Chuyang nodded and answered without hesitation, "I'm a bit bothered. I will be frequently distracted whenever you talk to me. I've made several wrong calculations already."

Wei Qing put on a straight face and said in a low voice, "Your mistake has nothing to do with me. That means you are having poor calculation skills."

Yan Chuyang pointed to the clock on the wall and said, "Now it's about to hit 11:00 in the evening. You are having a regular schedule, aren't you? Why not go to sleep at the moment?"

"No, I'm not sleeping." Wei Qing said seriously, "I haven't yet taken a shower. I'm going to take a shower after I have some clear mind."

"All right." Yan Chuyang frowned helplessly and tried his best to concentrate on his calculation. He needed to work out all the calculations on the following pages.

"Alas," Wei Qing suddenly moved closer and glanced at Yan Chuyang's plan. "Are you working hard to get a sponsor?"

"Yes," Yan Chuyang answered helplessly, "The school suddenly stopped funding us, so we have to find a solution ourselves."

"Do you want me to help you?"

"No need," Yan Chuyang rejected quickly, "I can do it myself."

Wei Qing shook his head and snatched his folders again. When he was reading the small amount of expenditure on the paper, he smacked his mouth and said, "I'll become your sponsor, so that you don't need to get any other sponsor. All you need to do is to please me. Then I'll take care of all your project expenses."

"Not necessary," Yan Chuyang was having a complicated facial expression. He took his folders away and said with a straight look, "I don't need your help, as I've told you."

Wei Qing shook his head and said, "You are too young. Asking for someone else's help is not shameful at all. If you don't know how to please others, you will have difficult times when you start to work in society."

26. What Status Do You

"I'm not shameful to look for help!" Yan Chuyang glared at Wei Qing, "I just don't want to beg you."

Looking at the boy's sparkling eyes with stubbornness, Wei Qing felt it was quite ridiculous and funny. He couldn't understand what Yan Chuyang was insisting on. Yan Chuyang seemed to believe that asking for his help or spending his money was something shameful. But in fact, Yan Chuyang married him for his money.

If he didn't pay him, the boy would never agree to marry him.

Wei Qing was having some discomfort and he felt it weird. Thus, he hurriedly shook his head to dispel the sudden uncomfortable feeling.

Yan Chuyang reached out to grab the canvas bag at a corner of the sofa and rummaged through it for his pen.

"Hey," Wei Qing glanced at the bag in the boy's hand and shifted the topic, "Why are you still using this kind of bag? What about the one I gave you?"

Yan Chuyang was stunned. He took out a pen and zipped up the bag. Then he said, "The one you gave me is too flaunting. Given my status, people would certainly have some gossips about me if I'm using that bag."

"Your status?" Wei Qing looked unhappy, "What status do you have?"

Yan Chuyang pouted and said, "Anyway, this bag is not equivalent to my lifestyle and would leave a bad impact on the rest of the students."

"Your lifestyle has nothing to do with others." Wei Qing was quite dissatisfied, "Why would you reject a better lifestyle simply because of what others are thinking?"

Yan Chuyang shook his head, "That's not what I mean. I just believe the bag is not suitable for me."

"Tomorrow, take that bag I gave you. Also," Wei Qing stretched out his hand and pulled Yan Chuyang's T-shirt, "such shirt is cheap in my eyes. I remember the clothes I asked my assistant to buy for you are inside your bedroom upstairs. Put on the clothes I've bought for you from tomorrow on."

Upon hearing that, Yan Chuyang became quite unpleasant. He broke free from Wei Qing's grip and yelled at him, "Are you still drunk?"

None of your business." Wei Qing snorted and stood up, "Anyway, tomorrow, you have to take the bag I gave you, otherwise I would deduct your salary."

After he finished, Wei Qing turned away and walked into the bathroom.

Looking at his unsteady shadow, Yan Chuyang shook his head helplessly. It seemed that Wei Qing was not having any clear mind.

On Monday, he would start another busy week.

Yan Chuyang went to the college and Wei Qing went to the office.

"Oh my goodness. " As soon as Yan Chuyang arrived at the college, Wei Yuan sized up Yan Chuyang who was wearing a completely new set of clothes. Wei Qing kept walking around Yan Chuyang and said with surprise, "Is there anything wrong? When did you suddenly become rich enough that you could afford Tommy Hifger's outfit like this?"

Yan Chuyang glared at him diffidently, "I bought these with my hard-earned wages. Is there anything wrong?"

Wei Yuan shrunk his neck upon hearing Yan Chuyang's response. Then Wei Yuan chuckled and said, "Sure enough. It's okay. I'm just not used to your luxurious lifestyle all of a sudden since you were always a frugal person."

Yan Chuyang snorted and sat down at his desk. He took out some files from his bag and said in a low voice, "Then, you'll have that feeling for quite a long time."

When Yan Chuyang woke up this morning, he found that Wei Qing had even thrown away all his clothes inside his suitcase. He could only find those that Wei Qing bought and put in his wardrobe. In this case, he had no other choice but to put on the clothes he bought.

"Hey, Yan Chuyang." Wei Yuan hugged Yan Chuyang's shoulders intimately and said, "I need you to do me a favor."

Yan Chuyang was carelessly reading the English textbook and answered without raising his head, "What favor?"

"I'm chasing a girl named Luo Xiaoting in the Foreign Language Department. She is the belle in the department."

"Oh."

"She's a fujoshi."

"A fujoshi?" Yan Chuyang looked up at him, "What do you mean by that?"

"Stop pretending," Wei Yuan snorted, "You are a gay. You must know what I mean."

Yan Chuyang pouted, "I'm not gay. I don't like men, but I just love your cousin."

"Fine fine fine. Let's stop arguing." Wei Yuan said seriously, "Let me come to the main point."

"Okay, hit me."

"Luo Xiaotong knows you and she wants you to do her a favor."

"She knows me?" Yan Chuyang was having a confused look and asked. "How did she know me?"

Wei Yuan avoided Yan Chuyang's curious gaze and said vaguely, "I... I just happened to talk something about you in front of her."

Yan Chuyang looked at Wei Yuan with doubts and asked, "Why did you talk about me when you are chasing her?"

"Well!" Wei Yuan scratched the back of his head and answered honestly, "Since she is a fujoshi, she is particularly fond of listening to gay stories. I told her that a close friend of mine is gay, who is in love with my cousin so she is very interested in you."

Yan Chuyang closed the book in his hand all of a sudden and stared at Wei Yuan fiercely, "Come on. How can you release my private story like this?!"

Wei Yuan grabbed Yan Chuyang's arm with guilt and said, "I know it's my fault. But we are close friends. I'm begging you to help me this time!"

Yan Chuyang broke free from his grip and said, "What can I help you if you are chasing a girl?"

"Give me a recording of your voice."

"Ah?"

"Record a short period of your moaning in bed."

Yan Chuyang picked hia ears, "I'm sorry, I didn't hear you. What do you want?"

"Moaning in bed." Wei Yuan said word by word when he was looking at Yan Chuyang, "The type of cute voice that a girl often makes in bed as shown in the porns we watched..."

"Bang!" Yan Chuyang flung the English textbook to Wei Yuan when he heard this. The loud sound attracted many students' attention who was

studying quietly. Fortunately, it was still a long time before the class started and few students were in the classroom for now. So the sound didn't cause any chaos in the classroom.

"You are inhuman." Yan Chuyang yelled at Wei Yuan in a low voice when he was pulling Wei Yuan's collar, "You are even begging me to drop my dignity like this for a girl!"

Wei Yuan prized Yan Chuyang's fingers grabbing his collar open and smiled flatteringly, "Mr. Yan, Mr. Yan, this is very simple to you. You can just hide in your quilt and imagine my cousin is on top and you are on the bottom. And you put a recorder beside you. Then, the job is done!"

Yan Chuyang blushed when he imagined what Wei Yuan was describing. He released Wei Yuan's collar and slammed on the desk when he said, "I'm really happy to help you if your cousin makes love with me. But in fact, he never sleeps with me on the same bed. I don't even know what the moaning is."

'How poor I am to never have such any sexual experience for 19 years. Besides the several masturbation experiences I did on my own when I miss Wei Qing so bad, I've always been a clean and good boy.'

'Moaning in bed is something beyond my understanding.' Yan Chuyang thought to himself.

"It's nothing if you can't understand. And you don't need to learn from anyone else." Wei Yuan took out a piece of paper and stuffed it into Yan Chuyang's hand when he said, "Read those scripts accordingly. Then take a deep breath whenever you finish each line. It would be even better if you could add some sweet whispers from time to time when you are reading."

Yan Chuyang took over the note and opened it to read. But he discovered surprisingly that note was full of words like Mm, Ah.

Yan Chuyang frowned. "Does it work?"

"Yes, indeed." Wei Yuan replied firmly, "All you need to do is to read accordingly and adjust your breath based on my instruction. The final effect must be perfect."

Yan Chuyang looked up at Wei Yuan with doubts, "Wei Yuan, I think there's something wrong. How could you know that the effect would be particularly perfect?"

Wei Yuan was instantly having a different facial expression. A flash of pain could be found in his eyes. His face became gloomy and he kept silent for a while. Then he suddenly pouted and leaned on Yan Chuyang's

shoulders when he said in a weak voice, "Yan Chuyang, I never told you about this. That girl has forced me to read it once!"

Yan Chuyang was shocked and patted Wei Yuan's shoulders when he said with sympathy, "Since you are likely to help her, why are you still looking for my help?"

"She dislikes me." Wei Yuan said in a hoarse voice, "She said my voice was too hoarse and was not suitable to record such moaning. That's why she asked me to look for your help."

Yan Chuyang was stiff upon hearing that. He suddenly pushed Wei Yuan away and put the note back to Wei Yuan's chest when he said, "Bro, I'm likely to help you, but I'm unable to help you this time. I'm a strong man. If you cannot complete the task, I can't either..."

Yan Chuyang turned to read the book with full concentration as soon as he finished.

"Yan Chuyang," Wei Yuan looked at Yan Chuyang's side face and said seriously, "Do your efforts to end up in a failure when I'm about to succeed? I've been chasing her for two months."

Yan Chuyang let out a sigh, "I'm likely to help you whenever you need. But on this matter, I am unable to help. Good luck to you."

Wei Yuan kept silent for a while. Then he suddenly shrugged his shoulders and said, "It's all right, then. I'm not forcing you to accept something you are unwilling to."

Yan Chuyang heaved a sigh of relief, "Thank you, bro."

Wei Yuan turned around and took out his textbook. He flipped two pages and said calmly, "Then, I'll call my cousin today and tell him that you've always been in love with him."

Yan Chuyang turned his head immediately, "Wei Yuan, how dare you!"

Wei Yuan handed the note back to Yan Chuyang again and said with a smile, "I'm not daring enough. So please help me."

Yan Chuyang gritted his teeth and stared at the note for a long time. Then he balled the note and stuffed it into his pocket. He frowned and said, "You are ruthless, Wei Yuan."

27. You Need To Pay Her More

When Yan Chuyang got home from school, Wei Qing had not yet got back.

Nanny Wang had already got the meal ready much earlier than Yan Chuyang's arrival. However, Yan Chuyang was not used to having someone stay around when he was having a meal. So he asked Nanny Wang to go home earlier.

Nanny Wang knew that this new guest had a say at home, so she followed his instruction and got off work after she had put the meals on the table and wiped her hands on her apron.

Yan Chuyang had been thinking about that moaning on the bed and how to fulfill the task successfully so he didn't have much of the meal and was always in a daze. In the end, he had some soup and cleaned the table. Then he went upstairs to sleep.

"Ah!" Yan Chuyang fell onto the soft bed and had a long sigh of relief. He murmured, "Leave the task behind. Sleep is always the most important."

Yan Chuyang closed his eyes and went to sleep with satisfaction as soon as he finished.

After Yan Chuyang had been sleeping for two to three hours, his phone on the table started buzzing suddenly.

Yan Chuyang rolled over and covered his ears with a pillow. But the phone kept buzzing for a long time and seemed not to stop until he answered it.

"Ah!" Yan Chuyang hit the bed with annoyance. He forced himself to get up from bed and grabbed his phone on the table.

"Hello?"

"Chuyang, have you finished the task?" Wei Yuan's voice could be heard from the other end of the phone. Wei Yuan asked with anticipation because his girlfriend promised that she would satisfy all his wishes as long as she got Yan Chuyang's moaning recording.

'All my wishes. Oh my goodness, how wonderful it is!' Wei Yuan thought.

Yan Chuyang lifted his quilt and sat up, "Come on. Don't be so anxious. It has been only a few hours since I've left the campus. No need to be so anxious."

Wei Yuan sighed and said with guilt, "Chuyang, I don't want to push you as well. But that woman is hurriedly asking. She said I would be useless if I could not finish her task. She even threatened to leave me forever if she couldn't get the recording by the end of tomorrow."

Yan Chuyang smacked his mouth and said, "Your girlfriend is too demanding."

"Alas, this is something you can never understand." Wei Yuan chuckled and said, "This is what a cute, arrogant, capricious, and sexy girl looks like."

Yan Chuyang shrugged his shoulders several times and said, "All right, stop talking about it. It's a win-win task for both of us."

Wei Yuan urged again, "Then move quickly."

"Okay, I get it." Yan Chuyang said helplessly, "I'll start recording right away. Is that all right for you?"

"Sure," Wei Yuan hung up happily.

Yan Chuyang released a sigh. After being in a daze for a while, he grabbed his jacket from a corner of the bed and was looking for the note in his pocket, but his face suddenly changed, "Alas, where is that note?"

There was nothing in his pocket except for a recorder that he had prepared beforehand.

Yan Chuyang frowned and kept looking for the note under the bed. There was nothing except for his shoes.

"Is it lost?" Yan Chuyang was startled. He quickly put on his cotton slippers and walked downstairs. He was once sitting on the sofa. If the note was lost there?

It was already 10 p.m. and the living room was completely dark. The lighting switch was in the hallway. Yan Chuyang was too lazy to open the light, so he turned on the lighting of his cell phone and tried to find that note as he walked to the sofa. But after two steps, his feet suddenly hit one of the chair legs and he started to fall flat on his face.

"Mmm…" A snort was heard from the sofa.

Wei Qing was lying on the sofa for a nap. That was when he was surprisingly hit by Yan Chuyang.

"Wei Qing?" Yan Chuyang shouted in the dark.

"Em." Wei Qing replied in a low voice. He put his hands around Yan Chuyang's waist while his eyes were half-closed.

Yan Chuyang was stunned and sniffed at Wei Qing's neck. Then he grumbled with dissatisfaction.

"Why did you drink alcohol again?"

Wei Qing closed his eyes and sighed, "I have no choice. I was attending a banquet and met several people who have business connections with me. I have to drink some with them."

Yan Chuyang stood up by leaning against Wei Qing's shoulders. But as soon as he stood up, Wei Qing pressed his waist and he was pressed back to the sofa again.

"Hey…" Yan Chuyang leaned on Wei Qing's shoulders and asked, "What are you doing? I want to stand up."

Wei Qing's eyes flashed because he didn't even know why he would do this unconsciously. He sensed the mint scent from Wei Qing's neck and the fragrance made him quite comfortable. So... he didn't want Yan Chuyang to stand up.

"Don't move." Wei Qing thought for a while and started disguising, "My waist is a little bit numb. Your pressing on my waist makes me quite comfortable. "

"Uh?" Yan Chuyang was at a loss. Then he frowned, moved his hand to Wei Qing's waist, and carefully touched Wei Qing's thin waist when he asked in a low voice worriedly,

"Is there anything wrong? Two days ago, I read a piece of news, which said a man's kidney could no longer afford his excessive drinking."

Wei Qing's face darkened and he quickly answered, "Don't worry. My waist is just a little bit numb. It has nothing to do with the kidney."

Yan Chuyang sighed, "You should be more cautious at least."

'At least, you ought to have a healthy kidney for me.' Yan Chuyang thought.

Wei Qing said nothing. He seemed to be tired. His eyes were closed and he was having steady breathing.

Yan Chuyang rubbed against his shoulders, found a comfortable position, and started to mutter.

"I once believed that you were having a regular schedule. But in the end, you turn out to be your health."

"Today, Nanny Wang said, work in our family is the most comfortable job she has ever had. Because she didn't need to keep waiting until you get off work. In the past, you wouldn't have dinner until midnight, because it was already 11:00 pm or 12:00 pm when you got home from work. So she had to stay up until midnight."

Wei Qing squinted comfortably and could feel the faint breath around his neck was as gentle as a feather. That breath gently blew his mind, slowly relaxing his tightened nerves.

Yan Chuyang raised his head to stare at Wei Qing's chin when he said, "I think you should give Nanny Wang overtime payment."

"Em." Wei Qing said in a low voice without opening his eyes, "I'll consider raising her salary tomorrow."

Yan Chuyang replied, "How much is Nanny Wang's monthly salary?"

28. I Also Believe It's A Farce

Wei Qing thought for a moment and said, "Probably 18,000 RMB. I can't remember it clearly. Her salary will be automatically paid to her account punctually via the system."

Yan Chuyang swallowed and asked, "18,000 RMB a month? "

Wei Qing said "Yes" in a deep voice.

"Hey!" Yan Chuyang suddenly straightened up and yelled at Wei Qing when he was pulling Wei Qing's collar, "You pay me over 10,000 RMB a month for our marriage. But in fact, my salary is even lower than Nanny Wang!"

Wei Qing squinted and looked at Yan Chuyang's shining eyes in the dark. Then he had a meaningful smile and said, "I can certainly increase your salary tomorrow if you believe your salary is much too low."

That deep and sexy laughter kept blowing Yan Chuyang's mind and the bewitching voice even made him dizzy. He was limp unconsciously and fell on Wei Qing's shoulders when he said in a sullen voice, "That's not necessary. Nanny Wang is working harder than I do. The harder she works, the more payment she should get. I should receive less wage than her, and that makes sense."

"I don't agree with you." Wei Qing shook his head. He gently touched Wei Qing's smooth chin and said, "You are working harder than she is."

'At least, Nanny Wang can never make me so relieved and comfortable.' Wei Qing thought.

Yan Chuyang'e heart palpitated and he proudly raised his head, "Is it because I can cook delicious beef noodles?"

Wei Qing froze and said, "Never mention that beef noodles again!"

Yan Chuyang chuckled and then got into Wei Qing's embrace. But suddenly, Yan Chuyang's face changed and he suddenly straightened up when he said, "Oh my god, that must be the end of the world. I've forgotten something serious."

Wei Qing let loose of Yan Chuyang's waist, frowned, and said, "What it is?"

"I was looking for a note downstairs. But I ended up... forgetting about it!" Wei Qing jumped down from Wei Qing's hug as he was speaking.

"A note?" Wei Qing also stood up, "What note are you looking for?"

"It's a note full of 'Ahs' and "Hmms'."

Wei Qing twitched his mouth and asked, "Huh?"

Yan Chuyang said frankly without hesitation, "Wei Yuan found a girlfriend, but his girlfriend is a fujoshi, a girl fond of watching gay couples."

"And then?"

"Then, that girl happened to have heard of my story and believed my voice is pleasant to hear. That's why she asked Wei Yuan to record my moaning in bed. She threatened that she would leave Wei Yuan forever if Wei Yuan couldn't get my moaning."

"Moaning?"

Yan Chuyang nodded. "Like 'hmm' and 'ah'."

"That's a sheer farce!" Wei Qing was having a pale face.

Yan Chuyang waved his palms, "I also believe it is a farce."

Wei Qing stood with arms akimbo and kept silent for a while. Then he said, "You are not allowed to record that. I'll give Wei Yuan a call and tell him to stay away from you."

Others might not know Wei Yuan very much, but Wei Qing knew this cousin very much. Wei Yuan had always been a bad boy since his childhood. Yan Chuyang was a pushover and quite innocent, and he was likely to be badly influenced by Wei Yuan. Wei Qing didn't want Yan Chuyang to become someone like Wei Yuan.

Yan Chuyang nodded and said carelessly, "I'd like you to stop him because I never want to help him finish this task."

Wei Qing nodded, turned around, and walked over to the coffee table. Then he quickly dialed a number.

Yan Chuyang looked at Wei Qing's side face when Wei Qing was dialing. He was in a daze and suddenly remembered Wei Yuan's threat when Wei Yuan said, "If you refuse to help me this time, I would call my cousin today and tell him you have always been in love with him."

"No. Stop!" Yan Chuyang rushed and grabbed Wei Qing's phone away. Then he quickly ended the phone call.

"What are you doing?" Wei Qing looked impatient.

"Uh..." Yan Chuyang hid Wei Qing's phone behind him and said while trying to avoid Wei Qing's gaze, "I, after a second thought, I believe you'd better stop the call. I suddenly remember that Wei Yuan's girlfriend is one of my friends. She, she has always been nice and kind to me. Finishing her task is not a big deal to me."

"Yan Chuyang!"

"Yes, indeed." Yan Chuyang raised his head and said seriously, "It's not something important anyway. Since she has such a request, I'm likely to help her."

Wei Qing frowned. "If you record this moaning, wouldn't your girlfriend be jealous?"

"Ah?" Yan Chuyang was stunned.

Wei Qing repeated impatiently, "You told me that you are having a girlfriend. Will your girlfriend have some discomfort after she found you've helped someone else by recording your moaning in bed?"

Yan Chuyang squinted and rubbed the floor with his slippers when he said, "Well, it's fine for her because she trusts me very much."

Wei Qing snorted coldly, "Then, do as your will. I'm not intervening in your business anymore, since we are nothing but business partners."

Yan Chuyang said "Oh" and turned on the floor lamp beside the sofa. The darkroom became bright immediately.

Yan Chuyang started to look for that note around the sofa and finally found that the note was left in a small seam of the sofa.

After taking out the note, Yan Chuyang turned around and said to Wei Qing, "Sleep early. Good night." Then he quickly trotted to the bathroom.

"Hey!" Wei Qing shouted, "It's very late. Why are you going to the bathroom?"

Yan Chuyang waved the recorder in his hand and answered, "Bathroom has a better sound insulation effect. No one could hear what I'm saying."

"Tch," Wei Qing said in a disdainful tone, "Only two of us are inside the house. Are you afraid that I might overhear you?"

"No, I'm not afraid."

"Don't think too much," Wei Qing sat on the sofa when his shoulders were upright straight, and said, "It's disgusting for me to hear a man having such kind of voice. I'm not interested at all. I'll cover my ears!"

Yan Chuyang had a flash of painful daze. It felt like a needle was piercing his heart.

'Wei Qing is reluctant to a man getting close to him. If I told him later that I've always been in love with him, would he hate and try to avoid me?' Yan Chuyang thought.

"Alas," Yan Chuyang lowered his head in disappointment and said weakly, "I'll try my best to keep quiet, so as not to disturb you."

Yan Chuyang went to the bathroom with a steady footstep.

Yan Chuyang lost in his thought in the bathroom. After a while, Yan Chuyang came back from his thought and got ready for the job. Wei Yuan needed it tomorrow. It was already in the middle of the night. If he didn't hand over the recording to Wei Yuan tomorrow, Wei Yuan would release his secret thoughts to Wei Qing. That would be the end of the world to Yan Chuyang.

Yan Chuyang took out the recorder and pressed the switch. Then he unfurled the note and started reading for the first time. When he was recording, he paused, adjusted his breathing pace, and made his breath more hoarse, according to what had been written in the note.

29. A Man's Heart Was A Deep Ocean Of Secrets

The bathroom was having such a perfect sound insulation effect that Wei Qing could hear nothing when he was sitting on the sofa.

After about three to five minutes, Wei Qing believed the recording should have been finished, so he stood up from the sofa and was about to knock on the bathroom door. He needed to finish some wash-ups in the bathroom before he went to bed.

But just as he was about to knock on the door, a moaning came from the bathroom.

"Mmm…"

That voice was quite gentle with some nasal sound as if a cute kitten. Such coquettish and tender call was enough to blow one's mind. Wei Qing became frozen instantly at that moment.

"Ha… Mmm…"

When the voice was mixed with unsteady breathing, it developed into a kind of typical sobbing that one had especially after one had been seriously bullied by someone else. That voice was both pitiful and exciting to its listeners.

Wei Qing could feel the change in his temperature upon hearing that voice. He felt like he was walking in the snowfield and was completely cold. But all of a sudden, he was immediately thrown into a volcano which made his lower belly became tense up and fill with a surge of blood.

He wanted to move away, but he was unable to move, or put it in another way, his body was totally out of the control of his mind.

Yan Chuyang's voice inside the bathroom became increasingly smaller as if he was about to stop the recording.

Wei Qing's throat moved and he took another step forward unconsciously. Then he put his ear on the bathroom door.

He was not sure if the less skillful hoarse breath was a snort coming from Yan Chuyang's nose. But that hoarse voice felt like a fresh bamboo sprouting just coming out of the soil. It was so fresh, delicious, cute, and

sweet that you wanted to peel it off and had a hard bite of the fresh and tender buds hidden inside the sprouting.

Wei Qing was standing there without any movement as if he was a piece of built-in furniture.

"Bang," the door was opened.

"Ah!" Yan Chuyang was so frightened that he suddenly retreated, "When did you come?"

Wei Qing quickly came back from his daze and properly adjusted his tie. Then he said in a hoarse voice, "I just came. I'm going to sleep. So I come here to have some wash-ups."

Yan Chuyang's face became frozen and said oh. Then his ears became a bit red as he whispered, "Did you hear anything?"

Wei Qing's face turned gloomy and asked, "Are you afraid that I might overhear?"

Yan Chuyang nodded, "That's my privacy." He didn't want Wei Qing to have overheard that shameless voice!

Wei Qing snorted and said with an extremely unhappy face, "That's not your privacy. Mr. Yan, let me kindly remind you. We have married. I have every right to listen to your voice like that."

After he finished, Wei Qing pushed Yan Chuyang away with a gloomy face and walked into the bathroom. Then he shut that door with a slam.

Yan Chuyang lost in his thoughts, looked at that closed door. He mumbled, "How come I ended up messing up with you again?"

'I was already trying my best to lower my voice! Is this still disturbing him?!'

'A man's heart is a deep ocean of secrets!' Yan Chuyang thought.

After Wei Qing had finished the shower and had gone to bed, he began to toss and turn on the bed restlessly.

He couldn't fall asleep. As soon as he closed his eyes, Yan Chuyang's cat-like voices would controllably ring in his mind.

Wei Qing's lower abdomen was very hot and he tried to adjust his breathing to calm himself. However, the body reaction was out of the brain's control. The more he wanted to shift his attention, the more it would go out of his control and even start to tense him up.

"Whoosh!" Wei Qing stared at the ceiling in a daze and wondered with annoyance, 'Is it because I have suppressed my sensual passion for too long?'

Ever since he had broken up with Shen Shimin, he was never intimate with anyone else.

It was a bit funny that Wei Qing was always having a strong desire to have a complete family. His desire was perhaps a result of a lack of family warmth. Therefore, to some extent, Wei Qing was a very traditional person. In his mind, making love with a girlfriend was not allowed before marriage.

This was also the reason why he never made love with Shen Shimin after they had been together for two to three years. All they had done was merely some close touch and hugging. They never hit the bottom line.

Over the past few years, Wei Qing had had some sexual needs as a normal man. But his insistence on personal values turned his sexual needs into career motivation.

Wei Qing was quite confident about his outstanding control capacity among other men.

But... Why did he suddenly lose control of himself upon hearing Yan Chuyang's moaning?

'I must have been suppressing my sexual desire for too long.'

'Yes. That's right. That must have nothing to do with Yan Chuyang since Yan Chuyang is a man!' Wei Qing thought.

However, sexual fantasy kept appearing in Wei Qing's mind, until he could no longer stand and hammered the bed. Then he stood up and opened a drawer of the nightstand. He took out a small box from the drawer.

This was a small gift given by the physician when he was receiving a medical examination in the hospital and the physician found he was still single.

That rustling sound could be heard when he unwrapped the plastic package. When he opened the box and found the ugly sex product inside, Wei Qing raised his eyebrows and quickly threw it back into the drawer.

What about the self-control capacity that he had always been proud of? What about his bottom line?

Wei Qing gritted his teeth and rolled over as if he was angry with himself. Then he forced himself to fall asleep and thought to himself, 'I just can't believe that I could no longer control my sensual desire now since I could properly control it in the past.'

'Sleep!' Wei Qing thought.

The clock was ticking and the bedroom was very quiet. In the end, Wei Qing could finally calm down through countless self-hypnosis practices.

His brain was getting dizzier and he started to have a dream.

But just as he fell asleep, someone was knocking on the door.

"Wei Qing?" Yan Chuyang's fresh voice could be heard from outside. Wei Qing was suddenly wakened up and his lower abdomen started to tighten.

Wei Qing cursed in his mind and yelled, "What's up?"

Yan Chuyang murmured, "I have something to tell you."

"Tell me tomorrow. Go to bed!"

"But it's very important. We can't wait until tomorrow."

Wei Qing gritted his teeth and kept silent for a while. Then he yelled impatiently, "I didn't lock the door. Come in."

Yan Chuyang came in and carefully walked to Wei Qing's bed without making any noise.

Wei Qing's eyes were closed as if he was still sleeping.

"Wei Qing?" Yan Chuyang squatted and looked at Wei Qing's high nose bridge and deep orbit when he asked in a low voice, "Are you sleeping?"

Wei Qing didn't say anything and was having a frown. His eyes were still closed.

30. You Are Biting Me

Yan Chuyang pushed the door open and carefully walked to Wei Qing's bed as quietly as possible.

Wei Qing was closing his eyes as if he was still sleeping.

"Wei Qing?" Yan Chuyang squatted, hugging his knees, looking at Wei Qing's deep orbits and his high-bridged nose. He asked in a low voice, "Have you fallen asleep?"

Wei Qing gave no response. He was frowning with his eyes closed and was having a cold momentum.

Yan Chuyang let out a sigh and said, "I don't know what I've done wrong again. Why are you angry?"

The bedroom was very quiet. No one responded and only the ticking of the clock could be heard.

"All right." Yan Chuyang sighed with disappointment. He lost in his thought for a while with his head down. Then all of a sudden, Yan Chuyang gently pecked Wei Qing's lips and soon quickly raised his head to stop his breath from coming over to Wei Qing's face. Then he murmured, "I'm not going to beg you to tell me if you are unwilling to. Then, I'd like to tell you, you forgot to kiss me today. That's why I made up for this."

Yan Chuyang stood up as soon as he finished and said, "I'm leaving first. Have a good sleep. Good night."

The footsteps faded away and the door was closed with a "bang". Then the man on the bed slowly opened his eyes with a deep and meaningful gaze.

After a long time, Wei Qing took a deep breath and gently touched his nose.

It was a bit cold. And Yan Chuyang's clean and fresh mint scent was still lingering on his nose.

The clock was ticking. After half an hour, Wei Qing lifted his hand and turned off the lights.

In the wee hours, Wei Qing had a dream.

In that dream, Wei Qing was eighteen or nineteen years old. He was still a student in the university, in love with Shen Shimin.

One day, Shen Shimin asked Wei Qing to go to a dark forest where she was showing a cute and sexy smile to him. Then she stood up and kissed him. He suddenly had a surge of desire and excitedly pushed her against a tree. He indulged himself to keep kissing her lips and neck crazily. But suddenly her face changed into Yan Chuyang's pathetic face.

Yan Chuyang was staring at him with his pitch-dark eyes and murmured in a cute and innocent voice, "Brother Wei Qing, you are biting me. It hurts."

Wei Qing's happy mood in the early morning was completely ruined by the dream. Wei Qing changed his clothes with a cold face and quickly finished his wash-ups as if he was angry at himself.

After he finished the wash-ups and came out of the bathroom, Yan Chuyang was having his breakfast in the dining hall. When Yan Chuyang heard the coming footsteps, he suddenly turned around and smiled at Wei Qing. Then he said to Wei Qing in a clear voice, "Good morning."

Wei Qing's heart trembled a little bit. Yan Chuyang's greeting was like a fresh breeze, blowing over his mind, slightly relieving his bad mood.

"Good morning," Wei Qing replied in a low voice and sat down on the opposite side of Yan Chuyang.

Yan Chuyang took a sip of the milk and smiled, "I woke up early this morning so that I can have breakfast with you."

Wei Qing nodded and glanced at Yan Chuyang casually. But he was stunned at just one glance.

There were some white milky stains on Yan Chuyang's lips after he sipped milk. That marks, together with Yan Chuyang's bright smile, made Wei Qing unable to move his eyes away.

Wei Qing had a deep gaze and unhappily threw a piece of tissue to Yan Chuyang when he said, "Wipe off the milk on your lips."

Yan Chuyang was surprised and awkwardly took over the tissue. Then he cleaned his mouth and shifted the topic, "You don't look good. Didn't you sleep well last night?"

Wei Qing gently coughed and put the table linen on his legs. Then his eyes flashed and he answered, "I'm having some more work recently so I'm a bit tired."

A flash of sadness could be found in Yan Chuyang's eyes. He was looking at the dark circles under Wei Qing's eyes. Then he sighed and put an egg cake into Wei Qing's plate when he said, "You are excessively consuming your health. You've been attending various drinking banquets and bags under your eyes could even be seen on your face. You ought to improve your health condition."

Wei Qing said okay and picked up the egg cake on his plate. He was eating slowly and didn't know why the food given by Yan Chuyang was more delicious than usual.

Yan Chuyang poured him a glass of milk and pushed the glass to his side, "Drink some milk. Drinking milk in the morning is good for your health."

Yan Chuyang withdrew his hand as soon as he finished his talk and gave himself a glass of milk as well. Then he drank them all.

Wei Qing suddenly raised his head to look at Yan Chuyang. Yan Chuyang was a bit nervous when seeing his gaze. Yan Chuyang subconsciously licked the corners of his mouth with his tongue and asked, "Am I having milk on my lips again?"

"Yan Chuyang," Wei Qing suddenly asked in a hoarse voice, "Do you usually drink milk at school?"

Yan Chuyang was at a loss upon hearing his question. Yan Chuyang thought for a while and answered, "Yes, I do. I'm growing taller. Milk is good for the body."

Wei Qing said okay and kept silent for a while. He looked down and said, "From today on, you need to get up early in the morning and have breakfast at home. You may drink milk but you are not allowed to bring milk to your college."

"Ah? No way!" Yan Chuyang rejected him directly, "I'll be late for class if I have breakfast at home."

"Why?"

"The first class in my college starts at about 8:40 a.m. I usually get up at 8:00 a.m, so I will be late for the class if I slowly finish the breakfast at home."

Wei Qing's face darkened when he said, "Then, can't you get up earlier and set your alarm clock for 7 a.m.?"

Yan Chuyang shook his head and said, "No. I cannot get up early because my inspirations often come at night. That's why I often stay up at night until I finish the comic paintings."

'Staying up at night?' Wei Qing's eyebrows raised twice when he thought about it. Then he said coldly, "Are you hoping a glass of milk could make up for your energy losses at night? How funny! I don't care about your inspiration. You have to go to bed before ten o'clock in the evening from today on, otherwise, I would take your drawing board away."

31. Additional Kiss

"You dare not!" Yan Chuyang angrily glared at him, "I'm counting on it to make a living."

Wei Qing snorted, picked up the tissue at the table corner, and wiped his hands. He had an evil smile when he said, "Wait and see if I dare or not."

Yan Chuyang gritted his teeth and hammered the table with his hand.

"What are you angry for? I know I have recorded my moaning inside your bathroom. If you can't accept it, you could certainly go upstairs, or simply cover your ears. Moreover, I have particularly chosen a place with better sound insulation effects and tried my best to lower my voice. What else am I expected to do? But you are still very aggressive. I have no other solution if you are still unable to stand it!"

Wei Qing shrugged and said naturally, "I have no other way. I'm always quite aggressive."

Yan Chuyang was so angry that his face became pale, "You are making trouble out of nothing!"

Wei Qing picked up the fork and put another stake on his plate. He slowly cut the steak with the fork and said seriously,

"If you want to keep your drawing board, you need to be a good boy and go to bed punctually at 10:00 p.m every night. Also, if I have not yet come back by then, don't wait for me and go upstairs to sleep."

Yan Chuyang blurted out angrily, "What's the deal here? It's written in our contract that we only have a partnership and no right to control each other. What you are doing now is not in the contract!"

Wei Qing paused when his hand was still holding the fork and a flash of dread look could be captured in his eyes.

Seeing Wei Qing's reaction, Yan Chuyang snorted and leaned against the back of his chair, "How come you are always so domineering to ask me to complete your requirements, and I can never do the same to you? It's so unfair!"

Wei Qing threw his fork into the plate and raised his head, asking, "You can ask me to do things as well. As long as you listen to me, I'll certainly try

my best to satisfy your will."

Yan Chuyang's eyes flashed and he asked with uncertainty, "Really?"

Wei Qing replied, "Yes, that is if you listen to me."

Yan Chuyang pursed his lips and thought for a while. Then he nodded and said, "Deal. Going to bed before 10 p.m. every night and having breakfast at home is not a big deal to me. I will agree if you can fulfill one of my requirements."

Wei Qing looked at him and said slightly, "Then, go ahead."

Yan Chuyang mumbled while keeping his eyebrows lowered, "An additional kiss."

"What?"

"Additional kiss," Yan Chuyang raised his head and said word by word while staring at Wei Qing with his limpid and shining eyes, "As stipulated in the contract, we need to kiss each other once in a day. From today on, we need to kiss each other twice in a day, once in the morning and once in the evening."

Wei Qing's expression changed drastically; he fell to the back of his chair and said coldly, "Impossible."

'Kissing twice in a day? Better kill me. Kissing at night already brings me sleep disorders. What if an additional kiss is needed in the morning? Bullsh*t, the company has not yet prepared any masturbator for me. Moreover, I need to concentrate on my work!' Wei Qing thought.

Upon hearing Wei Qing's rejection, Yan Chuyang's eyes darkened. Yan Chuyang was still having some heartache, even though he had already prepared for Wei Qing's cold response a long time ago.

No one could ever be happy when finding the person they loved most didn't want them to get close.

Yan Chuyang lowered his head, pulling the table linen in his hand when he said, "Look, why should I listen to you since you are unwilling to accept my requirement?"

Wei Qing frowned fretfully, "Do you have any other condition, except for this one? Think about something else."

Yan Chuyang raised his eyebrows and said, "It's okay if you are unlikely to accept this condition. I have another one... I want to share the same bed with you every night."

"Dream on!" Wei Qing went ballistic and threw away the fork in his hand.

Yan Chuyang was frightened by Wei Qing's overreaction and said bitterly, "No need to be so agitated. I'm kidding you." Yan Chuyang gritted his teeth when he finished his talk. Then, he started mumbling as if he was having some anger, "In fact, as a tough man, I'm pretty unlikely to be sleeping together with you!"

Wei Qing pulled his collar and said impatiently, "Stop kidding me like that." He was afraid that he might be shocked to death.

Yan Chuyang said okay and mumbled, trying to suppress his disappointment, "Got it."

"Think about something else," Wei Qing's long and slender fingers started to knock on the table impatiently, "I can accept all your conditions, except for the above two."

Yan Chuyang sighed and thought to himself, 'I want nothing but the above two.'

"How about this?" Wei Qing curled his lips and said, "I can raise your salary if you believe it's unfair."

"I never need you to increase my salary!" Wei Qing's talk stuck to Yan Chuyang's pain point. Yan Chuyang jumped up angrily and roared at Wei Qing when his eyes were full of fury, "You must believe that everyone in the world wants your money! Going to bed before 10:00 p.m. is not a big deal to me. I can accept your condition. I'm not asking for anything more!"

Wei Qing froze upon hearing Yan Chuyang's roar. Wei Qing said after a while, "That's not what I mean..."

"Stop talking," Yan Chuyang interrupted him and turned to the sofa to grab his canvas bag. Then he said without looking back, "I'm going to negotiate the event sponsorship with one of our college graduates, and I might get home later than usual. Tell Nanny Wang, there's no need to cook for me today."

Yan Chuyang strode out of the house quickly as soon as he finished his words as if he was fleeing.

Wei Qing turned to look at the hearty food on the table. His gaze was both confused and cold. He didn't know why the perfect breakfast would end up like this.

Yan Chuyang was meeting Song Huaiqi in the Starbucks in the downtown of this city.

This Starbucks was full of visitors during lunch hours. Both of them were sitting beside a window.

Yan Chuyang lost in his thoughts ever since he walked into the coffee shop.

Seeing Yan Chuyang was always spinning the spoon inside the black coffee as if thinking about something else, Song Huaiqi frowned and gently touched Yan Chuyang's shoulders when he said, "Chuyang?"

Yan Chuyang suddenly shuddered and raised his eyes to look at the person in front of him, asking, "What's up?"

Song Huaiqi smiled and said, "You've been in a daze for more than ten minutes. The coffee is already cold."

Yan Chuyang said "Ah" and lowered his head with embarrassment. He started to shake the coffee cup in his hand and said gently, "I'm sorry. I've had a poor sleep last night. That's why I'm a bit tired at the moment."

Song Huaiqi gently curved up the corner of his mouth and handed over the event proposal to Yan Chuyang when he said, "You have worked out a very detailed and considerate plan. Everything is properly considered and planned. I think it's fine."

Yan Chuyang moved his eyes in a daze and asked, "Really? Are we going to sign the sponsorship contract?"

32. Why Are You Here?

"No."

"Ah?"

Song Huaiqi sneered, "I have no other reason to set up another appointment with you if we sign it off today."

Yan Chuyang was stunned for a moment and smiled awkwardly, "How could it be? You have every reason to set up another appointment with me. But could we meet somewhere else, instead of the coffee shop?" Yan Chuyang wrinkled his nose and looked at the coffee cup in his hand when he said seriously, "It costs too much while I'm still hungry. Next time, I'll treat you in the sidewalk snack market."

Song Huaiqi's heart palpitated when he found Yan Chuyang's hateful but cute look, so he smiled and said, "Okay. Then, we will meet again in the sidewalk snack market."

Yan Chuyang replied, "I'll pay next time"

"Okay. I'll treat you today. And you are to treat me next time."

Yan Chuyang nodded.

Song Huaiqi glanced at the coffee in Yan Chuyang's hand and frowned, "The coffee is cold. Don't drink it anymore. I'll ask the waiter to replace the coffee with another cup of hot milk."

"Uh, no, thanks." Yan Chuyang waved his hands and mumbled, "I... I don't drink milk outside."

Song Huaiqi froze and asked, "Don't you like milk?"

"No," Yan Chuyang shook his head and said with some difficulty, "I promised someone else not to drink milk outside."

Song Huaiqi frowned and said in a slightly unkind tone, "Who asked you not to drink milk outside? Your family member? A man or a woman?"

Yan Chuyang lowered his head and stirred the coffee with the small spoon when he said casually, "A male friend of mine, not my family."

Song Huaiqi's eyes darkened and he asked, "Is he having any close relationship with you? Why would he care about this kind of stuff?"

"We don't have any close relationship," Yan Chuyang said in a slightly unpleasant tone, "He dislikes me. It seems I've always been bothering him."

Upon finding Yan Chuyang's obvious appointment, Song Huaiqi started to have a gloomy gaze when he thought to himself, 'Who could ever have such a huge impact on Yan Chuyang and could even make him frown with sadness by just mentioning about him?'

Song Huaiqi started to have a great sense of crisis.

"Waiter," Song Huaiqi suddenly waved his hands at the nearby waiter after he had been keeping silent for a while, "Give us one more cup of hot milk."

Yan Chuyang raised his head awkwardly, "Mr. Song, I don't need that milk anymore." He had already promised Wei Qing not to drink milk outside. He didn't want to break his promise although it was indeed a trivial matter.

Song Huaiqi pursed his lips and said, "The cup of milk is not ordered for you, but me."

Yan Chuyang said "Ah" and sighed, "That's all right."

After the milk had been served, Song Huaiqi suddenly put a spoonful of milk into Yan Chuyang's coffee cup.

Yan Chuyang had no preparation for it and the milk quickly spread in his black coffee cup as if a small white flower.

"I don't need…"

"This is no longer milk." Song Huaiqi smiled gently and continued, "The combination of milk and coffee is what we call Macchiato. Is it okay for you to sip Macchiato?"

Yan Chuyang smiled helplessly and felt it would be affected for him to stick to his ground. So he nodded and said, "It's okay for me."

Then, Yan Chuyang sipped it as soon as he finished talking. The drink was indeed having a unique taste when the sweet milk and deep flavor coffee were mixed.

"Yan Chuyang?" A deep voice suddenly came over behind him.

33. Is This A Kinda Of Punishment

The familiar voice made Yan Chuyang's back stiffen. Upon hearing that call, Yan Chuyang quickly put down his cup and turned his head, "Wei Qing? Why are you here?"

Wei Qing put his hand in his pocket and walked over to Yan Chuyang. Then Wei Qing said casually, "This is a coffee shop. Why can't I be here?"

Yan Chuyang frowned. "That's not what I mean."

Wei Qing looked down at the cup beside Yan Chuyang and said casually, "Have you eaten lunch? Are you just having a cup of coffee?"

Yan Chuyang shrugged, "Not yet. I'm going to have lunch soon."

Wei Qing nodded and walked to Yan Chuyang's side. Then Wei Qing lowered his head and wiped the milk stain around Yan Chuyang's mouth corners when he said, "The restaurants outside might not be very clean. I'm going to have lunch at home. Let's go home and have lunch together."

Song Huaiqi was sitting on the opposite side of them and focused on their intimate touches as if no one else presented.

When Song Huaiqi found Wei Qing was helping Yan Chuyang clean his mouth corners, he could no longer stand it; he stood up and asked with a smile,

"Chuyang, you have not yet introduced this gentleman to me."

Yan Chuyang was stunned and lowered his neck. He avoided Wei Qing's fingers and stood up from his chair with a bang. Then he mumbled diffidently,

"Uh, this... this is my cousin." His marriage with Wei Qing was a secret. He was still a student. Unlike somewhere else, a college was relatively conservative. His marriage with Wei Qing must be groundbreaking news to the college. That was why he had to be wary and keep it a secret.

Hearing Yan Chuyang's answer, Wei Qing's eyes became dim, but he said nothing.

"Cousin?" Song Huaiqi's tensed shoulders suddenly relaxed. He stared at Wei Qing for a while and stretched out his hand to Wei Qing with a smile,

"Nice to meet you. I'm a senior graduate of Chuyang. My name is Song Huaiqi."

Wei Qing's face changed slightly and he had kept silent for a while before he stretched out his hand to Song Huaiqi and said emotionlessly, "Nice to meet you."

But just as their hands touched, Wei Qing quickly released his hold before Song Huaiqi could exchange pleasantries. Then Wei Qing moved his hand and started to touch Yan Chuyang's backside of his head.

"Stop being in a daze. It's time for us to go home. You are awesome nowadays. After you quickly finished your breakfast this morning, you are even coming here to have coffee without eating any food."

Yan Chuyang shook his head, "No way. We cannot go back now. I'm negotiating a business sponsorship plan with Mr. Song. We have not yet signed the contract."

Song Huaiqi said hurriedly, "No. I'm not in a hurry. Let's meet next time. Having a meal is the most important."

Yan Chuyang said "Ah" and scratched the back of his head. Then he said with guilt, "I'm sorry since you are coming here especially to meet me. But in the end, we have not done our business."

"It's nothing. We'll meet again."

Yan Chuyang had no other choice but to nod. He packed up his stuff into the canvas bag and walked out of the cafe with Wei Qing.

Looking at their backs, Song Huaiqi murmured with confusion, "Cousin?"

'I've known Yan Chuyang for over three years so far. I never heard he had any cousin.' Song Huaiqi thought to himself.

As soon as Yan Chuyang and Wei Qing got into the limousine, the atmosphere instantly changed.

Yan Chuyang could feel Wei Qing's instant cold momentum.

The driver was in the front and both of them were sitting in the rear seats.

Wei Qing said nothing and had a straight face after he got into the car.

The atmosphere inside the cabin was indeed cold and depressing.

After a long silence, Yan Chuyang couldn't stand and broke the silence. Yan Chuyang first gently budged Wei Qing's arm and said, "Wei Qing, what's wrong with you?"

Wei Qing pursed his lips and suddenly said, "Come here."

"Ah?"

"Come closer."

Yan Chuyang was at a loss. He moved closer to Wei Qing with the support of his hand. As soon as he touched Wei Qing's shoulder, Wei Qing suddenly turned around and lowered his head to peck on Yan Chuyang's lips. Then he swallowed all the milk fragrance at Yan Chuyang's lips.

"Mmm," Yan Chuyang widened his eyes with horror and his hands instinctively pushed Wei Qing's shoulders. He would like to continue the kiss, but there was a driver in front of them. What if the driver found what they were doing?

"What are you doing?" Wei Qing retreated, raised his hands, and cleaned the wet stains around his mouth corners. He yelled with an aggrieved tone with a pair of big liquid eyes, "Why did you bite me?"

Wei Qing's eyes darkened instantly and he suddenly had an impulse to hold Yan Chuyang into his arms and fiercely took a hard bite of Yan Chuyang, to force Yan Chuyang to beg for his forgiveness.

Why did you bite me?

Those words were the same as what Yan Chuyang had said in his dream, where Yan Chuyang seemed to be looking at him with the same grievance and surprise when he said in a cute and soft voice, "Why did you bite me? It hurts."

Wei Qing let out a long sigh and pulled Yan Chuyang over. Then he gently wiped the love bites on Yan Chuyang's lips with his rough thumb and said in a low voice, "I'm sorry. The car was shaking, so I failed to control the strength."

Even though they were speaking in a low voice, the driver could still clearly hear what they had said, because the car was really quiet and could effectively shield away from the outside noises.

The driver frowned without saying anything and thought to himself, 'I'm indeed innocent and driving steadily. It has nothing to do with me.'

Yan Chuyang pushed his hand away awkwardly and said, "Is this a kind of punishment?"

"What?"

Yan Chuyang rubbed against the rug in the car with grievance and asked, "Is this a kind of punishment on me for I broke my promise and drank milk outside?"

Wei Qing squinted and said in a deep voice, "Yes, it is. Remember, you will receive the same punishment if you have done something wrong next

time. This time, I'm biting your lips and next time, I might be biting somewhere else."

As he spoke, Wei Qing pulled Yan Chuyang over again. He held Yan Chuyang's chin and sized up Yan Chuyang's delicate face. He thought to himself, 'I need to think it over where else I should bite next time. Should I bite his nose, chin, or tongue...'

"Wei Qing?" Yan Chuyang called him with his eyelashes fluttering.

"Hmm?"

"Since it's a kind of punishment, that bite should not be counted as a kiss."

"Of course not."

Yan Chuyang's eyes suddenly lit up, "That means we have to still kiss each other at night, am I right?"

Wei Qing raised his eyebrows and suddenly pecked on Yan Chuyang's lips again. Then he said, "Now, all my kisses shall be counted as the punishment. Only the kiss tonight shall be seriously counted."

Yan Chuyang heaved a sigh of relief and thought to himself, 'I'm fortunate enough to have maintained the daily intimate touch between us.'

Wei Qing lowered his head and touched Yan Chuyang's dense eyelashes, asking softly, "Are you hungry?"

34. Forced To Accept Their Affection

"Kind of," Yan Chuyang pushed Wei Qing's hand away, rubbed his eyes, and said, "The egg cake I had this morning is really filling, not to mention this cup of coffee just now. So I'm not hungry at all."

To mention the coffee in front of Wei Qing was not a good idea. Wei Qing, upon hearing Yan Chuyang's talk, instantly showed a cold momentum. He got rid of Yan Chuyang's hand and glared at Yan Chuyang like an eagle.

"Why did you meet that guy named Song Huaiqi today?"

Yan Chuyang pursed his lips, "I've told you, I need to negotiate sponsorship matters with him today."

Wei Qing squinted and said, "You refuse my offer of sponsorship. How come you are likely to accept his?"

Yan Chuyang let out a sigh and fell onto the back of his seat when he said, "You two are different."

"What's the difference?"

Yan Chuyang frowned, "It's different anyway."

Wei Qing burst into anger and asked, "What's the difference? Is he having a closer relationship with you than I am?"

"Alas, no." Yan Chuyang gritted his teeth and said anxiously, "You are my husband. Money will even set us apart. I don't want your money!"

Yan Chuyang's answer completely blew away Wei Qing's anger as if the coolest breeze drove away from the summer heat.

Yan Chuyang, however, regretted what he had said, and quickly explained, "I'm not treating you as my real husband. You are namely my husband. Even though our marriage is fake, I still feel..."

"Stop talking about it." Wei Qing was quite happy and pulled Yan Chuyang to his shoulder. Then Wei Qing interrupted in an extremely gentle tone, "It's not a big deal for me. I'd like to give you money."

Yan Chuyang sighed and continued, "But I don't want your money." He didn't want Wei Qing to look down upon him.

Wei Qing touched Yan Chuyang's face, "then forget about it if you don't want."

Yan Chuyang raised his head to look at Wei Qing, "Are you angry again?"

Wei Qing shook his head and said, "Why should I become angry? You have delivered a wonderful performance today and you are playing the role of my wife quite well. I think I should reward you."

Yan Chuyang blinked and asked, "What kind of reward?"

"Nanny Wang is not working today. I'll cook whatever you want to eat for you."

"Squeak!" The limousine had a sudden brake and the strong inertia made both of them fall to the front.

"What's going on?" Wei Qing raised his head and shouted unhappily.

"Mr. Wei, I'm sorry. I'm sorry." The driver apologized repeatedly, "My sweaty hands got rid of the steering wheel just now."

Wei Qing said in a stern voice, "Wang, you have been driving for me for a few years. I'm not blaming you since this is the first time you to make the mistake. I don't want to see it happen again."

Wang Fengli nodded hurriedly, "Don't worry. I promise such a mistake won't happen again!" The driver thought, 'I will immediately practice my psychological enduring capacity as soon as I get home, trying to be always calm no matter what I've heard so that things like wife and cook would no longer shock me anymore! All I need to do is to focus only on driving as what I'm supposed to, without caring about anything else!'

Wei Qing said "Okay" in a deep voice and turned to look at Yan Chuyang. Then he asked gently, "Are you frightened?"

Wang Fengli immediately became nervous upon hearing Wei Qing's tender voice. He quickly adjusted his breathing and focused on driving, without caring about what Wei Qing was saying.

'It's all fake and nothing is true. The one sitting in the rear seat is not Mr. Wei! Yes, I'm right! The one sitting in the back is not Mr. Wei! Mr. Wei could not be so gentle!' The driver thought.

Yan Chuyang shook his head and grabbed Wei Qing's arms when he said hurriedly, "You just told me that you would cook for me. Does that still count?"

Wei Qing nodded. "Of course. What do you want to eat?"

Yan Chuyang's eyes lit up with excitement, "I love eating whatever you cook."

Along the way, the driver was always emotionless, but in his mind, the driver kept roaring countless times and thought to himself, 'Are they in love with each other? They are in love with each other. He is even calling Mr. Wei's husband! But why are they having intimate touches in the car? Why PDA? Don't they know I'm still in front of them? Why not hold it for a moment until they get off? As the saying goes, people in love are all stupid. Now I finally know how true it is!'

When it was time to get out of the car, Wei Qing asked Yan Chuyang to go up first, saying that he was going to make a call.

Carrying the canvas bag on his back, Yan Chuyang said worriedly, "Come on. I'm quite hungry. You cannot break your promise since you have agreed to cook for me."

"Rest Assured," Wei Qing raised his hand and touched Yan Chuyang's soft head, "I will never break my promise."

Hearing his promise, Yan Chuyang stretched his shoulders and started to walk towards the villa's gate.

Only the driver and Wei Qing were left inside.

Wang Fengli asked with fear, "Mr. Wei, are... are you going somewhere else?"

Wei Qing shook his head. "No. I just want to talk with you."

Wang Fengli hurriedly said, "Okay."

Wei Qing raised his voice and said casually, "The one beside me just now is a younger cousin from another branch of my family. He is quite young and spoiled by his family. Don't misunderstand what we have talked and done."

Wang Fengli swallowed and said in mind, 'You don't know how shocking your talk was. Now you are even asking me not to misunderstand. A rich man can always do as he wants!"

"Don't worry," Wang Fengli answered against his will, "Mr. Wei, I know what kind of person you are, so I won't overthink it."

Wei Qing said okay and kept silent for a while. His fingers unconsciously tapped his knees and then he said, "Also, I hope you could forget what I've said in terms of cooking."

Wang Fengli coughed lightly and said, "Mr. Wei, I'll never say a word about it. I've been working as your driver for so many years. I know what I

can and cannot say. I'll completely forget everything that happened inside the car as soon as I get off the limousine."

Wei Qing nodded with satisfaction and said, "I trust in you. You are always a responsible chauffeur. Yan Chuyang is still a student in the college. I hope you could properly take care of him when you drive him on your way to and from his college.

"Okay. It's not a big deal to me." Wang Fengli smiled awkwardly, "This is what I should do."

Wei Qing nodded and opened the door. When he was about to leave, he said, "You have been working hard recently. I'll increase your salary."

Wang Fengli agreed with a smile. Then he thought, 'Is the additional salary a kind of hush money?'

Wang Fengli had a sigh of relief as soon as Wei Qing disappeared at the gate. He took out a bottle of mineral water and drank half of it. Then he burped loudly and smacked his mouth, when he said, "How sweet their talk is!"

On the way, he was forced to accept their affection and was about to be overwhelmed by their sweet talk.

35. Are You Looking Down Upon Me?

When Wei Qing came in, Yan Chuyang was sitting on the sofa and painting on his drawing board.

Hearing the coming footstep, Yan Chuyang turned his head and said hurriedly, "I've already put all ingredients in the kitchen and the vegetables are all clean. Don't bother. Just braise some ribs and poach some sliced beef. That will be fine for me."

Wei Qing said okay and looked at Yan Chuyang's drawing board while changing his shoes. He said unhappily, "Why do you start painting as soon as you get home?"

Yan Chuyang smacked his mouth and said helplessly, "There's an important international comic show in the upcoming June, and I want to participate in the competition."

Wei Qing walked to Yan Chuyang's side and found obvious fatigue in Yan Chuyang's eyes, so he frowned and asked, "Is that competition that important? Is it really necessary to work days and nights?"

Yan Chuyang nodded abruptly, "It's very important! It's said the participant with the most votes would get a huge bonus and would hopefully become famous overnight. Moreover, the winner is allowed to visit Ghibli, the most famous comic studio in Japan. It's always been my dream to visit Ghibli comic studio."

"Oh," said Wei Qing. He was not very interested in comics, nor could he understand Yan Chuyang's passion. So he didn't say much.

"Keep it up then."

Yan Chuyang said okay and clenched his fists, "I'll work very hard! Go to cook lunch." He went back to work on his painting as soon as he finished.

Wei Qing had been staring at Yan Chuyang for a while before he finally turned and went into the kitchen.

To be honest, when he took out the apron from the cabinet and put it on, he felt he was kinda like a father preparing dinner for his hard-working son who was preparing for an important examination.

Wei Qing had been living independently since he was a child. When he was eight years old, his "dumb" father handed a chain of keys to him and said cheekily, "My son, you have grown up. If your stay at home, you will affect my life with Uncle Zhuo, so I've bought a new house for you. You can move to that house."

That was when Wei Qing understood that he was an extra person in that home.

Wei Qing was always having a desire for excellence. He firmly rejected the nanny Wei Dongsheng had employed for him and believed he could survive himself anyway.

So when other children knew nothing about cooking, he could already cook some noodles for himself.

Wei Qing skillfully turned on the stove and put an earthenware cooking pot on the stove. Then he put some olive oil at the bottom of that pot. When the oil was showing some smoke, he put the sliced beef and pre-arranged spice into the pot. Then he started stir-frying with his spatula. He got everything orderly. His cooking style was quite elegant and comfortable.

When the beef's color changed, he put several drops of sesame oil into the beef and stir-fried it several times. Then the kitchen was full of the fresh and delicious scent of beef.

When Yan Chuyang came out of college, he was already hungry. When he sniffed the scent, he became more hungry.

He held his breath and persevered a little bit longer, but finally, he could not help but stand up from the sofa and come into the kitchen.

"Wei Qing, have you finished?" Yan Chuyang stopped in front of the pot with a pair of shining eyes and swallowed.

"Don't come over," Wei Qing pushed him away. "Be careful with the splashing oil."

Yan Chuyang moved two steps back and watched Wei Qing's skillful movement. He said, "You seem to be good at cooking."

Wei Qing replied, "yeah, I didn't have much money back in school so I needed to buy all types of ingredients and cook them by myself."

Yan Chuyang smacked his mouth and sat on the marble kitchen cabinet with the support of his hand. He said casually, "You are a hard-working model. When I was very poor, all I could think about was to buy instant noodles, but you are capable of cooking."

"That's why," Wei Qing put a spoonful of salt into the pot and said casually, "I'm taller than you."

That hit home and Yan Chuyang took a bite of the tomato beside him, "You are older than me so you are naturally taller than me."

Wei Qing snorted, "I was taller than you when I was at your age."

Yan Chuyang said "Tch" and kept silent.

Wei Qing turned to pick up the seasoning. When he saw the tomato in Yan Chuyang's hand, he frowned and said, "I've not yet washed it. Stop eating and put it there."

Yan Chuyang was frightened by Wei Qing's louder voice and lowered his neck. Then he put the bitten tomato back to a plate beside him and said, "You are too exaggerating. I just had a bite of your tomato."

Wei Qing took two to three tomatoes from the plate with a darkened face. He turned on the water tap and washed them several times before placing them on the chopping board. He was about to start cooking soup. And the tomato cubes were soup ingredients.

Seeing he had washed the tomato several times, Yan Chuyang reached out his hand again to get one, "Give me the one that I've bitten. You don't need it anymore."

Wei Qing raised his knife and looked at Yan Chuyang when he said, "Who told you I don't need it? I bought only three tomatoes. If I gave you this one, the soup wouldn't have enough ingredients."

As he said, Wei Qing took out the bitten tomato from the plate and cut off that bite. He threw that part to the dustbin. Then he sliced the rest tomatoes and put tomato slices into the plate, ready to be put into the soup.

Looking at the small bite of tomato in the dustbin, Yan Chuyang mumbled unhappily, "It's not dirty at all. Why did you throw away that part? Are you looking down upon me?"

Wei Qing opened the pot lid and put the tomato slices into the pot. Then he said frankly, "Yes, you are right. I'm looking down upon you. So don't stay here. Come back to the living room."

Perhaps Yan Chuyang was already very used to the pressure that Wei Qing gave him so he didn't have any discomfort. When he found Wei Qing picking a spoonful of soup from the pot, he quickly jumped off the cabinet and leaned forward, "Is it salty? Let me taste it for you."

Wei Qing shook his head and said, "No need."

"Don't be too courteous to me." Yan Chuyang squeezed in front of Wei Qing and held Wei Qing's arm. Then he leaned forward to taste that soup. That soup was shiny and had an attractive look.

Wei Qing became nervous immediately and hurriedly withdrew his hand. He said while frowning, "It's still very hot. Go away!"

Before Yan Chuyang could have any reaction, his mouth was already very close to the spoon. But Wei Qing moved his arm away. Yan Chuyang didn't taste the soup but sucked Wei Qing's thumb in his mouth instead.

They kept silent for two to three seconds.

Wei Qing could feel the warm and moist sense. Yan Chuyang's extremely soft lips were blowing his mind as if a piece of feather.

Having felt a hot flow coming to his lower abdomen, Wei Qing frowned and suddenly pushed Yan Chuyang away. Yan Chuyang had no preparation at all, moved a step backward, and fell back to the pot full of hot soup due to a loss of balance.

Wei Qing had sharp eyes and hurriedly held Yan Chuyang's waist, trying to pull Yan Chuyang over to his chest.

36. Do You Want To Make My Wound Hurt Like Hell?

Wei Qing's pupils contracted, and he suddenly put his arm around the boy's waist and hugged him.

He stretched out his hand so far that the back of his hand touched the edge of the hot casserole. The intense burning sensation made the man gasp. Even so, he didn't relax his grip on the boy's waist at all.

Yan Chuyang gasped in a state of shock in Wei Qing's arms. When he reacted, he hurriedly pushed Wei Qing's shoulder and said, "Are you all right?"

Wei Qing pushed him aside with a scowl, "Enough is enough! Get out!"

Yan Chuyang was confused, "Why do you think I'm horsing around? I just wanted to taste the soup for you. Who knew that your reaction was so… Wei Qing!" The boy paused and suddenly roared, "Is your hand scalded?"

Wei Qing put his hand under the faucet and let cold water wash over the back of his hand, saying casually, "It's okay, just a small wound."

"How could it be a small wound?" Yan Chuyang hurriedly walked over. When he saw the man's scalded red wound, he was so worried that his face turned pale and he directly grabbed Wei Qing's wrist, "Let's go, I'll apply some ointment to your hand!"

Wei Qing gritted his teeth, "I'm okay, let go of me."

"No!" Yan Chuyang turned off the faucet and tugged at his hand. "It doesn't work to flush the wound with water. You have to apply the ointment!"

The man stamped his foot and shouted, "Turn on the faucet! Yan Chuyang, do you want to make my wound hurt like hell?!"

Yan Chuyang was stunned by his irritable tone and frantically turned on the tap, "Sorry, you can flush it as you want."

Wei Qing gritted his teeth and jutted his chin out calmly. "I have the ointment for scalding which is a white tube in my nightstand. Please bring it

to me."

Yan Chuyang answered 'yes' and quickly turned around to get the ointment.

As soon as the boy left, Wei Qing's tense shoulders suddenly softened and he continued gasping with a painful expression.

'That hurt! That's killing me!'

"Wei Qing, Wei Qing, I have brought the ointment to you."

Hearing the shout, Wei Qing quickly hid his painful expression and said with an impassive countenance, "Just bring it to me. What are you yelling for?"

Yan Chuyang gave it to him, "I'm just worried that your wound would be painful."

Wei Qing snorted, "What does the little pain mean? It's just the least of my worries."

Looking at the large reddening welt on the back of the man's hand, Yan Chuyang frowned worriedly, "Let me help you. It's inconvenient for you to apply the ointment with one hand."

"I don't need your help," After saying the words, Wei Qing twisted off the lid of the ointment tube with one hand and clumsily squeezed the soft white ointment bit by bit over the back of his hand.

Seeing how hard he did, Yan Chuyang moved forward again, "Don't stand on ceremony, I'll help you." As he said this, the boy raised his hand and was about to touch the back of Wei Qing's hand.

Seeing the boy's fair slender fingers, Wei Qing suddenly frowned and he raised his voice and shouted, "Get away from me!"

Yan Chuyang stood still there and pinched the side of his trousers with embarrassment, "I... I'm sorry, I didn't want to touch you. I just wanted to help you squeeze some ointment."

Looking at the boy's frightened expression, Wei Qing's eyes darkened and he lowered his voice, "Don't get me wrong. I don't need you to help me here."

Yan Chuyang answered 'oh', but he suddenly turned around, "Then… Then let me help you clean up the kitchen."

After saying the words, the boy walked over to the side of the stove, trying to take down the bubbling pot of soup.

Seeing the red-hot bottom of the casserole, Wei Qing's pupils shrunk, "Can't you understand what I said? Don't touch it! And get out!"

Yan Chuyang's face froze. Then he clenched his teeth and suddenly turned around and growled, "I will just go out! Don't think that I like listening to your roaring here."

'It's baffling! It's him who scalded his hand by himself, so what does it have to do with me?'

'Didn't I just want to help him clean up the kitchen? Does he need to yell at me? Even if he dislikes me, he needn't express it so obviously, right?

If I hadn't liked him, I would've already left. How I could still listen to his roaring and give him ointment obediently? If I hadn't liked him, would I still have been tolerating his temper here?

Humph, bad man!'

Wei Qing endured the trembling and smoothed the ointment on his wound. He went to the side of the casserole with his eyebrows raised, turn off the fire, and then started to lean on the cupboard in a daze.

The kitchen was very quiet. Due to the silence, he could feel the restlessness in his mind.

After a while, Wei Qing raised his hand and stared blankly at the part of the thumb of his right hand, which had been sucked by the boy's lips.

It was a little red and hot. It was not scalded, but the temperature was strangely higher than other parts.

Wei Qing closed his eyes and let out a long sigh. he flashed on the numb and trembling feeling of the moment Yan Chuyang "kissed" his thumb.

'How could it be?' The man hurriedly lowered his hand, and his eyes were full of confusion and discomfort.

'I was just touched by his lips. How could my reaction be so intense?'

'Have I stooped so low now as I would fantasize about a little boy like Yan Chuyang?'

Wei Qing raised his hand and rubbed his brow in confusion, suddenly feeling strange in his mind. 'No, how could I react to him?'

'No matter how soft his lips are or how gentle his breathing is, they are still a man's lips.'

'Yan Chuyang is indeed cute, handsome, and gentle, and he also has a soft and obedient personality. However, he is a man, after all, a man the same as me. How could I react so easily to his approach?!'

Wei Qing lowered his head with a livid face. He looked at the restless protuberance in the groin and frowned. 'Have I been suppressing the desire for too long? I'm almost thirty now, so maybe I should find a girlfriend...'

As he was thinking about it, the boy's dissatisfied voice rang out from the living room again, "Wei Qing, can you serve the soup? I'm very hungry!"

Wei Qing gritted his teeth and cursed in his mind, "Eat, eat! You ungrateful brat. I'm confused here and you just know eating!"

As he was cursing in his mind, the boy's whining voice rang out again, "Wei Qing, I know you are angry. But you can't let me miss the meal. You are abusing me!"

The man ground his molar and said, "Hold on. If you call me again, I will let you have instant noodles!"

Yan Chuyang immediately became silent. He certainly didn't want to eat instant noodles. He saw the pot of soup made by Wei Qing. It was delicious. He couldn't miss it just because of the quarrel between the two of them. 'I will wait for you!'

37. A Big Problem Was Solved

Wei Qing let out a long sigh, then paced back and forth in the kitchen with his hands on his waist anxiously. He couldn't straighten out his thoughts now, and he didn't know how to go out to face Yan Chuyang. He was spinning nonstop, and the phone in his pocket suddenly buzzed.

He took out his mobile phone and said impatiently, "Hello?"

"Cousin," the voice of Wei Yuan came from the phone. He might be outside because there were still some car horns.

"What?"

"Is Yan Chuyang here? Ask him to answer the phone.”

Wei Qing clicked his tongue, "He is taking a shower. It is not convenient for him to answer the phone."

"Then tell him that I put a pack of pecans in his backpack when he finishes the shower."

Wei Qing frowned, "Why did you give him that?"

Wei Yuan was startled and said, "He likes pecans very much. But he is a bit stingy, and he couldn't bear to spend money on it, so I bought him a pack."

Wei Qing was very dissatisfied: "How do you know that he likes to eat this? And he is married to me now. If he wants to eat pecans, I can buy him a truckload of it. It's none of your business."

Wei Yuan's scalp tightened when he was questioned, and he quickly defended himself.

"Cousin, please don't get me wrong. I don't mean anything else. I regard Yan Chuyang as my younger brother. He's two months younger than me, and his family members are not here with him. He is a little innocent, so sometimes I will care about him. But I only treat him as my family member. If I like him, this is equivalent to incest. I would by no means do such an abnormal thing.

Hearing Wei Yuan's grave words, Wei Qing's expression looked a little better, but his voice was still very serious, and he said, "You know that he is two months younger than you? It seems that you know him very well."

Wei Yuan was frightened by his questioning tone. Then he chuckled and said,

"Cousin, please don't scare me. There is clear proof of my relationship with Yan Chuyang. We are buddies. You also know that brotherhood will never change between men, and neither of us will…"

"Wait," Wei Qing suddenly interrupted him and squinted, "What did you just say?"

Wei Yuan's face froze, "What did I just say?"

"It's the part of the brotherhood."

"There is clear proof of my relationship with Yan Chuyang?"

"Next sentence."

"We are buddies. You also know that…"

"Next sentence."

"Brotherhood will never change between men."

Wei Qing's eyes lit up suddenly, "Very good!"

Wei Yuan was startled and asked in a trembling voice, "What's good?" Did he say something amazing?

Wei Qing laughed and said cheerfully, "Wei Yuan, you helped me solve a big problem. I will invite you to dinner another day, and Yan Chuyang has always said in recent days that he wants to invite you to our house."

"No. No." Wei Yuan was dizzy when he heard the name of Yan Chuyang. His cousin is now suspicious of him, so he had to avoid suspicion with Yan Chuyang. "I'm going to be busy with club thing these days. I don’t have time to eat at your house."

Wei Qing was serious and suddenly changed the topic, "Are you a member of Yan Chuyang's Comic and Amination Club?" Is Yan Chuyang your club president?

Wei Yuan was nervous; he straightened up and said, "Cousin, don't worry. After this semester, I will leave the club immediately and stay away from Yan Chuyang."

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Wei Qing reprimanded, "I just want to ask how your club activities are going? Have you got enough funds??"

"Enough, enough." Wei Yuan nodded repeatedly, "I heard Chuyang said that Song Huaiqi sponsored quite a lot, and the funds for the event should be more than enough."

Hearing "Song Huaiqi", Wei Qing felt uncomfortable inexplicably. He pulled his collar and suddenly said, "Wei Yuan?"

"Hmm?"

"... Is Yan Chuyang quite familiar with Song Huaiqi?"

Wei Yuan was stunned, "Uh... Just-so-so. Song Huaiqi and Yan Chuyang were in the same department. When Chuyang was a freshman, he was already a graduate student. I heard people say that he was quite knowledgeable. It seems that he has given Chuyang a lot of advice, so Yan Chuyang pretty respects him."

Wei Qing's eyes darkened, and after a moment of silence, he said in a deep voice, "Okay. I'm going to have dinner. Talk to you later."

Wei Yuan quickly straightened his shoulders, "Goodbye, Cousin!"

Wei Qing hung up the phone.

Hearing the sound of hanging up, Wei Yuan raised his hand and stroked the cold sweat on his forehead. He thought to himself, 'From now on, I should keep the snacks like pecans for myself. Yan Chuyang has got a husband and he can buy him a truckload of pecans. It's none of my business.'

When Wei Qing brought the food to the living room, Yan Chuyang was lying sprawled on a chair, stuffing a lot of crispy noodles into his mouth. After seeing Wei Qing coming out, Yan Chuyang took a deep breath and said, "You finally finished the dinner. I thought I had to eat crispy noodles until I was full."

Wei Qing pulled out the instant noodles in his hand and threw them into the trash can, saying, "From now on, don't let this kind of cheap food at the price of one RMB per pack in front of me."

Yan Chuyang smacked his lips, "You said it as if you had never eaten it before."

Wei Qing shrugged solemnly and put the dishes on the table one by one, "I have never eaten it indeed."

"How is it possible?" Yan Chuyang's eyes were wide open. "Didn't you say that you were poor for a while when you were just kicked out by your daddy?"

"Yes. What's wrong?"

"How can you never eat crispy instant noodles if you have been poor?"

Wei Qing glanced at him with a raised chin, and said in a very stylish way, "Even if I only had one RMB, I would only buy rice or noodles to

cook by myself. I have never eaten junk food like crispy noodles."

Yan Chuyang clicked his tongue with disgust and said in a low voice, "Just some noodles? Look at your arrogance."

His voice was so low that Wei Qing didn't hear his murmuring at all. Wei Qing just sat down, picked up the bowl beside Yan Chuyang and scooped a half bowl of tomato and sirloin soup for him, and said softly, "Have some soup first, or it will get cold."

38. Call Me Bro

Yan Chuyang answered 'yes', obediently took the bowl as well as spoon from Wei Qing's hand, and started to have the soup.

It tasted very fresh. The soup was thick, but it was not greasy. The aroma of the soup filled the tip of his tongue, making him feel comfortable.

"Good," Yan Chuyang managed to find some time to give Wei Qing a thumbs-up.

Looking at the boy's satisfied expression, Wei Qing's eyes darkened and he suddenly called, "Yan Chuyang."

"Yes?"

"You can call me Bro."

"Ahem. What!" The boy suddenly put down the bowl and lowered his head with color flushing his face to have a fit of coughing.

"Are you surprised?" Wei Qing frowned and put his hand behind Yan Chuyang's back, helping him adjust to breathing, "Why are you so agitated?"

"Ahem... No, ahem." Yan Chuyang said while coughing. Then he stroked his chest and looked at Wei Qing with a bright red face. "Why did you let me call you bro?"

The man's expression changed. He lowered his hand, casually took a spoonful of soup, and had it, "I just think that you're young and your parents are away. Besides, we quite hit it off, so I'm thinking about regarding you as my younger brother."

"Younger brother?"

"Yes," Wei Qing nodded solemnly, "I will treat you as my brother like treating Wei Yuan."

Yan Chuyang was shocked as if his chest was stabbed. His fingers unconsciously tugged on the kitchen tablecloth and he thought to himself, 'If Wei Qing and I become brothers, doesn't it mean that I couldn't fall in love with him?'

'Is this an alternative way of rejecting me? And it seems that he would reject me forever!'

"I don't want to be your brother," the boy murmured, "I'm not used to suddenly having another brother, so I don't want to recognize you as my brother."

Wei Qing's face darkened and his voice was slightly cold, "You're pushing it. As the president of a listed company, I'm willing to be your brother without you paying, which is a pretty good and rare thing for many people. And now are you unwilling to be my brother?"

Yan Chuyang took the bowl and lowered his head to have the soup again. He vaguely said, "I don't want to recognize you as my brother anyway."

"Yan Chuyang!" Wei Qing put down the bowl and chopsticks with a crack from his hand. "Do you still want the salary for this month?"

Yan Chuyang raised his head abruptly. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing," Wei Qing put down his hand and took out a bank card from his pocket. He swayed it in front of Yan Chuyang and said primly, "All your money is now in the bank card. If I don't give you any, you wouldn't even have money for your keep."

"I won't give it to you anymore!" Yan Chuyang raised his hand to grab the bank card. "Give me back the card!"

Wei Qing retracted his hand quickly, put the card back into his pocket, and snorted, "This card isn't yours now. Didn't you say it was our joint property when we got married?" Then, Wei Qing threatened apparently, "I'll give you three seconds to decide whether to call me bro or to keep starving for the next whole month."

"Wei Qing!"

"You still have two seconds left."

"Don't make a scene, okay?"

"There's still one second left."

39. Bro Wei Qing

"Ah!" Yan Chuyang fell backward helplessly, collapsing back in the chair, and let out a lungful of breath before reluctantly saying, "Bro."

Wei Qing frowned, "Sit up straight and call me properly."

Yan Chuyang ground his teeth and kept silent for a while before sitting straight. His dark eyes stared at the person in front of him and said softly, "Bro."

Wei Qing was impressed by the boy's slightly hoarse voice.

"Are you satisfied?" Yan Chuyang stared. "If not, I'll call you a few more times. Bro, bro, bro…"

"That's enough," Wei Qing interrupted him and pointed at the soup besides the boy, "Have the meal."

Yan Chuyang snorted, picked up the spoon, and continued to have the soup.

The kitchen table fell quiet, and there were only the clear clanks of spoons touching the bowls and chopsticks.

"Bro," Yan Chuyang suddenly raised his head and called him.

Wei Qing choked and coughed lightly, raising his head, "What do you want to do?"

"Nothing," Yan Chuyang blinked, "I just want to call you."

"Shut up and eat!"

"Bro…" The boy's hoarse voice rang out again.

Wei Qing's heart skipped a beat. It should be mentioned that addressing someone as 'bro' could be intimate and flirting some aspects if one thought it out of the crack. Saying the word sentimentally could be a come-on to a man, and now Yan Chuyang was just deliberately lowering his voice to call him in this way.

After all, Wei Qing just felt that he deliberately addressed him so... so charmingly.

"This is the last time I'll say it," Wei Qing said coldly, "be quiet to have the meal!"

"Okay," Yan Chuyang lowered his head, started to take the soup into his mouth, and kept silent for a while. Then he raised his head again.

"Bro…"

"Would you cut it out, already?" Wei Qing raised his head impatiently and roared.

Yan Chuyang frowned innocently. "I just want you to help me get another spoon. Mine is dirty."

Wei Qing took a small spoon from his hand with a tight face and gave it to Yan Chuyang. After being thoughtful for some time, he said again.

"Don't call me bro, you... you add my name with the word," 'My name is so manly that Yan Chuyang shouldn't be able to call out it in his soft tone, right?'

Yan Chuyang was stunned. "Add your name?"

Wei Qing nodded and raised his hand to use the chopsticks to stir the soup in his bowl.

"Bro Wei Qing," Yan Chuyang called him softly and asked obediently, "Do you want me to call you like this?"

Yes, it wasn't exaggerating at all. When Yan Chuyang opened his mouth, Wei Qing's dick immediately erected as if it suddenly woke up.

It wasn't only because of the boy's soft voice, but also how he addressed him that reminded Wei Qing of the unmentionable dream.

In his dream, when he bit Yan Chuyang's neck, the boy called him in this kind of tone innocently, "Bro Wei Qing..."

'Very good!'

Wei Qing let out a breath, suddenly put down his bowl and chopsticks, and stood up from the chair. "You don't need to call me Bro. Call me Wei Qing. If I hear you call me bro, I'll punch you every time I hear it!"

Seeing that he was going to leave, Yan Chuyang quickly asked, "Then you're not prepared to recognize me as your brother, right?"

Wei Qing suddenly stopped, turned around, and stared at the boy's eyes for a while. His eyes flashed and he said seriously, "Of course I am. Although you don't call me bro, in my mind, you are the same existence as Wei Yuan. Both of you are my brothers from today, so if you have demanded in the future, you can ask me for help."

Yan Chuyang's face clouded. He turned his head and avoided Wei Qing's serious gaze.

"Did you hear it?" Wei Qing patted Yan Chuyang's forehead and emphasized again, "I'll be your brother from now on. And don't regard me as an outsider in the future."

Yan Chuyang ground his teeth and said through clenched teeth, "I heard it!"

Hearing the affirmative response, Wei Qing's confused mind immediately calmed down. 'It's good to be brothers that our brotherhood would not deteriorate.'

"Keep your mind on your meal."

Then, Wei Qing tapped Yan Chuyang on the shoulder, turned around, and went into the bathroom. His groin was still tense that he had to deal with it. If he didn't do it, he wouldn't be able to sleep again after a while.

Wei Qing stayed in the bathroom for a long time. And Yan Chuyang still sat there in a daze. Suddenly, he raised his hand to thump the table. He clenched his fist and whispered, "If you don't like me, it would be okay. Why do you think of so many ways to keep me far away from you? Do you think that I won't like you if I recognize you as my brother? That's rich!"

Yan Chuyang cursed hysterically here, but in the bathroom, Wei Qing was in a pretty good mood.

While he was taking a shower, he thought about the boy's hoarse voice and masturbated.

However, he didn't have a huge psychological burden this time because Yan Chuyang was his brother now.

'As my brother, no matter how good he looks, how could I be tempted to fall in love with him?

However, sometimes I can also have a sexual imagination about him. After all, I'm a human, a healthy and strong man. As humans, everyone would have the desire and there is nothing wrong with them being impulsive towards beautiful things.

Now that Yan Chuyang is my relative like Wei Yuan, would I like him? Of course not! It's just like that I wouldn't like Wei Yuan, so there is no need for me to have the burden.

No matter how well I treat Yan Chuyang, I always have a reason. As an older brother, it's normal for me to love his brother just like how I love Wei Yuan, isn't it?

However, hmmmm… do I love Wei Yuan?

Anyway, the matter has been resolved. I'm so happy now.'

When Wei Qing came out of the bathroom in a bathrobe with a feeling of well-being, Yan Chuyang was preparing to clear away the bowls as well as chopsticks and wash them.

"What are you doing?" Wei Qing moved closer to him and snatched the bowls and chopsticks from him. He looked at Yan Chuyang's tender hands and frowned. "When Nanny Wang arrives at work, she'll deal with the bowls and chopsticks. You needn't do it."

"I'd better wash it myself," Yan Chuyang pushed Wei Qing's hand away expressionlessly. "You have made the meal. So if I don't do any work, I'll feel uncomfortable like I'm eating without paying."

"Tut," Wei Qing snatched the plate from his hand, "Can't you understand what I told to you, right? What do you mean by eating without paying? You're my brother! Isn't it natural for you to eat our family's food?"

40. The Road Of Chasing My Husband Is Long

Yan Chuyang put his hands over his ears, "Oh well, I know I'm your brother now. Please don't keep emphasizing it, okay?"

"Okay, I won't say it anymore." Wei Qing pulled down Yan Chuyang's hands covering his ears and said, "Go upstairs and draw. Isn't your cartoon competition quite important? Don't do the work that would hurt your hands these days."

As he said this, Wei Qing glanced at Yan Chuyang's hands with slender and long fingers whose bones and joints could be distinguished, and he swallowed, "Your hands don't look like the ones to wash plates and bowls."

Yan Chuyang lowered his hands and answered weakly, "If you don't need me, then I'll go upstairs."

"Okay," Wei Qing nodded.

Yan Chuyang turned around and walked onto the landing. When he stepped on the stairs, Wei Qing suddenly added, "Come on, don't bring disgrace on our family."

Yan Chuyang's legs became limp and he almost fell. Fortunately, he held onto the railing in time.

"Be careful!" Wei Qing's unhappy voice rang out from behind.

"Got it," Yan Chuyang endured the pain of his chest and lengthened his stride to run upstairs, opening the door and entering his room.

The moment he entered, the pretense of calm on Yan Chuyang's face fell apart, his eyes filled with helplessness and depression.

'What did Wei Qing say to me just now?

Don't bring disgrace on our family?

Our family? Our family! Does he treat me as his family?!!'

Yan Chuyang rubbed his face hard and thought sadly, "What is it? Does the person I love at a distance unaccountably becomes my family, and also my untouchable brother?

Is there anything more ridiculous than this in the world?!"

Yan Chuyang had been depressed for several days. This incident came as a terrible blow to him that he didn't know how to persuade or adjust

himself.

Initially, he wanted to talk to Wei Yuan about the worries in his mind. After all, he couldn't tell the secret of his affection for Wei Qing to anyone except Wei Yuan.

However, what made him even angrier was that Wei Yuan also had been hiding from him these days as if he was deliberately against Yan Chuyang. Once he said that he had something to talk to him, Wei Yuan immediately rejected him on all sorts of pretexts of being busy in the stage show of the club or being uncomfortable to go home as if Yan Chuyang was a virus that he needed to avoid "Hey!" Just after the class, Yan Chuyang quickly stood up and grabbed Wei Yuan, who wanted to slip through the back door of the classroom. He said with a stern expression, "There's no class then, and the club's activity is almost ready. It's also not the time to eat now. Don't tell me you have something else to do!"

Wei Yuan grimaced, pulling away Yan Chuyang's hand, "Chuyang, I... I've got a tummy ache. I want to go to the school hospital to see a doctor."

"Give me a break!" Yan Chuyang glared at him, "I just saw you chatting with the beauty in the back seat with an animated expression. Once I see you and you feel uncomfortable now, is it reasonable?"

Seeing that he couldn't keep pretending anymore, Wei Yuan gave a deep sigh and straightened up, "What the hell is it you want to see me about these days?"

Yan Chuyang pressed his lips. "I have something in my mind that I want to talk with you."

Wei Yuan suddenly stiffened his shoulders, "Don't make me laugh. If you have something in your mind, talk to my cousin. Lay off me will you?" He had been questioned by Wei Qing two days ago, and therefore, Wei Yuan was now so tense that he just wanted to keep away far from Yan Chuyang Yan Chuyang was his "sister" -in-law, who was liable to lay Wei Yuan open to suspicion, so he had to avert it!

Yan Chuyang's face darkened, "Don't mention Wei Qing in front of me. I don't want to talk with him now!"

Wei Yuan was stunned, "Did you have a row with him?"

"Well, it's better to have a row!" Yan Chuyang sighed dejectedly and scratched his hair, "He is treating me as his brother now."

"What?!"

"He said that my relationship with him is the same as yours."

Wei Yuan imagined how Wei Qing was jealous of him and shivered, "That's unreal! You've been with him for so long, so you can't live in this situation, right?

Yan Chuyang sighed, "That's the situation. He hasn't fallen in love with me. Besides, he completely set the relationship between us, which eliminates the only possibility!"

Wei Yuan looked at him sympathetically and sighed, "Don't be depressed. I still think that there are plenty more fish in the sea. If you really can't…"

"No way!" Yan Chuyang interrupted him firmly, "He can't use this little trick to let me bottle it. He is my brother. So what? Anyway, I'll sleep with him!"

Wei Yuan swallowed and looked around, saying in a low voice, "Speak lower, okay? It's easy to say the thing injurious to morals but it's not good to announce it in public."

Yan Chuyang exhaled and stroked his chest, "I've been simmering with it for the past few days. Now I feel much better when I tell you."

Wei Yuan stepped forward guiltily and tapped Yan Chuyang on the shoulder. "I'm sorry, I don't know that you've been suppressing so much in your mind these days, and I have been always avoiding you."

"It doesn't matter," Yan Chuyang causally said, "You must have work to do too."

Wei Yuan coughed and said guiltily, "Yeah, I've been busy with the club's stage show these days."

Hearing he mentioned the club, Yan Chuyang hurriedly raised his head and asked, "Is the activity going well now? I've been annoyed with my own business recently, so I forget to go to the club to have a look."

Wei Yuan looked serious, "Don't worry. You're the one who has found the sponsorship. Just leave the arrangements of the activity to me. At least, I'm a vice president of the club."

Yan Chuyang nodded, "I believe you."

Wei Yuan tapped him on the shoulder, "You could relax too. Don't you participate in the National Cartoon Exhibition Competition? You have to prepare for it well."

Yan Chuyang replied, "I will." This competition was significant to him, which was an important step for him to emulate Wei Qing.

Now that Wei Qing kept distant from him, he could only constantly improve himself and make himself stronger and better, so that he could

have no qualms to get closer to him and chase him faster.

In short, the road of sleeping with Wei Qing was long, and he could only search high and low.

As soon as the morning classes ended, Yan Chuyang went home to paint cartoons with a drawing board.

Wei Qing wasn't here; only Nanny Wang was cooking in the kitchen.

Seeing Yan Chuyang come back, the woman poked her head and said amiably, "Mr. Yan, lunch will be ready soon. Please sit on the sofa and wait a minute."

41. I Don't Think I Can Do It

Yan Chuyang looked at the empty living room and asked, "Isn't Wei Qing coming back for lunch today?"

Nanny Wang shook her head. "Probably not. Mr. Wei is very busy, and he rarely comes home for lunch."

Yan Chuyang nodded and said with his drawing board on his shoulder, "Please call me when the meal is ready. Now I am going upstairs."

Nanny Wang nodded in agreement.

Half an hour later, Nanny Wang put all the dishes on the table and then called Yan Chuyang.

"Mr. Yan, please come down to have lunch."

There was no movement upstairs.

"Mr. Yan?" Nanny Wang called Yan Chuyang to have lunch again.

After a moment of silence, a shout came from upstairs, "I see. Please put the meal on the table. I'll go downstairs later."

Nanny Wang was stunned. She shook her head and took out some trays from the cabinet to cover the steaming dishes. Then she shouted upstairs, "Mr. Yan, please come down as soon as possible. The dishes might turn cold in a while."

"I see." Yan Chuyang said anxiously, "You can get off work. I will have lunch in a while."

Nanny Wang glanced at the dishes on the table, shook her head, and murmured, "Young people nowadays don't regard having meals as an important thing."

The door was suddenly opened when she was muttering.

Nanny Wang turned her head and found that it was Wei Qing. She calmed down quickly, and said with a little surprise, "Mr. Wei, you got off work so early today?"

Wei Qing would never come back at noon before.

Wei Qing said yes, untied his tie, and threw it on the sofa casually. He looked at the food on the dining table covered with trays and frowned, "Yan Chuyang hasn't come downstairs to have lunch?"

Nanny Wang nodded embarrassedly and said, "I called Mr. Yan several times, but he didn't go downstairs."

Wei Qing's expression changed and asked, "Did this happen a few days ago?"

"Eh…" Nanny Wang pursed her lips and said honestly, "It has also happened. A few days ago, Mr. Yan sat on the sofa and drew on the drawing board as soon as he went home. He would not start eating until the dishes are cold. ""

Wei Qing's face was gloomy, and he said displeasedly, " Call me directly if he doesn't eat on time going forward."

Nanny Wang nodded repeatedly.

Wei Qing lowered his head, straightened out his cuffs, and said, "You have worked hard all morning. Now you can get off work."

"Alright," Nanny Wang took off her apron and turned to leave.

Wei Qing went upstairs.

"Bang bang bang." He knocked on the door.

Yan Chuyang shouted helplessly, "Nanny Wang, I told you I would go downstairs if I wanted to have lunch."

"Open the door," a calm male voice was heard.

The familiar voice startled Yan Chuyang and he quickly stood up from the chair to open the door.

Wei Qing stood at the door with a gloomy face.

Yan Chuyang stared at Wei Qing with confusion, "Nanny Wang told me that you don't come back at noon."

Wei Qing frowned, pushed Yan Chuyang away, and walked in. He was stunned just as he lowered his head and looked down at the ground.

Many large and small paper balls were thrown on the ground. The trash can beside the drawing board had already been overflowed. And scraped paper and painting oils were thrown all over the place.

"Uh…" Yan Chuyang came back to his senses, quickly bent down to pick up the trash on the ground, and said, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean it, I'll clean it up with a broom in a while."

Wei Qing sighed and pulled Yan Chuyang by his collar. Looking at the colorful paint on Yan Chuyang's fair hands, he asked seriously, "How long have you been painting?"

"Not long," Yan Chuyang said in a low voice as he drooped his head, rubbed the stains on his hands, and said, "It has been only two hours since I

started drawing at eleven."

"Stop rubbing," Wei Qing frowned and pulled his hand away. He took out the wet wipes from his pocket, gently and meticulously wiped the stains between Yan Chuyang's fingers, "Even if the competition is about to come, you can't push yourself so hard. Your eyes can't bear to paint for two hours without stopping. "

Yan Chuyang sighed, "If I don't work hard, I feel guilty as soon as I stop."

"Why?"

"I am afraid that I can't pass the final trial, can't go to Japan, they can't visit the Ghibli comics studio."

"Nonsense!" Wei Qing glanced at the boy displeasedly, "Have you forgotten who you are now? You are my brother! A wise goose never lays a tame egg. I am a real badass. You can't lose."

Yan Chuyang lowered his head unhappily and whispered in his heart, "Whoever wants to be your brother. I have no kinship with you."

"Alright," Wei Qing released his hand and said softly, "Now go downstairs, wash your hands, and have lunch."

"No need," Yan Chuyang sighed, then walked to the drawing board and sat down. "I have to draw a while longer. I will go downstairs to have lunch after finishing this one."

"Yan Chuyang?" Wei Qing leaned close to him with a sullen expression, "Why don't you understand what I am talking about now?"

"Shut up!" Yan Chuyang stomped his feet, "I am nervous now. There are only two months left for the competition in June. I have no time!"

Wei Qing clicked his tongue unhappily, "Two months. Such a long period, why are you nervous?"

Yan Chuyang's face turned pale. He gripped the brush and sighed, "I don't think I can do it."

Looking at Yan Chuyang's dispirited side face, Wei Qing felt uncomfortable.

"Why not?"

Yan Chuyang lowered his head and unconsciously rubbed the carpet. "I participated in this kind of competition before, but I lost it."

"Huh," Wei Qing sneered, "isn't it normal to lose once? It doesn't mean that you will lose every competition after that?"

Yan Chuyang shook his head. "I really can't do it. It seems that I will let others down every time."

"Nonsense!"

"It is true," Yan Chuyang raised his head and looked seriously at the Wei Qing.

"When I was ten years old, my mother was going to remarry. I cried and requested her not to leave me behind. I promised that I would make money for her after I grow up. I would participate in the drawing competition of the junior class. I would give her all the money I won. My mother agreed and asked me to paint hard. She said that if I won the competition, she would not leave. But finally... I lost the competition."

42. Go On An Outing

Yan Chuyang lowered his head and said with a wry smile. "Now thinking about it, I shouldn't blame her for leaving me behind. After all, I disappointed her because I was useless."

Wei Qing frowned unhappily, "How can you get yourself to blame? Everyone would fail."

'Even if you had won, she would still leave you.' Wei Qing didn't say these out though.

"No," Yan Chuyang stared at the ground and shook his head. "You don't know me. I always drop the ball at a critical moment. When my grandmother was seriously ill, she told me that she wanted to go to Qinghai because it was where her parents had lived. She wanted to go there before she died, but at that time, I had no money while there was ¥ 20,000 worth of prize in a cartoon exhibition competition at the school. So I drew very hard just to take her to Qinghai if I won."

Yan Chuyang stopped and he let out a long breath before he slowly said, "But in the end, I still lost. I couldn't take my grandma to Qinghai until she passed away."

"Idiot," Wei Qing scolded softly, strode towards Yan Chuyang's side, and held him tightly in his arms. "What does it have to do with you? Defeats or victories are ordinary things!"

Yan Chuyang lolled against his shoulder and said feebly, "Then why do I lose every time? Besides, I always disappoint my closest ones."

"No." Wei Qing tapped Yan Chuyang on the shoulder and said in a hoarse tone, "People who love you will not be disappointed with you just because of your failure."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

Yan Chuyang shook his head and gripped the man's arms tightly. He said in a very low voice, "You're wrong. This is not the case. They all have left me. Except for my grandma, no one wanted me. And now even she has gone, Wei Qing."

Yan Chuyang sighed and said seriously, "It does matter. Defeats or victories are important. If I had been not so useless, if I had won every match, and they at least wouldn't reject me."

Wei Qing felt wretched as if his heart was bleeding by Yan Chuyang's trembling tone. After a long time, he stroked his back and said, "No one doesn't want you. It's just that life made a joke at you."

Yan Chuyang sighed and broke loose from his embrace. "So, I have to work hard this time. I want to win, I want to work hard for the ones I like so that they won't be disappointed with me again!"

Wei Qing shook his head. "You are also very good even you didn't win. No one will be disappointed with you."

Yan Chuyang scratched the back of his head, "Well, I have to hurry up to chase every time to draw."

"Chase a shit," Wei Qing mouthed an obscenity rarely and pushed Yan Chuyang's shoulder. "Go downstairs to have the meal now. Then go out with me after that."

Yan Chuyang was confused, "Where are we going?"

"Go on a spring outing!"

If they kept staying in the house, Yan Chuyang would be on the verge of total derangement by himself.

The sunlight in April was the most moderate like a willow that had just shot green buds, which drifted over slowly and stroked every inch of your skin.

Yan Chuyang was fidgeting and wriggling in the front passenger seat and raised his hand to look at his watch every minute.

"Sit still." Wei Qing freed one hand for pulling the safety belt for Yan Chuyang. "Wriggling will block my view."

Yan Chuyang sighed and slid down. "Where are you going to take me? I've already planned that I would draw the whole afternoon for I have no classes today. But your reckless actions have upset my plan!"

Wei Qing snorted and kept looking ahead, "Didn't I tell you that we're going on an outing in spring?"

Yan Chuyang turned to glance at him and said helplessly, "Are you going on an outing in your suit?"

The man was stunned and looked down at his well-dressed suit and tie. "Is it strange to be dressed like this for an outing?"

Yan Chuyang nodded earnestly, "Passersby who are having a walk would think that you're condescending."

Wei Qing's face darkened. "Then we'll go to the mall first, pick two pieces of casual clothing and change them."

Yan Chuyang sighed, "Okay."

The car took a turn and stopped at the biggest mall in the city center.

Yan Chuyang knew that his aesthetic ability couldn't compare to Wei Qing's, so he didn't help him pick the clothes. He just sat obediently on the chair of the store, drank juice, and played on his phone, waiting for Wei Qing to change the clothes in the fitting room.

The curtain of the fitting room was pulled open. Wei Qing walked over to Yan Chuyang and kicked him in the calf. "How do you think of it?"

Yan Chuyang was concentrating on playing on the phone. After being kicked, he just reluctantly moved his eyes away from his phone.

"Puff-" Yan Chuyang just took a glance and then spat out the juice.

Wei Qing hurriedly flinched. Fortunately, he moved quickly that there was only some watermelon juice on the corner of his clothes.

"What are you doing?" Wei Qing impatiently pulled out a tissue from the table and wiped the corner of his clothes. "I just let you look at the clothes. Why are you so surprised?'

Yan Chuyang stood up and swallowed. "Sorry, but I can't be blamed for it. The clothing is really…"

Wei Qing threw the tissue into the trash can and his eyes were unhappy, "What's wrong with the clothing?"

Yan Chuyang stepped forward and held the corner of Wei Qing's clothes. He looked his black jacket up and down and asked, "Why do you pick this one?"

Wei Qing's brows twitched. "What's wrong with this one? Or doesn't it look good on me?"

"How can't it look not good?" Yan Chuyang pursed his lips and said seriously, "You are in a good shape. You look good in anything you're dressed."

'It would look better if you didn't wear anything.'

Wei Qing was a little impressed by Yan Chuyang's praise and said coldly, "Then what do you mean?"

The boy let out a sigh and suddenly approached him. He whispered in Wei Qing's ear, "I accidentally saw a gay video a few days ago. The male

lead was just dressed in this one."

Wei Qing's eyes darkened. "Gay video?" Even if he didn't like this, he knew what type the film was under the tutelage of his stupid daddy.

Yan Chuyang's face stiffened, and he immediately reacted and said, "Oops! I'm wrong. It's an adult video, an adult video!"

43. You Are So Horny

Wei Qing's stern face eased a little, and he asked disdainfully, "You usually look innocent. How do you have the habit of watching this?"

"I didn't watch!" Yan Chuyang hurriedly denied, "When I was checking information on the Internet, a pop-up window appeared and I accidentally clicked on it."

It was a link that he inadvertently clicked when he was checking the information in a gay forum, but he just watched it for only took 10 minutes before closing it.

This is absolutely the truth. Yan Chuyang usually has a pure heart and few desires in daily life. In his understanding, only by rejecting pornography, gambling, drug abuse, and cultivating one's moral character could people grow healthily.

He always felt that only if he had the right mind and did not believe in any bad information, his man's part could develop better, grow well and healthy, and then he could sleep with Wei Qing successfully. Therefore, he would never masturbate if he could hold it back.

Only by keeping his penis strong and healthy could he request Wei Qing to sleep with him.

Wei Qing snorted and straightened his collar in front of the mirror. "I don't care whether you watch it or not, but you are already married to me. You have to get your mind out of the gutter."

Yan Chuyang replied, "I know."

"If there are any links that pop up later, don't click. It's all bad news, don't you know?"

Yan Chuyang clicked his tongue, "You can't blame me. There was a very attractive photo of a beautiful woman on it. Everyone will be curious and then click on it. "

Wei Qing was immediately enraged for some reason, "Your self-control ability is so bad? A photo of beauty could attract you so much. What else can you do?"

Yan Chuyang snorted, "I'm a man. Every man will watch it."

Wei Qing suddenly raised his hand and patted the back of the boy's head, grinding his teeth and saying, "Look, you are so horny at a young age! "

Yan Chuyang shook Wei Qing's hand away and gritted his teeth, "I'm horny? Wei Yuan is the same age as me. He has had sex with countless girls. "

Wei Qing's heart sank, and suddenly raised his hand to pinch Yan Chuyang's chin and said gloomily, "Have you had sex with a girl? With your girlfriend?"

Yan Chuyang was startled, "What girlfriend?"

Wei Qing looked impatient, "When I first saw you, you said you had a girlfriend."

Yan Chuyang did a double-take and replied, "Ah, that one. No. We haven't come to that stage. She… She is coy."

Wei Qing's expression eased a little, but his voice was still very serious, "You are still young, and you should put more attention to the career. Don't think too much about the relationship thing for now. "

Yan Chuyang grinned and said, "Let go of your hand first. My chin is about to fall!"

Wei Qing released his grip and rubbed the delicate touch of the skin that remained on his fingertips and said, "You are different from Wei Yuan. Wei Yuan has grown into a bad person. Keep away from him and don't learn anything bad from him."

Yan Chuyang rubbed his chin and frowned, "Actually, this is not a bad habit."

'Isn't it normal for adults to have sex?'

"Why not?" Wei Qing was enraged again. "You've been thinking about having sex with a little girl at such a young age. Have your penis grown up already?"

44. Do You Want To Compare With Me Or Not

Yan Chuyang's face darkened and he gritted his teeth, "Who didn't grow well? Mine is eighteen! "

Wei Qing was stunned. "What eighteen? Aren't you already nineteen now?"

Yan Chuyang stood on tiptoe and stared at Wei Qing's eyes. "I'm talking about the length!"

Wei Qing thought for a long time before realizing what he meant. He was so angry with a tight face that he patted Yan Chuyang's forehead, "How could you say it so casually? Do you think it's honorable of you?!"

Yan Chuyang took a few steps back by his pat. He glared at Wei Qing and growled, "Why is it dishonorable? When you were as old as me, yours might wasn't longer than me!"

This time, Wei Qing was completely infuriated. The man said softly with a sneer, "Come here, I'll show you whose is longer!"

Yan Chuyang craned his neck, "Don't try to scare me in this way as if I dare not to look at yours. If you dare to reveal it, then I will watch it!"

"Okay," Wei Qing turned around and went into the fitting room with a livid face.

Yan Chuyang's eyes rolled and he was stunned for a moment. Then he immediately ran behind him and went into the fitting room.

The curtain of the fitting room was pulled closed again. In the small space, the two were squeezed face to face.

Wei Qing leaned against the mirror behind him and said unhappily, "You're simple-minded, right? I called you to come in and you did!"

"Why couldn't I come in?" Yan Chuyang shrugged. "I have nothing to lose anyway." As he spoke, Yan Chuyang frowned hurriedly, "Whether are you going to compare with me or not? If not, I'll come out then."

Wei Qing's brows twitched. "Of curse yes. How can't we compare?"

"Then, take it off now," Yan Chuyang eyeballed the black belt on Wei Qing's thin waist.

Wei Qing gritted his teeth and raised Yan Chuyang's chin, letting him look into his eyes, "After you."

Yan Chuyang's ears reddened and he asked shyly, "It's you who want to compare with me. Why should I do it first?"

"Whether are you going to compare or not?"

"Okay," Yan Chuyang hurriedly raised his hand and loosened his belt. He managed to have a chance to see Wei Qing's dick that he had been carving for a long time. No matter what the price was, he was willing to pay for the look.

The belt buckle was unbuttoned and the belt was pulled from his waist. Yan Chuyang gave it to the person beside him, "Hold it for me for a while."

Then it was the zip. Wei Qing didn't want to see it. He was just unhappy and wanted to tease Yan Chuyang, but when he heard the grind of pulling the zip, his eyes looked down uncontrollably.

Yan Chuyang pulled the T-shirt up, revealing a small fair part of the waist.

Wei Qing swallowed uncontrollably. 'It's more slender even than women's!'

"Hey," Yan Chuyang pulled the side of his pants and said with flashing eyes, "I'll take it off."

Wei Qing replied in a hoarse voice, "Yes."

Yan Chuyang closed his eyes and pulled his pants down as if he was throwing caution to the wind.

Wei Qing ground his teeth, "You're tricked just by a few words, Yan Chuyang. Are you out to lunch?"

"Did you lie to me?" Yan Chuyang was anxious. "How could you do it? Is it good to toy with others' feelings?"

'Don't you know how eager I am to watch you taking off your pants? How can you fool me like this!'

Wei Qing ignored him and buckled Yan Chguyang's belt from his hand again emotionlessly. And his fingers inevitably touched Yan Chuyang's waist.

It was very soft and very slender.

Yan Chuyang pushed him away angrily and pulled the T-shirt up. He put his hand on his waist and touched the belt, saying, "I'll buckle it myself."

With the T-shirt being pulled up, a fair and soft part of the waist was revealed, where the small navel could be seen.

It was too slender. Wei Qing felt that he could hold this waist with only one hand.

Yan Chuyang lowered his head and buckled his belt seriously while Wei Qing eyeballed the short part of his waist

It was too hot, and the fitting room was too small. After a while, Wei Qing felt hot and could not breathe.

"Okay," Yan Chuyang straightened out his clothes and said, "Let's go. If you don't dare to compare, don't stay here."

Looking at the boy's thin lips opening and closing, Wei Qing suddenly felt thirsty and said without thinking, "Yan Chuyang, as for the kiss on the contract, can we do it right now?"

'It's too hot. I always feel like it can cool down to kiss.'

"Uh…" Yan Chuyang was stunned and shook his head. "No, it's not time yet. Didn't we say we would kiss at night or in the morning? Hmm…"

Before he could finish his resistance, Wei Qing's kiss was approaching.

Yan Chuyang struggled but just as he moved for a moment, his hands were suddenly gasped and pressed against the wall.

The hot breath between their lips and teeth made their hearts tremble. The kiss that had been moving on their lips gradually became unsatisfied. Wei Qing tried to use the tip of his tongue to touch Yan Chuyang's soft lips. When he realized that Yan Chuyang was just trembling lightly without any resistance, Wei Qing's eyes instantly turned red. His tongue directly entered the clink between his lips and searched for the gentleness and freshness in Yan Chuyang's mouth.

The long kiss ended when Yan Chuyang felt that he nearly suffocated.

Wei Qing pecked at Yan Chuyang's slightly swollen lips against his forehead. "Childlike you who would gulp by the kiss shouldn't keep thinking about falling in love and harming the girl. Aren't you making her be a grass widow?"

"Step aside!" Yan Chuyang gasped as he stroked his chest and roared with a red face, "Who said I am bad at kissing! You did it deliberately. You deliberately put your tongue in so that I couldn't breathe."

Wei Qing couldn't help laughing. He had no other way. The boy in front of him was too cute, and even his every move made him want to laugh.

45. Do You Want To Play Basketball

"Let's go outside," Wei Qing pulled Yan Chuyang up by the back collar, "The shopping guide will think us suspicious if we don't go out for such a long time."

Yan Chuyang sighed weakly, "Don't do this next time."

Wei Qing's face clouded. He snorted and said, "Why not? The contract said that clearly. It was you added the kissing terms into it so I am allowed to kiss you."

"I know!" Yan Chuyang stood up angrily, "But you shouldn't kiss me like that! Why did you do tongue kiss?" Yan Chuyang was almost out of breath. He would rather not kiss than lose half of his life.

Wei Qing sneered and still said hardly, "We are married. It is my right to kiss you. If I want to kiss you, you have no right to refuse!"

Then, Wei Qing opened the curtain and left with a gloomy expression.

Yan Chuyang stood there with confusion and thought helplessly, 'Why is he angry again? Did I say anything irritating?'

'A man's heart is a deep ocean of secrets.'

Wei Qing started to choose clothes again. Although he was satisfied with the new leather jacket on him, he felt uncomfortable when he remembered that Yan Chuyang said that the leading actor in the video that he had watched was wearing this style of jacket.

The women in those videos would be hot. Wei Qing felt angry inexplicably when he imagined the scene that Yan Chuyang staring at the women in the videos and drooling. So no matter how much he liked that jacket, he could only give it up.

Wei Qing's anger was inexplicable. It was normal for Yan Chuyang to see women's bodies. When Wei Qing was at the same age as Yan Chuyang, he couldn't restrain his curiosity to watch a few videos secretly.

But… but he was still angry. He was so angry that he wanted to beat Yan Chuyang because Yan Chuyang didn't have self-respect!

Wei Qing was entangled for a while and attributed his anger to his sense of responsibility as a big brother.

He regarded Yan Chuyang as his younger brother. Now that his brother had done such a shameful thing, he certainly felt angry. Just like Wei Yuan got a girl pregnant then and asked him for help. He was so angry that he beat Wei Yuan. This was the same principle.

Uh, watching porn and abortions should be regarded as errors of the same nature!

Wei Qing glanced at Yan Chuyang who was sitting on the lounge chair and playing on the phone. He was full of responsibilities and thought, 'Eldest brother is like a father, and Yan Chuyang is not disciplined by others, so I naturally have to be strict with him.'

After choosing clothes for a while, Wei Qing selected a light-colored denim jacket with a white T-shirt inside, and the same light-colored jeans underneath, plus a pair of white sneakers.

At first, Wei Qing hadn't planned to buy clothes for Yan Chuyang. But when he was picking clothes, he suddenly saw a brown windbreaker that matched Yan Chuyang's temperament in the cupboard. Wei Qing couldn't help but buy one for Yan Chuyang.

"Don't move," Wei Qing put the windbreaker on Yan Chuyang and said, "Turn around."

Yan Chuyang sighed and turned around obediently.

Yan Chuyang had a small skeleton, but his body proportions were very good. A knee-length windbreaker made him look like two meters tall.

"Very nice," Wei Qing nodded, turned around, and handed the shop assistant a bank card. "I want this one on him and these on me."

Yan Chuyang touched the clothes on him, frowned, and said, "Aren't we here to buy you clothes? Why did you choose clothes for me?"

"Isn't it suitable for you to wear?" Wei Qing pulled him by his wrist to the closet, then took a white sunshade hat and put it on Yan Chuyang's head. He looked around and said, "Nice, white indeed suits your complexion."

Yan Chuyang sighed reluctantly, "How much is this?"

"Don't worry," Wei Qing smiled and said, "It will be deducted from your salary next month."

Yan Chuyang felt speechless.

Yan Chuyang thought that the outing that Wei Qing said would be going to the park or climbing the mountain. But he did not expect that Wei Qing would take him to his alma mater, Lihua No.1 High School, which is Song City's best high school.

It was break time. The playground was humming with life. The children in the first and second grades of high school were surrounded in twos and threes to play with each other.

"Why did you bring me here?" Yan Chuyang looked at the wide playground in confusion.

"Do you know where this is?" Wei Qing asked.

Yan Chuyang nodded, "I know, it is the high school you went to." Wei Yuan had told him before.

Wei Qing nodded and suddenly took a few steps forward. He walked to the basketball rack and looked at the ball frame. "Do you want to play basketball?"

Yan Chuyang shook his head.

Wei Qing raised his hand and made a shooting gesture. "Do you know that I wanted to be a professional basketball player when I was in high school?"

The boy was startled and asked, "Have you ever thought about that?" Yan Chuyang had always thought that Wei Qing was constantly working hard on the road to making money.

"Why not?" Wei Qing raised his eyebrows, "I've been young too."

Yan Chuyang shrugged. "Then why did you give up basketball but set up a company?"

"My foot is injured, so I can't play basketball anymore."

"How come?" Yan Chuyang stared at Wei Qing's muscular calf and said, "You walk much faster than me."

"Being able to walk doesn't mean one can play basketball," Wei Qing looked somber and said, "The doctor told me that if I continue vigorous exercise like basketball, I might become crippled."

Yan Chuyang was shocked, "So serious!"

"Mmm, it's serious," As Wei Qing said, he took a few steps and sat down in the grandstand. His figure looked lonely.

Yan Chuyang noticed that he was in a bad mood, so he quickly leaned over to him, then sat down and said, "You don't have to be too sad. Although you gave up playing basketball, you live well now. Everyone is envious of your successful career, so…"

"Yan Chuyang." Wei Qing suddenly interrupted him and said in a low voice, "When I was in my third year of high school, I had a most serious quarrel with my dad."

Yan Chuyang pinched the side of his pants and stared at Wei Qing's side face. "Why did you quarrel?"

"In the second half of my third year of high school, there is a national basketball team competition in my city. I successfully made it to the finals. My coach excitedly told me that as long as I worked hard and cut a striking figure in the finals, I might enter the national team and become a professional player."

Yan Chuyang nodded and replied, "That's great. You should have performed very well in the finals."

46. Why Didn't You Appear Earlier

"No." Wei Qing turned his head and smiled at him with a relaxed expression. "I didn't participate in the finals because on the night before it, I argued with my daddy. He battered me by the stick in anger and broke my leg."

Yan Chuyang's face froze. "How… how could it be?"

"That's it," Wei Qing shrugged and said casually, "I missed the finals. The doctor also told me that I couldn't play basketball anymore because of my leg, so I gave up."

"Then, do you hate your daddy?"

"No," Wei Qing shook his head and said seriously, "That is life. Apart from yourself, who will understand your dream? In their eyes, my persistence is laughable forever."

"No," Yan Chuyang shook his head hurriedly. "There's always somebody who will understand you."

Wei Qing turned his head and smiled. He touched Yan Chuyang's chin and said, "What are you anxious about? I didn't say all of them. The people who love you are willing to understand you. Just like your grandmother who loved you so much, she would support you whatever you did."

"I understand you too," Yan Chuyang stared at him and said firmly, "If I had known you at that time, I would have helped you stop your father. No matter what you do, I will support you."

Wei Qing's eyes darkened. He raised his hand and rubbed the delicate skin of Yan Chuyang's lips. He snorted, "Then why didn't you appear at that time?"

Yan Chuyang punched his legs and sighed heavily, "I'm sorry too. It'd be great if I met you at that time!"

'If I had gotten closer and made you become a gay earlier, I wouldn't have to be so lovesick now.'

Looking at Yan Chuyang's gentle facial features, Wei Qing smiled, turned his head, and said in a low voice. "It's good that I haven't joined the national team."

"How can it be good?" Yan Chuyang shook his head. "That's your dream."

Wei Qing stared at the willow tree in the playground in a daze and whispered, "If I had joined the national team, I certainly wouldn't have been able to meet you. I haven't joined the national team, but I've gotten married to you, which is also not bad."

Yan Chuyang nudged his arm. "What are you mumbling about?"

"Nothing," Wei Qing pulled him up and asked, "Are you good at playing basketball?"

Yan Chuyang stared, "Of course."

"Then, let's play it for a while."

Yan Chuyang said with a flustered expression, "Isn't it impossible for you to play it because of your leg?"

"It's all right." Wei Qing shrugged. "As long as I don't get vigorous exercise, it's fine to play basketball once or twice." After saying it, Wei Qing grabbed Yan Chuyang's wrist, pulled him off the grandstand, and walked towards the basketball court.

The two of them sneaked unashamedly into a group of children in school uniforms and played with them who were just freshmen or sophomores in high school.

After having a nice time for two rounds, the bell went for the start of the class. The students attended class and no one played with them. So they ended playing basketball.

After returning the ball to the gym teacher, the two strolled along the path next to the school.

"Here," Wei Qing gave a bottle of mild saltwater to Yan Chuyang beside him. "After the exercise, drink some saltwater and replenish the fluid."

Yan Chuyang nodded, accepted the water, took a mouthful of his drink, raised his hand to fan his body, and frowned. "Why is it so hot today?"

Wei Qing shook his head and looked discontentedly at the blush on Chuyang's face. He said softly, "It's not hot. You don't exercise often, and now you suddenly come out to play basketball, so you can't stand it."

"Why could you say I don't exercise often?" Yan Chuyang craned his neck and explained, "I run in the school track every morning. Otherwise, would I be so thin?"

To pursue Wei Qing, he must keep himself in trim. Even if he was not so muscular, he also couldn't put on weight.

Wei Qing snorted, "Then it's because you have a weak body."

Yan Chuyang snorted, "Is my body weak? I told you before, mine is 18 cm! I let you compare with me but you didn't dare do it, and now you even say that I am weak."

Wei Qing's forehead twitched, "Why do you talk about it again?"

Seeing that his expression was not right, Yan Chuyang turned his head intelligently and pulled up the T-shirt to fan his chin. Then he changed the topic, "It's getting late. Let's go for lunch."

Looking at Yan Chuyang's fair part of the waist, Wei Qing pressed Yan Chuyang's hand down with an unhappy face and said, "How hot are you? Can't you be dressed well?"

Yan Chuyang sighed and lowered his hand. He realized that no matter what he was doing now, it was plebeian in Wei Qing's eyes.

The two of them slowly left the school and walked to the restaurant up the path. As they walked, they suddenly saw a small clinic in bad condition. Wei Qing stopped and pointed at the school hospital's sign, saying emotionally, "At that time, I was told here that I couldn't play basketball as a professional again because of my leg."

Yan Chuyang took a bite of the ice cream bought from the convenience store and said strangely, "You're so rich. Why did you go to the small clinic instead of a major hospital to see a doctor?"

Wei Qing shook his head, "My aspiration was so big that I wasn't willing to ask for money from my family, so I was so poor that I could only go to a clinic near the school."

Yan Chuyang frowned suspiciously, "Was the check correct?"

"Probably yes." Wei Qing pursed his lips and said, "There was an old and experienced doctor here. I heard that he majored in orthopedics who had retired from a big hospital. He had a way with diagnoses and treatments. Many people in the school sports team would come here to be checked."

"But why has it been closed?" Yan Chuyang looked strangely at the big seal on the door.

"Because he was found to be a liar," the female cleaner at the door suddenly said as she lowered her head to sweep the floor. "It's been closed for a few years. The old man in this clinic was a physician without qualifications. He didn't know about diagnoses but he still diagnosed in wrong ways and delayed many students' treatments."

Wei Qing was stunned.

Yan Chuyang's face tightened and he quickly stepped forward, "Madam, couldn't the doctor diagnose here?"

The woman shook her head and pursed her lips. "It was not that he didn't know how to diagnose. It was just that he wanted students to buy more medicine to make money so he deliberately exaggerated their illnesses. For example, if one grazed the skin a little, the doctor would say that he broke his bone. And he would tell one with broken bones that his bones completely cracked. In short, he thought of many ways to frighten the students."

Yan Chuyang turned his head in a daze, glanced at Wei Qing, and said cautiously, "Then…then, is your…"

"Let's go home!" Wei Qing grabbed Yan Chuyang's arm and strode forward without hesitation.

"What? Aren't we going to look for a restaurant to have the meal?"

47. Just Drinking A Cup Of Coffee

"What? Aren't we going to look for a restaurant to have the meal?"

"Let's go home!"

Yan Chuyang was speechless.

Yan Chuyang finally badgered Wei Qing into taking an X-ray and asking his private doctor to take a look at it.

"Uh…" The doctor looked at the X-ray and surveyed it for a while; then he said seriously. "Mr. Wei, your leg is very healthy."

Wei Qing's expression darkened. "How is it possible? A doctor said that I couldn't do vigorous exercise or it would disable me."

The doctor was stunned and burst into peals of laughter. "Haha! It's ridiculous. How is it possible? A leg like yours won't be crippled even if you keep bouncing every day, let alone the vigorous exercise."

Wei Qing collapsed against the back of the sofa, his eyes flashing.

Yan Chuyang went over sympathetically and tapped the man on the shoulder. "Wei Qing, did you so easily give up your dream that you had been holding for over ten years just because you were tricked by a charlatan?"

Wei Qing squeezed out two words from his teeth, "Get out."

Yan Chuyang wanted to check the urge to laugh out loud, but seeing Wei Qing's tense face, he couldn't keep it to himself anymore and burst out laughing uncontrollably.

'It's too funny. Wei Qing, who has always been decisive and confident, was jerked around by an old man when he was young and even became downhearted to give up his dream.

Haha, this should be the funniest joke I have ever heard this year.'

The doctor saw Yan Chuyang laughing and he also shrugged with a smile.

Listening to the uncontrolled laughter of the two with livid faces, Wei Qing even had the thought of killing them.

Yan Chuyang had been drawing on form these days.

After horsing around with Wei Qing, he had recovered a little from the bad mood.

He was in a good mood, not so anxious, and he also didn't seek short-term success when he was drawing, so his draftsmanship was naturally improved.

As the flat time went on, he still made no progress in chasing Wei Qing. Not only did he make no progress, but also Wei Qing would occasionally say the pet phrase to provoke him, "You are my brother. So I should treat you well."

Every time he said it, Yan Chuyang would want to hit a wall. Because it was so upset that the one he liked didn't like him and even treated him as the brother.

The afternoon class ended, and Yan Chuyang gathered the things in his backpack and was about to go out when his phone suddenly rang.

"Hello?"

"Chu Yang, it's me," There was Song Huaiqi's low voice at the other end of the phone.

Yan Chuyang was stunned and hurriedly asked, "What is it you want to see me about?"

"I'd like to ask that you have participated in the international cartoon exhibition competition, right?"

"Yes," the boy nodded. "I'm preparing for it now. The competition is going to be held in June."

"Then do you have spare time now? I have something to tell you."

Yan Chuyang was stunned, "Can't you tell it to me on the phone?" He still wanted to go home and have dinner with Wei Qing.

"It's about the cartoon exhibition competition. I want to confront you with the conversation."

"Okay, where are you? I'll go there now."

"I'm at Maple Leaf Cafe on Budong Road."

"Okay."

After saying it, Yan Chuyang hurriedly hung up the phone and rushed to Budong Road.

"Drink some water," Song Huaiqi pushed the cup towards Yan Chuyang's hand and said, "Did you hurry on your way? I see you are gulping."

"No," Yan Chuyang took a slurp from the cup and said, "There's a traffic jam on the road. So I got out of the taxi and ran for a distance."

Song Huaiqi nodded and suddenly said, "I heard that if you win the cartoon exhibition competition, you will have a chance to study at the best cartoon studio in Japan."

"Yeah!" Yan Chuyang put the cup down and nodded with shining eyes. "Visiting Ghibli Studio in Japan and studying there has always been my dream since I studied drawing cartoons."

"That's great," Song Huaiqi said with a gentle gaze, and then suddenly said after a short silence, "If you go there, I might be able to go with you."

"Go with me?" Yan Chuyang was shocked, "Have you also participated in the competition?"

"No." Song Huaiqi shook his head. "Our company is the partner of this competition and I'm an investor too. So I have the opportunity for a place in the finals in Japan with the contestants."

"That's great!" Yan Chuyang said with a smile, "I'm thinking that if I assured a place in the finals and went to Japan alone, I wouldn't be able to cope with it for I couldn't speak Japanese."

Song Huaiqi smiled gently. "Don't worry, I've worked in Japan for a few years. I could be a guide for you."

Yan Chuyang scratched his head and said, "Actually, I couldn't assure a place in the finals yet. Whether I could go to Japan or not is still unknown."

Song Huaiqi's eyes darkened, "I believe you. You have always been capable."

Yan Chuyang trembled under his steady gaze and lowered his eyes to avoid the man's vision. "No matter what the result would be, I must work hard."

This was the best way for him to prove himself. Anyway, he didn't want to disappoint Wei Qing.

After chatting with Song Huaiqi for a while, It was a little dark. Song Huaiqi wanted to invite him to dinner, but Yan Chuyang declined his invitation and said that he wanted to go back to drawing early. So they said goodbye and went to their respective homes

The living room was silent when Yan Chuyang opened the door. He put on slippers and walked to the freezer. He took ice cream from the freezer in a reflex action and turned around. When he saw the shadow on the sofa, he suddenly gasped.

"Are you going to scare me to death?!" After seeing who it was, the boy sighed, walked over with the slippers, and sat down beside Wei Qing. "Why

didn't you speak after hearing my knock on the door? I thought you were away."

Wei Qing sat cross-legged and looked at the watch expressionlessly. "I phoned Wei Yuan and he said that you have left school at 5 p.m. The time is now 7.30 p.m. Yan Chuyang, where have you been in the past two and a half hours?"

"Uh…" Yan Chuyang was stunned. "A friend asked me out, and I had a cup of coffee with him."

"Did you just drink a cup of coffee?"

"Yes." As he said it, Yan Chuyang took a spoonful of ice cream and was about to eat it, but he was stopped.

48. How Many Kisses?

"What are you doing?"

Wei Qing suddenly went close and bent down to sniff at Yan Chuyang's lips. After smelling the faint aroma of the coffee, he narrowed his eyes and said, "I haven't seen you drink the coffee at home even if it has gone rotten. Why did you go there with such a good interest when others invited you to drink the coffee?"

Yan Chuyang shrank back self-consciously and said shyly, "I'm ashamed to reject others' invitation."

Wei Qing snorted and straightened up. "Who invited you to drink the coffee?"

"Didn't I tell you it was a friend?"

"Who is your friend?"

"Song Huaiqi, his major was the same as mine when he was a graduate student."

It was Song Huaiqi again. He had heard the name from Yan Chuyang many times.

Wei Qing snorted coldly, "You seem to be quite well with him. Didn't he help you in the last sponsorship of your club?"

Yan Chuyang nodded and had a lick of ice cream. "Our relationship is not bad. Maybe he's an advanced student in the same major use, so he is pretty nice to me."

Wei Qing frowned. He didn't know if he was overworking or thinking too much. In short, he was about to explode with the worries that had simmered in his mind.

"What's wrong with you?" Feeling that the atmosphere was souring, Yan Chuyang turned his head to look at the man's tensed face and said worriedly, "Do you feel burnt-out at work? You don't look well.".

Wei Qing frowned impatiently, "I'm in a bad mood now. Leave me alone."

Yan Chuyang sighed, put the spoon into the bowl, and said, "Don't be unhappy. You're in a bad mood that I couldn't stomach the ice cream either."

Wei Qing said coldly, "If you can't stomach it, then go upstairs to sleep."

"But I haven't had dinner yet."

"Then go to the kitchen to look for something to eat and go upstairs to sleep. In short, don't appear before me now."

Yan Chuyang sighed and suddenly went over. He grabbed the man's arm and kissed his lips, "Don't get angry. It's not healthy for your body in anger."

Wei Qing's face stiffened and his tense nerves were calmed instantly.

Yan Chuyang kissed him and wanted to step back, but just as he moved, he was pushed back into his arms.

Wei Qing grabbed the boy's waist and gave him a heavy kiss. After swallowing all the annoying aroma of coffee on his lips, he said coldly, "As for Song Huaiqi, keep away from him."

Yan Chuyang blinked in confusion, "Why?"

"Sorry, I don't want to explain," Wei Qing lowered his head and gently rubbed against the boy's tall nose. "Don't you think he is too nice to you with no reason?"

Yan Chuyang pondered it over, "No, when I'm in classes, he would go to the school to visit me twice every few days, but every time he just chatted with me for a short while and then left."

Wei Qing's eyes darkened, "Has he even been to the school to meet you?"

"Yes," the boy nodded and thought for a moment before continuing, "But it doesn't seem that he goes to the school just to meet me that he also has worked at school."

Wei Qing ground his teeth and suddenly said, "Open your mouth."

"What do you want to do?"

"It's time to give you the kiss of the contract," Wei Qing lowered his body and held the boy's lips. His tongue squeezed through the slightly opened chink between the boy's teeth and absorbed his breath greedily. After confirming that he had absorbed all the coffee fragrance at the tip of the boy's tongue, he let him go and said softly, "No one will talk with you for no reason. Song Huaiqi wants to take advantage of you."

Yan Chuyang came back to his senses after being kissed by him and feeling confused. He shook his head and said, "How could he take advantage of me? I'm not rich or handsome. If I were a girl, then it would be reasonable. I am just a man, what could he do to me?"

"What he wants to do to you is legion!" Wei Qing said coldly, "You are still young now. You can never guess how many unspeakable thoughts an adult male has in his mind."

Yan Chuyang turned around and took out his phone. He leaned against the man's shoulder softly, playing games, and said casually, "But I don't look good."

Wei Qing pinched Yan Chuyang's chin and turned his face around. The dim light outlined the boy's facial features. After a long silence, he said in a hoarse voice, "Not bad."

His nose was tall, his skin was fair, his eyes seemed to be glazed with glasses, and his lips were beautiful and delicate.

Because he didn't like men, he could resist the impulse slightly. If Yan Chuyang fell in someone's arms like this now, he would completely be raped!

Wei Qing's heart sank and he pulled the boy's shoulder with an unhappy expression, "Yan Chuyang, are you always leaning against anything while sitting like this as if you don't have bones?"

"Uh…" The boy was stunned, then he hurriedly sat up and said, "I didn't deliberately lean against you. I was sitting properly and you suddenly pulled me over."

When saying it, Yan Chuyang wanted to get up from his body with a hand against the sofa.

"Don't move," Wei Qing hugged him again and said unhappily, "It's a very bad habit to sleep on others' bodies casually, but based on that you are my brother, it could be normal."

Yan Chuyang was embarrassed, "Even if I am your brother, it is not normal, right?"

Wei Qing frowned and changed the topic, "Didn't you hear what I have told you about Song Huaiqi?"

"What?"

"Keep away from him."

Yan Chuyang was silent.

"Did you hear it or not?" the man started to pull his ears.

"Got it!" Yan Chuyang clenched his teeth and shook off his hand. "If he invites me to have the coffee in the future, I'll reject him. Are you satisfied?"

Wei Qing's expression softened. "That's good."

Yan Chuyang struggled to get up from him and frowned, "I'm going to have the meal."

Wei Qing let go of him. "There is a hot meal on the induction cooker in the kitchen which was made by me."

Yan Chuyang nodded, put on his slippers, and walked towards the kitchen. After a few steps, he suddenly turned back and asked in confusion, "Wei Qing, how many kisses did we give each other today?"

The man's expression changed. "What do you mean how many kisses? We just kissed once tonight, didn't we?"

Yan Chuyang frowned and calculated for a while with his fingers. He looked up in confusion and said, "That's not right, did we kiss just once tonight?

49. Would You Like To Watch My Performance

Why did he remember that he just pecked Wei Qing's lips once? Plus Wei Qing gave him a French kiss once, and then pressed him down to kiss him once again.

Wei Qing replied impatiently, "You are not good at calculating. Don't bother to record this later. What I said is always right."

"Alright," Yan Chuyang lowered his hand decadently,y, turned around and walked forward. After walking a few steps, he suddenly stopped, turned his head, and said, "I almost forgot to tell you something very important."

"What's the matter?"

"Our club will hold a stage play tomorrow night. The members will cosplay various anime characters. Would you like to watch it? "

Wei Qing shook his head with no interest, "I'm not interested in ACG."

"Please," Yan Chuyang raised an eyebrow and said, "Anyway, tomorrow is the weekend and you don’t have to work. "

"No," Wei Qing leaned back against the back of his chair and said arrogantly, "What's so good about a stage play held by some brats? It must be very boring. I'm afraid I'll fall asleep."

"We're all professionals. Please go and watch it. What if you like it?"

"No!" Wei Qing took a magazine randomly from the coffee table and looked through it. "I'd rather work overtime at home than waste time watching them play."

"Alright then," Yan Chuyang lowered his eyes in disappointment and sighed, "Actually, I also played a role in the play. I wish you can go to see it. Forget it if you don't go."

Then, the boy ran to the kitchen to find food without looking back.

The living room fell silent.

Wei Qing paused with the book in his hand and fixed his eyes on the magazine. But after reading it for a while, his thoughts started to drift out.

'What role will Yan Chuyang play? Is he simpleminded and as cute as a kitten on the stage just like what he is like in daily life?'

No, no. He won't go to watch the play. Why did he think about this?

Wei Qing shook his head, regained his presence of mind, and focused on the finance magazine in his hand. He carefully looked through the magazine for a little while and closed it fiercely, frowned, and had some thoughts.

'Actually, I can go to see the play. Tomorrow is the weekend, and work is over. I should find a place to let my thoughts go and relax so that I can devote myself to a new round of work full of spirit and energy.'

NO, no. That's not right.

Wei Qing closed the book abruptly, threw it on the coffee table with a snap, and had some thoughts with his arms folded across his chest.

'He had already said that he won't go to watch the play, so he definitely wouldn't go. What a shame if he goes back on his word.'

'Forget it. I am not going. I am not going.'

It was on the next night.

After turning back and forth several times at the entrance of the theater, Wei Qing finally couldn't help but lean in front of the security guard and say, "Mr. Guard, I was invited. But I came out in a hurry today and forgot to bring my ticket."

The security guard was businesslike. He shook his head and said, "Sir, this is a school event. If you are not a student of this school or are not invited to participate, you cannot enter the school theater."

"I have been invited," Wei Qing frowned anxiously, walked to a stage play poster at the entrance of the theater, and said, "Look at the name at the bottom of this poster who planned, and the actor Yan Chuyang. This is my brother. My brother will perform. How could he not invite me?"

The security guard shrugged helplessly. "I'm sorry, sir. Public business affairs should be strictly managed. If you don't have a ticket, we can't let you in even if your wife is performing in the school theater. "

Wei Qing let out a long sigh. He pinched his waist and turned around the gate a few times. When he was thinking about whether to throw off his airs and call Yan Chuyang to come out to pick him up, he suddenly ran into someone head-on.

"Mr. Wei?" After shouting in surprise, Song Huaiqi hurriedly reached out and smiled. "Are you here to watch Chuyang's performance, too?"

Wei Qing was stunned and then backed away a few steps. He glanced down at the invitation letter in Song Huaiqi's hand, and said emotionlessly, "Yan Chuyang invites you to watch the stage play?"

Seeing that Wei Qing did not reach out, Song Huaiqi lowered his hand embarrassedly and smiled, "Yes, he has been busy with this for a long time. I also want to see the results of their club's preparation for more than half a month."

Wei Qing nodded and replied expressionlessly, "That's good."

Song Huaiqi smiled and turned to hand the invitation letter to the security guard beside him. Just as he was about to enter, he turned his head and asked Wei Qing with confusion, "Mr. Wei? Don't you go in? There were ten minutes left before the stage play started.

Wei Qing's eyes flashed, he looked at the sky and said, "I… I'll be outside for a while. I'll go in later."

"This gentleman was not invited," the security guard said frankly, "He came by himself. He has no invitation letter."

"No!" Wei Qing quickly retorted.

Song Huaiqi was stunned and shook his head. "How is that possible? Mr. Wei is the cousin of the mastermind of this stage play. He must have been invited here. There is a misunderstanding."

The security guard shook his head. "Whether there is a misunderstanding or not, he has no invitation letter. He definitely cannot enter."

"Then I'll give it for him," Song Huaiqi suddenly took out an invitation letter from his pocket, "This gentleman is with me."

Looking at the red invitation letter, Wei Qing said with embarrassment. "Yan Chuyang gave you two?"

Song Huai was stunned and said with a smile , "Yes. Chuyang is very cautious and cute. He was afraid that I might be too busy to lose the invitation letter, so he gave me two."

Song Huaiqi lied. Yan Chuyang only gave him one invitation letter. The other one was given by the school because of his identity as a sponsor of the stage play. But for some reason or other, facing Wei Qing's questioning, Song Huaiqi just wanted to tell lies to show his closeness with Yan Chuyang.

Wei Qing's eyes darkened and he said solemnly, "It sounds like you are on good terms with Yan Chuyang. "

"Of course," Song Huaiqi said in a gentle tone, "Chuyang is my junior schoolmate. Hisimplestraightforward, and I am willing to be close to him."

Wei Qing clenched his hands on the sides of his legs. After a while, He chuckled and said, "Actually... Yan Chuyang pretended to be obedient in

front of unfamiliar people." After saying that, he stepped into the stage venue, leaving Song Huaiqi alone to think about his words.

The play was about to start. The lights in the theater were out, and the audience was quiet.

Wei Qing picked a seat in the last row and sat quietly.

50. Isn't He A Prince

After waiting for three minutes, the biggest stage lamp in the theatre was turned on and the performance started.

Seeing those characters coming onto the stage one by one, Wei Qing had a headache. He didn't know much about anime, so he didn't know many of the roles of the cosplayers. Seeing everyone in garish clothes walking back and forth on the stage, he couldn't figure out what they were doing and thus felt terrible.

However, the audience on both sides was quite enthusiastic. From time to time, someone would scream and applaud.

Wei Qing kept raising his hand to check the time. After forty minutes, Yan Chuyang finally came out.

He seemed to play the role of the knight. He wore a well-cut uniform of black knights and held a long sword in his hand. With a delicate face, red lips, and white teeth, he looked elegant and handsome.

"Wow! What a handsome guy!" As expected, when Yan Chuyang appeared, the girls sitting in front of Wei Qing started to discuss it in a low voice, stunned and continuously praising. "Which school the knight is from? He looks so handsome. Is contact information."

Wei Qing looked proudly at the man who was sparkling on stage, feeling that his man finally come of age.

After a while, a man in a prince's outfit appeared again. He looked quite good but was dwarfed by Yan Chuyang.

He was less elegant and tall than Yan Chuyang, and his figure was not as well-proportioned as Yan Chuyang's. Although he was dressed in a prince's outfit, he looked like Yan Chuyang's servant when standing beside him.

"Alas," Wei Qing shook his head and whispered, "They made a mistake. Why didn't they let Yan Chuyang be the prince? He is the most suitable candidate."

Then, Yan Chuyang was stabbed by the prince and died.

Yan Chuyang didn't have many scenes. He was just a knight. He went down after fighting for the princess with the prince.

Seeing him stepping down, Wei Qing looked around anxiously, touched a guy sitting next to him, and whispered, "Will the knight appear again?"

That guy felt confused. "The knight?"

"The one who was stabbed by the prince and died just now."

"Not again probably," the boy shook his head and said seriously, "In the fight with the prince for the princess, the knight failed and then was stabbed to death. That's his end."

"It shouldn't be that," Wei Qing frowned. "The knight is acting so well. Won't he be resurrected in the future?"

"Ha-ha," the boy was amused. "You are so humorous. According to the script, the knight has died. Even if he comes out later, it's to answer a curtain call."

Wei Qing pulled his tie in annoyance. He wasted almost an hour to see his acting, but in the end, he went down less than five minutes after the performance began.

Wei Qing looked at his watch and found it was already six o'clock in the afternoon. At six twenty, he had a party to attend. It wouldn't be late if he drove to the party now.

But if he did so, he would miss the curtain call of Yan Chuyang.

Forget it.

Wei Qing took off his watch, stuffed it into his pocket, and began to concentrate on waiting for the end of the show and the curtain call of Yan Chuyang.

"President, something bad happened." Yan Chuyang, who was changing his clothes backstage, was startled by the panicked voice of his junior female schoolmate who was running over. He asked, "What's wrong?"

She took a few breaths and said, "The senior female schoolmate who played a princess was scraped by a car when she rode a bicycle on the way here. She has been sent to the hospital and said that she doesn't have time to take part in the final scene."

The princess had very few scenes. She only appeared in the last few minutes of the performance and confessed to the prince. Then the show ended. Because the princess's part was at the end of the show, the actress came late. But unexpectedly, a car accident happened to her.

"President, what should we do?" The girl said anxiously, "There are over ten minutes before the princess appears. If we don't have a princess, who will the prince confess to?"

Yan Chuyang frowned and looked up at the person in front of him. "Is there any actress who hasn't performed?"

The girl shook her head. "There are very few actresses in our performance. In the final scene, almost all female characters will be on stage. It isn't feasible to replace her with other roles."

"How about you play the princess?" Thinking for a while, Yan Chuyang suddenly said, "Aren't you a servant next to the princess? You don't have many scenes, right?

"But I have lines," the girl shook her head and said, "I'm going to read the princess's internal monologue. Without my role, no one will understand the conversation between the princess and the prince."

Yan Chuyang felt upset. "What should we do?"

"President…" The girl said cautiously, "Why don't you play the princess?"

"Me?" Yan Chuyang pointed to his nose and shook his head, "Isn't that a joke? I'm a man. How can I do that?

"President," the girl clutched his arm and said seriously, "It's urgent now. You can't care about that much. You are the most familiar with each character's lines among all cosplayers. When you go on stage, you won't be flustered because of the improvised replacement."

"But…" Yan Chuyang said unbearably, "I'm a man."

"But you're the most slender guy in our club," the girl said with her eyes wide open. "If other strong men do it, it will be discovered at a glance."

"So do I."

"No!" The girl turned around and ran to the dressing table. She found a wig and waved it to Yan Chuyang, "You have fair skin and delicate facial features. If you wear a wig, no one will discover you're a man when you are far away from him."

Yan Chuyang frowned and remained silent for a while. He raised his hand to see his watch and frowned helplessly, "It seems the only way…"

In the last scene, Yan Chuyang deliberately asked the lighting engineer to make the stage less bright.

Wei Qing wanted to stay till the curtain call. But seeing the self-indulgent prince boast for a few minutes, he finally couldn't hold on and leaned back against the chair to doze off.

A piece of gentle music rang, and footsteps were heard. The lights turned dim, indicating the change of the scene.

Wei Qing squinted and felt sleepy. The boy sitting next to him suddenly whistled loudly.

"Gosh! What a pretty girl!"

51. How Dare You!

Because the princess was the last to show up, there was a small commotion in the audience.

Wei Qing was awakened and frowned impatiently. He casually glanced at the audience and immediately stiffened.

A girl, clad in a traditional princess dress, stood in the middle of the dim stage with her back to the audience.

'Is that... Shen Shimin?'

'It's impossible.' Wei Qing shook his head repeatedly. 'Shen Shimin is in America and had children. How could she be here?'

'But the figure is so similar to hers when I met Shen Shimin for the first time!'

'She had a slender and tall figure, a beautiful curve around her waist out of being wrapped, and a beautiful and fair long neck. Her ears were almost transparent because of the light. This is exactly what Shen Shimin looked like when I saw her for the first time.'

Wei Qing frowned with his fists on the armrest of the chair tightly clenched and his knuckles turning white.

"She's beautiful!" The boy next to Wei Qing turned his head and said to him as if they were quite familiar with each other, "The ticket is worthwhile. I thought it was boring, but I didn't expect the princess to be a pretty girl. Hey-hey, my eyes are glutted."

Wei Qing stared at the back without blinking. The more he saw, the more familiar he felt.

He remembered Yan Chuyang seemed to be this tall, his neck was fair and tender, his ears were small like a child's, and his waist was so thin.

At this time, the person on the stage moved sideways. When he saw the typical high nose bridge, his eyes shrank.

He scolded critically in his heart! 'That is Yan Chuyang!'

'Idiot! How dare he wear a dress? How dare he wear a dress in public?'

Wei Qing stood up suddenly and sharply stared at the stage. He was going to pull that person off the stage. 'How dare he wear a dress in front of

so many people? I've got to beat him! He is courting death!'

"Bro!" Before Wei Qing could do anything, the person behind him had immediately stood up and pressed him down. "You're seizing the right time. It's at a critical moment. Can you not block the people behind you?"

A few audiences at the side also scolded, "It'll be over in a while. What's your rush? Don't you find everyone is watching the show attentively?"

"That's right. After suffering for over 40 minutes, we finally saw such a beautiful princess. Can you stop messing around?"

"Yeah. You look very handsome, but are so uncultured."

"…"

Under the protest of the crowd, Wei Qing sat upright on the chair, and he also realized that he was impulsive.

No matter what, it cost Yan Chuyang and his club a month to prepare this stage drama. No matter how angry he was, he couldn't go onto the stage now and ruin his efforts.

'Endure! I have to endure.'

The show continued. Now, the prince started to confess his love cheesily to the princess, while the princess stood quietly and listened.

Yan Chuyang was beautiful.

When a person's facial features were warm and handsome to a certain extent, other people would not care about gender. They only had an appreciation for beauty.

To make the boy more feminine, the makeup artist deliberately dyed the pink blush on his cheeks, making his fair side faces look more delicate.

The off-shoulder princess dress revealed his slightly protruding collarbone and fair long neck. Under the light, he was like high-grade ceramic, giving off a warm light.

"Tsk-tsk!!!" a man from behind Wei Qing said softly, "She's so beautiful. Who's this princess? Why haven't I seen her in our university?"

"Is it Li Feifei from the School of Life Science?" Another guy answered, "Isn't Li Feifei the school babe of our university?"

"It's impossible," a boy snorted. "I've seen Li Feifei before. She is so masculine. How can he be compared with the girl on the stage?"

"Alas," a boy shook his head. "No matter how beautiful she is, she is not ours. She must have a boyfriend. We can only imagine here."

"That's right," a guy sneered lewdly, "I want to lift the princess's dress and see how long her legs are. Hee hee!"

Wei Qing tightened his grip on the armrest as if he was trying to pull it off.

He wanted to blind everyone in the spectator in an instant!

'What a loss! I spent a lot of effort and finally got him in a decent manner. But before I can openly explore his beauty, he's suddenly discovered by so many people. And they even imagine the scene with him.'

'Damn!'

The temperature around Wei Qing was getting lower and lower. The light in his eyes was cold and fixed on the person on stage.

Finally, the prince who kept chattering on the stage finished his long, cheesy confession and asked the princess whether "she" was willing to marry him.

The princess nodded slightly and extended "her" fair hand to the prince.

The stage curtain fell.

After all the actors disappeared behind the curtain, Wei Qing suddenly stood up from his seat and walked backstage silently.

'Good, Yan Chuyang, you're pretty brave!'

There was hustle and bustle backstage because there would be a curtain call in 10 minutes. The actors were laughing while removing their makeup or pulling off their acting clothes.

Wei Qing went in and kept looking around, but he didn't see anyone wearing a princess dress after a while.

A girl walked past him. Wei Qing immediately grabbed her and frowned, "Hello, is Yan Chuyang here?"

"Well…" The girl blushed when she saw his sharp features. She looked down shyly and said, "The president... he went to the bathroom."

"The bathroom?"

"Yes, he said he was ashamed to pull off the costume, so he went to the bathroom."

Wei Qing gritted his teeth. 'He even went onto the stage. Why did he feel ashamed now?'

"Okay, thank you," Wei Qing let go of the girl's hand and quickly turned to leave.

Yan Chuyang wasn't familiar with the princess dress. Now, he was anxiously untying the complicated straps on his waist with a red face. His younger female schoolmate helped him tie the straps. He didn't expect that

it was easy to tie them up, but so hard to untie them. When he was trying hard with his head down, the bathroom door was smashed open.

52. You Don't Look Good At All

Bang! The bathroom door was opened.

Yan Chuyang looked up in astonishment, but before he could see who it was, he was suddenly grasped in the wrist and pinned against the wall.

Wei Qing lifted his leg to kick the door shut and naturally locked it.

The boy stared at the person in front of him and shouted in surprise, "Wei Qing? Why are you here?"

Wei Qing didn't say anything but looked down at the boy's exposing shoulders meaningfully.

"Er…," Yan Chuyang raised his hands to cover his shoulders in embarrassment and said, "Something happened suddenly, and there was no other way."

Wei Qing raised his hand and rubbed the boy's exposed collarbone with his rough fingertips, saying hoarsely.

"Do you like to wear a dress?"

Yan Chuyang was stunned and hurriedly shook his head. "No, I'm… Hiss… What are you doing?"

Wei Qing suddenly raised his hand and rubbed off the remaining powder blush on the boy's face rudely. He said coldly, "Do you like makeup? Do you like to be dressed like an effeminate man in public?"

Yan Chuyang was hurt by his humiliating words. His face suddenly darkened and he swung off his hand. "What nonsense are you talking about?"

Wei Qing pinched his chin and said viciously, "I'm telling you, you're so ugly. Yan Chuyang, you've married to me now and you're my wife. Can you not embarrass me?"

Yan Chuyang's face turned pale, and his voice trembled slightly out of anger, "Didn't you know earlier that I'm good at embarrassing others. Mr. Wei, don't you know that the ugly always make more trouble?"

Then, the boy suddenly pushed Wei Qing away and stormed out. But soon, he was pulled back and pinned against the wall. Wei Qing gripped his shoulders and roared, "Do you still want to entice others in this dress?"

"How is that possible?" Yan Chuyang roared, "Dressed like this, I will only be ridiculed if I go out. No one will look at someone as strange as me."

Wei Qing lowered his head speechlessly, bit Yan Chuyang's lips, and murmured unpleasantly, "Why don't you understand?"

"I understand!" Yan Chuyang looked away and said angrily, "Don't you just think I'm ridiculous? Don't you just think I'm embarrassing you? Mr. Wei, you can let go of me now, lest you get degraded.

"Yan Chuyang!" Wei Qing interrupted him, "Do you know what I want to do now?"

"Of course, I don't know."

"I want to rip off your dress and your shirt. I want to touch down from your collarbone!"

The air froze instantly.

In the quiet room, only the sound of two people breathing unsteadily could be heard.

Yan Chuyang squinted, his frozen heart pounding madly. His pale face gradually turned red.

Wei Qing's eyeballs turned slightly. When he realized that he had said something unforgivable, he suddenly let go of the boy and took a step back. Wei Qing got flustered and explained.

"Don't misunderstand. I... I was just relaying someone's words. It isn't what I wanted to say! I didn't mean that!"

Yan Chuyang's face froze and he looked up in a daze, "Someone's words?"

"Yes!" Wei Qing quickly explained, "I was just relaying it! When I was watching your show, the two guys sitting behind me were talking about you! I was too angry just now, so I blurted out what they said."

Yan Chuyang's expression changed. He said angrily, "They must be from the class of 2014 majoring in energy and power. There is no girl in their department, so they are so crazy that they think she's a goddess whenever they see a girl in a dress!"

"That's why." Wei Qing heaved a sigh of relief and seriously raised his hand to pull up the clothes on the boy's shoulders. "I argued with you because of this. With so many perverted people around you, don't you know how to protect yourself?"

Yan Chuyang pushed him away, frowning discontentedly, "Can you not talk to me in a way like lecturing a girl? As a man, do I need to protect

myself? It sounds so shameful!"

"If you know that, don't do that again," Wei Qing raised his hand and carefully wiped the color powder blush off the boy's cheeks bit by bit. He said unhappily, "You're a handsome boy. Why did you get dressed like this?"

Yan Chuyang said embarrassedly, "I also didn't want to do it. The actress who played the princess had a car accident on her way here, so she couldn't come. The last scene was quite important. So I had to do something to continue the show."

"Raise your head," Wei Qing said in a low voice.

Yan Chuyang raised his chin obediently.

Wei Qing took out a wet towel and wiped his lips. He frowned, "Did you put on lipstick?"

"No," Yan Chuyang shook his head. "It's lip paste. It can make my lips brighter, right?"

Wei Qing pursed his lips unhappily. After confirming that he had wiped all the makeup off the boy's lips, he lowered his head, kissed, and said, "You are not allowed to put on makeup and wear skirts or off-the-shoulder clothes with girdling. You don't look good in that way at all!"

Yan Chuyang rolled his eyes, "I know. Can you not emphasize it all the time?"

Wei Qing lowered his head and saw the boy's collarbone. His eyes turned sharp and he said in a gloomy voice, "I'm waiting for you outside. Pull it off quickly!"

Yan Chuyang nodded.

After taking more than ten minutes to take off the dress, Yan Chuyang heaved a sigh of relief, washed his face, put on his jeans and T-shirt, and went out.

Wei Qing was waiting outside impatiently. When he saw Yan Chuyang come out in a neat outfit, his eyebrows finally extended.

"That's how it looks," Wei Qing glanced up and down at his outfit and said in a low voice, "You're fully dressed and no one can see your skin."

Yan Chuyang didn't hear him muttering. He just held a princess dress and waved to Wei Qing, "I can't go back now. I have to return the costume."

Wei Qing replied, "I'll accompany you."

When they went backstage, the curtain call was over. Because Yan Chuyang was not the main character, no one noticed he was absent.

53. Fruits

"Here you are," Yan Chuyang smiled and handed the clothes to the girl in charge of managing the stage clothes. "I've already folded them."

The female wardrobe attendant was a freshman.

The girl took it and said with certainty, "You were amazing in this outfit."

Yan Chuyang's expression changed. He quickly shook his head. "Are you kidding me? I'm a man. It's great that I don't look hilarious when I wear it. How could I be amazing? Don't flatter me."

The girl was startled. She looked up and said seriously, "It's true. Your skeleton is small and your waist is thin. Wearing this kind of clothes with girdling can help…"

"Let's go," Wei Qing interrupted them angrily and snorted at Yan Chuyang, "How can you take the girl's compliments to heart? You even prick up your ears."

Yan Chuyang smiled awkwardly and looked at the girl. "No matter what, we have finally got it done today. Thank you for your help."

The girl shook her head. "You're welcome. That's my job."

Yan Chuyang nodded and turned to Wei Qing, "Let's go. There are no other things."

Wei Qing said lightly, "You go first. My car is parked outside. Wait for me in the car."

Yan Chuyang frowned. "Do you have something else to do?"

"Yes. I saw an acquaintance just now. I want to greet him."

Yan Chuyang nodded. "Alright. I'll wait for you in the car."

Then he turned around and walked out.

Seeing him disappear at the corner of the stairs, Wei Qing loosened his shoulders and coughed lightly. He looked at the girl who was tidying up the clothes.

The moment the girl folded the princess costume and was about to put it into the prop box, Wei Qing frowned, hurriedly walked over, and pointed at the clothes. "Hello, can I buy this dress?"

The girl looked up in astonishment. "Do you want to buy the costume?"

"Yes."

"Uh… this one is quite expensive."

Because the university didn't fund, they had to buy the clothes with sponsor fees.

The princess dress belonged to the character who was the last to show up, so its quality was the highest and it was customized. Therefore, its price was higher than that of the other stage clothes.

The girl touched the tail of the dress and widened her eyes in confusion. She stared at Wei Qing and asked, "Do you play a stage show? If you buy it for collection, it's not worthwhile."

Wei Qing coughed awkwardly and said, "I'll buy it as a present to someone."

"A present to someone?" The girl looked more confused. "This is a stage costume. Even though it's high-quality, it's still worn. Sending it…"

Wei Qing was annoyed by her nagging, so he frowned and blurted it out, "I think it's pretty good. I'll send it to my wife."

The girl was stunned for a moment. Then she smiled and said, "I see. However, this is an acting outfit. She can't walk outside wearing it."

Wei Qing nodded. "Of course, I just let my wife wear at home."

The girl hesitated for a moment. Then she looked up and smiled. "I can sell it to you, but the price…"

"No matter how expensive it is, it's good as long as you can sell it to me."

The girl's eyes lit up. "If you can afford to buy it, of course, I can sell it to you."

It was just an acting suit. She could buy another one after selling it and it would be good to earn some money.

"Wait a moment. I'll pack it up," the girl hurriedly ran to the storage room backstage to find something for the dress.

Wei Qing went out holding a suitcase with the dress inside.

Yan Chuyang was tired for a day. When he was dozing off against the window, he saw Wei Qing coming out. After trembling, he quickly opened the car door and asked, "What are you holding?"

Wei Qing said without any change in expression, "Fruits given by a friend of mine." Then he walked to the back of the car, opened the trunk, and put the suitcase inside gingerly.

Yan Chuyang didn't think much about it and returned to his seat. He fastened his seat belt, leaned against the window, and continued sleeping.

"Are you so sleepy?" Wei Qing opened the car door and sat in the driver's seat. He frowned and extended the blanket in the car to cover Yan Chuyang. "It's so cold. Can't you hold on until we arrive home?"

Yan Chuyang grabbed the blanket and said vaguely, "I can't hold it anymore. I didn't have an afternoon nap today. I'm worn out."

Wei Qing sighed without saying a word and turned on the warm wind in the car.

It was quiet along the way. Only Yan Chuyang's steady breathing could be heard.

For fear of disturbing Yan Chuyang, Wei Qing muted his phone. He was afraid that a call would wake him up.

But when he was driving, a thought flashed across his mind. His heart tightened and he slammed the brakes uncontrollably.

There came a sharp sound of braking.

Yan Chuyang swayed forward and was suddenly awakened. He frowned and shouted, "Wei Qing, what are you doing?"

He was sleeping soundly!

Wei Qing slammed on the steering wheel gloomily. "I forgot it!"

Yan Chuyang was confused, "What did you forget?"

"Song Huaiqi! Song Huaiqi also went to see your performance!"

"… So what?"

"He also saw you wear a dress!"

Yan Chuyang slid down helplessly. He then closed his eyes and murmured, "So what? At worst, another person will laugh at me. Alas! I hope he didn't recognize me."

Then, Yan Chuyang dozed off again.

Wei Qing turned his head, saw Yan Chuyang look indifferent, and became livid.

It was fine when someone saw Yan Chuyang dressing like that, but Song Huaiqi had a thing for Yan Chuyang!

Wei Qing could not stand it!

He was sure that Song Huaiqi was the same as him. He could tell at a glance that the princess was played by Yan Chuyang!

He was imagining something under the stage. He might have gone further than those male students.

The students thought that Yan Chuyang was a girl, so they said something like that, but Song Huaiqi was different from them. He knew Yan

Chuyang was a man and he was imagining something about Yan Chuyang himself! It was different from what the students had done!

54. Cousins Without Bloodline

As Yan Chuyang was angry, the phone in his pocket suddenly vibrated.

Wei Qing squinted and leaned over to the boy's ear. "Yan Chuyang, your phone is ringing."

Yan Chuyang scratched his ears, leaned against the window with his eyes closed. He said in a daze, "Help me pick it up..."

Wei Qing took his phone out of his pocket and clicked on the screen, only to find that it wasn't a call but a text message.

From: Song Huaiqi.

Wei Qing fought down the impulse to throw his phone out of the window and clicked on the message.

"Chuyang, today your stage drama is very interesting. You performed very well. Congratulations. Are you free tonight? If you have time, can you come out and have a meal with me to celebrate it?

Wei Qing let out a long sigh and called Song Huaiqi.

It was connected soon. Song Huaiqi was pleasantly surprised, "Chuyang? I thought you were busy now, so I didn't dare to call you. You… "

"I'm Wei Qing," the man interrupted him calmly.

"Oh…" Song Huaiqi frowned and asked, "Why are you having Chuyang's phone?"

Wei Qing turned his head, stared at Yan Chuyang's face, raised his hand to touch his lashes, and said in a low voice, "He's asleep. He was busy with the stage drama today. He seems worn out."

There was no response on the other end of the phone. After a long time, Song Huaiqi asked, "Do you have anything to say? Why did you call me on his phone?

Wei Qing smiled, "Nothing. I just want to tell you that he's going to bed in a while. He doesn't have time to go out for dinner with you."

Song Huaiqi raised his voice volume, "Do you two live together?"

"Yes," Wei Qing leaned closer to Yan Chuyang's face and kissed the tip of his nose. "He's sleeping in my bed now."

Song Huaiqi looked ferocious and said in a serious voice, "Aren't you cousins?"

"Yes," Wei Qing chuckled. "We're cousins, the kind without a bloodline."

"Without bloodline?"

"Yes," Wei Qing jokingly said, "Because we are not related by blood, I can do anything to him. Just like now, when he's lying on my bed, I can..."

"Wei Qing!"

When he heard his angry voice, the rage in Wei Qing's heart dissipated a little. He said lightly, "I've got to go now. I think he's about to wake up."

Then, Wei Qing ignored the angry roar on the other end of the phone and hung up.

Wei Qing heaved a sigh of relief and clicked the phone a few times. After blacklisting Song Huaiqi's phone number, he put the phone back into Yan Chuyang's pocket.

Then, his bad mood was finally relieved a little.

Wei Qing turned his head, gently pinched Yan Chuyang's face, and whispered, "You can't blame me. As your brother, I have the responsibility to help you get rid of the perverts around you. I'm doing it for your good."

Yan Chuyang twisted his face because of felting uncomfortable.

"Well," Wei Qing leaned over and kissed him on the forehead. "I won't disturb you anymore. Have a good sleep."

Since the stage drama had been over, Wei Yuan held a club dinner to reward the club members for their hard work for a month.

Initially, Yan Chuyang didn't want to go because there was less than a month before the anime expo game. He was busy practicing every day.

However, he was the president of the anime club, so he had to attend the dinner party, otherwise, the others would be unhappy. In addition, Wei Yuan kept nagging in his ear, so Yan Chuyang agreed.

At seven in the evening, Wei Qing worked overtime and didn't go home.

Yan Chuyang looked at the wardrobe for a long time and chose his clothes from under the cupboard.

What Wei Qing bought him were all name-brand clothes. There were many people at the party, so he didn't want to wear such a noticeable outfit to get himself wrong.

The dinner party was held in a medium-sized restaurant. The comers were all students and would not afford to spend so much, so it was a Dutch treatment.

However, to Yan Chuyang's surprise, Song Huaiqi also attended the dinner party.

"President, come here!" Little You waved at him happily, "Sit by my side!"

Yan Chuyang walked over and sat next to Little You. Song Huaiqi was on his right hand. He turned to greet him, but Song Huaiqi looked calm and focused on eating with his head down as if he hadn't seen him.

Yan Chuyang didn't have the guts to speak to him, but smiled embarrassedly and started to chat with the rest.

They were all students of 17 or 18 years old, so they talked about school trifles. Now and then, they burst into laughter at the table, and the atmosphere was very harmonious.

However, Yan Chuyang always felt awkward somehow, not because of joking with others, but because of Song Huaiqi sitting next to him!

Song Huaiqi didn't say anything or smile. He just sat beside him, eating without even looking up.

After a long while, Yan Chuyang was forced to stand up to sing. He was shy. After singing a song, he excused himself to go to the toilet and escaped from the private room.

After washing his face in the bathroom to refresh himself, Yan Chuyang went out and bumped into Song Huaiqi standing at the door.

"Ah!" Yan Chuyang retreated in shock. After clearly seeing the person in front of him, he lowered his head and apologized, "Song Huaiqi, I'm sorry. I drank too much and didn't see you."

Song Huaiqi didn't say anything but calmly walked past him.

Yan Chuyang felt strange and frowned. 'Song Huaiqi is never so rude. What happened to him today?' But he didn't think much about it. He just felt that Song Huaiqi was in a bad mood and didn't want to talk with him.

When he heard someone calling him in the private room, Yan Chuyang walked forward, but after taking two steps, he was stopped by the call of the person behind him.

"Yan Chuyang."

"Hmm?" Yan Chuyang stopped and turned to look at him. "Song Huaiqi, what's up?"

Song Huaiqi turned around and exhaled. He stared at him for a long time before asking with difficulty,

"What's your relationship with... Wei Qing?"

Yan Chuyang was stunned and scratched his neck. "We're cousins. I remember that I told you before."

"Aren't you related by blood, are you?" Song Huaiqi suddenly asked.

Yan Chuyang frowned and asked suspiciously, "Did you hear anything from others?"

55. Stop It! I understand!

"No." Song Huaiqi shook his head. "I just find you don't look alike."

"Oh," Yan Chuyang heaved a sigh of relief "We're not related by bloodline, but I take him as my biological cousin."

Yan Chuyang didn't lie. He regarded Wei Qing as his relative. When he was used to liking someone, he would treat him as his closest person.

Song Huaiqi looked relieved and couldn't help but smile, "That's the case. I once saw you interact intimately and thought you were lovers."

"How is that possible?" Yan Chuyang's expression changed. He immediately shook his head to refute, "Song Huaiqi, you think too much. How can we be lovers?"

Yan Chuyang still didn't want to let others know that he had married Wei Qing for the time being.

He was still in school. Although the whole society became open-minded and the public could accept homosexuality more, he was still a student now.

The school was well closed. It would stir up a great tumult if his marriage with the same-sex spread in school.

He didn't want to draw too much attention, but just to live a quiet life in the university.

Besides, Wei Qing didn't want others to know about their relationship.

According to the third rule of their contract, except for Wei Qing's family members, the fact that they were married couldn't be exposed to anyone else.

Therefore, for the sake of the contract, he had to keep it a secret.

The sadness appeared in Song Huaiqi's eyes. "Is it because you don't like men?"

"Uh, that's not the case," Yan Chuyang thought for a moment and scratched the back of his head. "I don't hate that, but Wei Qing is straight. It's impossible for him to like men."

As he spoke, Yan Chuyang sighed in his heart and the helplessness couldn't be held back.

'If Wei Qing had liked men a little more, he would not have treated me as his younger brother after I have been trying for so long…'

Song Huaiqi became completely relaxed. 'I know Yan Chuyang is simple. He won't lie to others. Now that he said he took Wei Qing as his family, he doesn't mean that to him!'

'In that case, I still have a chance.'

"I'm overthinking," Song Huaiqi smiled gently. "I'm sorry. I've been busy in the past few days, so I'm a little confused now."

"It's fine," Yan Chuyang shook his head and teased, "Did you ignore me just because you thought Wei Qing and I were lovers?"

"Yes," Song Huaiqi said without hesitation, "I thought you were dating, so I felt a little uncomfortable."

Yan Chuyang's expression changed and he forced a smile, "You also think it's disgusting for two men to be together, right?"

Song Huaiqi hurriedly waved his hand, "No, I mean…"

"Forget it," Yan Chuyang interrupted him. "There's no need to explain. I understand. Some feelings, no matter how pure they are, are strange and unbearable for some people."

Song Huaiqi smiled bitterly, "It's good if you understand it." Otherwise, he didn't have to stand by Yan Chuyang's side, constantly speculating what Yan Chuyang thought and keeping panicked.

"Song Huaiqi," Yan Chuyang check the time and said, "I've got to go into the private room. When I came out, Wei Yuan sent me a text, saying that he can't take any shots and asking me to help him refuse drink offers."

Song Huaiqi replied in a low voice, "OK. Don't drink too much. Don't be so honest. It's enough to drink a little. Drinking too much is harmful to your body."

Yan Chuyang nodded and smiled. "I got it. I'm leaving now." Yan Chuyang waved at him and ran into the private room.

Song Huaiqi stood there and stared at his back until he disappeared.

When he received a call from Yan Chuyang, Wei Qing was discussing a contract with a few foreigners. It was at a critical moment, so he couldn't leave. He unwillingly hung up. When the contract was confirmed, he saw the foreigners finally smile and nod. Then he immediately stood up and asked his assistant to deal with the rest.

Wei Qing called Yan Chuyang a few times, and it was connected, but after a while, it was hung up. Wei Qing frowned in a hurry.

Finally, on the fourth time, someone picked up the phone.

"Hello? Yan Chuyang?"

"Cousin," Wei Yuan said on the phone, "Yan Chuyang drank too much. He is sleeping on the dining table."

Wei Qing suddenly frowned, "Did he drink? With whom?"

Wei Yuan hesitated, "It's all my fault... Those girls kept asking me to drink. Chuyang saw I couldn't drink more, so he helped me drink two cups."

"Wei Yuan!" Wei Qing yelled, "You ask him to help you drink? Does he look like someone who can hold his liquor?"

"Of course," Wei Yuan mumbled, "Yan Chuyang can drink more than me."

"Nonsense!" Wei Qing cursed and roared, "You're used to drinking, so no matter how much you drink, it's fine. But his stomach is delicate!"

The corners of Wei Yuan's forehead twitched, "Cousin... Can you not protect your lover so obviously?"

'Yan Chuyang's stomach is delicate, while my stomach is solid?

At least I'm your biological cousin. How can you hurt my feelings?'

"Don't talk about nonsense!" Wei Qing said in a gloomy tone, "Where is Yan Chuyang now? Send me the specific address!"

"Pomegranate Hotel, the Fudong Road of the Song City."

Wei Qing remembered the address and asked Wei Yuan to take good care of Yan Chuyang. Then he hurriedly hung up and rushed to the Fudong Road.

Yan Chuyang's drinking ethics was good. When he got drunk, he lay down with a blushing face and didn't speak or make a fuss.

Wei Yuan stared at him unblinkingly. Song Huaiqi left during the meal as if something had happened to his company. Several students at the table were in high spirits. After drinking, they started to play the finger-guessing game in the private room, laughing and joking.

The room was very noisy.

This was what Wei Qing saw when he opened the door and entered.

56. Do They Believe It?

Yan Chuyang shrank pitifully into a small mass in the noisy box, lying prone on the table with a red face and sleeping with a painful expression on his face.

Wei Qing sadly gritted his teeth and wanted to grab his troublemaker cousin to beat him up.

When Yan Chuyang got sober later, he had to sit down and talk to Yan Chuyang about this problem.

It was okay to make friends, but friends like Wei Yuan, who didn't behave themselves, he was supposed to kick them away. Wei Qing would never let Yan Chuyang hang with people like Wei Yuan again.

"Cousin" Seeing that Wei Qing coming in angrily, Wei Yuan quickly stood up and leaned over slightly apprehensively, pointing at the corner of the table and saying, "Chuyang is there."

Wei Qing glared at him and said in a gloomy voice, "I have eyes." Wei Yuan cleared his throat, stood aside submissively to make a way for Wei Qing.

Wei Qing walked up to Yan Chuyang, took off his suit jacket, draped it over Yan Chuyang casually, and helped him up.

Yan Chuyang frowned uncomfortably. Whether it was because of discomfort or because of drinking too much wine, his fair face was incredibly red at the moment.

Wei Qing sighed and whispered into his ear, "It's fine. Let's go home. It's not comfortable to sleep here, we can go home."

After saying that, he put Yan Chuyang's arm on his shoulder and held his waist, trying to carry him away.

As soon as he moved, Yan Chuyang woke up. He looked at the person in front of him with a confused expression and said in a very soft voice, "Wei Qing?"

Wei Qing replied, "It's me."

Yan Chuyang's face stiffened and he struggled in a panic. "You… stay away from me."

Wei Qing was confused, so he slightly loosened his hold of Yan Chuyang's waist, and asked. "What's wrong?"

Yan Chuyang shook his head and whispered, "They are my classmates. If someone sees you, they will misunderstand our relationship."

Wei Qing turned his head to look; then he saw the group of students were playing cards concentratedly and didn't look towards the small corner where the two of them were.

"It's okay," Wei Qing straightened the boy's head and let Yan Chuyang lean on his shoulder. "How could someone misunderstand? I'm your brother and come to pick you up when you're drunk. What's wrong with that?"

"Not right!" Yan Chuyang shook his head in a daze and said softly, "Song Huaiqi misunderstood."

Wei Qing's face darkened, "He misunderstood?"

"Yep!" Yan Chuyang frowned anxiously and whispered into Wei Qing's ear, "He thought we were in a relationship!"

"Oh," Wei Qing said expressionlessly, "And then? Do you care about his misunderstanding?

Yan Chuyang nodded, "Of course I care!"

"Alright," Wei Qing shrugged and suddenly bent down; then he directly hugged Yan Chuyang's waist and carried him up.

The originally noisy room fell silent after seeing this scene.

Wei Yuan's jaw was about to fall.

His cousin, who once avoided men like avoiding viruses and would say that he would die in disgust when he saw two men walking together hand in hand, now was holding a man in his arms.

"Open the door!" Wei Qing walked to Wei Yuan and said impatiently.

Wei Yuan came to his senses and ran to the door in a hurry, opening the door and letting the two of them leave.

From the moment Yan Chuyang was forcefully picked up by Wei Qing, he stuck his head into Wei Qing's arms and didn't look up.

Wei Qing crammed Yan Chuyang into the passenger seat, opened the door on the other side, and got into the car.

Yan Chuyang buried his head in the car seat and muttered to himself, "It's bad, it's bad..."

Wei Qing frowned and picked Yan Chuyang up to his lap. He pinched his chin and asked, "What are you doing? Why didn't you look up?"

Yan Chuyang let out a long sigh and leaned down again as if he couldn't bear to see anyone. He buried his face in Wei Qing's chest and said, "Bad, it's over. We must have been found out. I can't go to school tomorrow."

Hearing the panic in his words, Wei Qing patted him on the shoulder sadly, "What's going on? What are you afraid of?"

Yan Chuyang lay in his arms and said in a muffled tone, "You held me in your arms just now. There are so many of my classmates in the private room. They must have guessed that I was married to you…"

"They won't," Wei Qing whispered into his ear, "They will think I'm your brother."

"No!" Yan Chuyang clutched Wei Qing's arm anxiously and said. "They must think that I'm in love with you. They must think that I'm a gay!"

"Don't be afraid!" Wei Qing patted his back, "It's no big deal."

"It is a big deal!" Yan Chuyang raised his head and his wet eyes were full of horror. "No one in school is like me. If they knew that I am gay, they would hate me, contradict me, and the school might expel me!"

Looking at Yan Chuyang's helpless eyes, Wei Qing was so regretful that he wanted to slap himself.

How could he be so impulsive to pick Yan Chuyang up when he heard Song Huaiqi's name?

He wouldn't lose anything. At most, he would be criticized behind his back by others. During these years, because of his unreliable father, he had long been tired of hearing these criticisms.

But Yan Chuyang was different.

He was still so young and still in school. His life trajectory was much more normal than his. He had to face so many people's eyes every day. But just now, he was so impulsive to break the peace he maintained!

Wei Qing let out a long sigh with guilt and held Yan Chuyang's shoulder. "Sorry, I was wrong. Don't be afraid. I'll call Wei Yuan now and ask him to explain to your classmates."

After saying that, Wei Qing took out his phone and dialed a series of numbers.

"Hello?" Wei Yuan answered quickly, "Cousin? Is there anything else?"

"Wei Yuan, are you and your classmates still in the private room?"

Wei Yuan nodded, "Yes."

Wei Qing lowered his voice, "Help me explain that I'm Yan Chuyang's cousin. Yan Chuyang drank so much that he could barely walk, so I picked

him up."

Wei Yuan also lowered his voice and said, "Hey, there's no need for you to tell me about this kind of thing. I've explained it."

The gossip was so powerful, so it must be explained.

Wei Qing glanced at the person in his arms and whispered, "Do they believe it?"

"Of course they believe it," Wei Yuan shrugged. "It's not a big deal. If you two kissed, I definitely wouldn't be able to cover it up, but a hug is simple to explain."

57. This Is Not My Room

Wei Qing heaved a sigh of relief and snorted, "I didn't expect your improvisation was good when you have no other strengths."

Wei Yuan snorted, "You underestimated me before."

Wei Qing touched Yan Chuyang's slightly hot face and said, "I'm hanging up. I have to send Yan Chuyang home to rest right away."

"Cousin," Wei Yuan shouted and said solemnly, "Don't do something like that again. You will make Chuyang embarrassed."

Wei Qing's eyes darkened and he said, "I got it." He paused for a moment and then added, "Don't hang up. Say something to Yan Chuyang."

Then, Wei Qing put the mobile phone to Yan Chuyang's ear and whispered, "It's all settled. You can ask Wei Yuan if you don't believe me."

Yan Chuyang looked up and asked hesitantly, "Wei Yuan, did they discover that I'm married to Wei Qing?"

Wei Yuan hurriedly said, "Don't worry. I've already explained it. No one will know it."

Yan Chuyang's whole body loosened up. He took a long breath and lay on Wei Qing's chest, "That's good. That's good."

Wei Qing took the phone away sullenly and touched his face. "Do you feel relieved?"

"Yes."

Wei Qing sighed, "Are you so afraid? Don't you let others know forever that you've married me?"

"No!" Yan Chuyang suddenly raised his head and stared at the person in front of him. "I'm only 19 years old now. I haven't reached the legal age of marriage yet. At least when I'm 22 years old, I can tell others. Is that right?"

Wei Qing was convinced by his answer. He couldn't help but lower his head and peck his lips. Wei Qing smiled, "Your answer is perfect. My Chuyang is indeed the best-behaved."

'A marriage can't be announced before the legal age of marriage. You're so cute, honest and law-abiding.'

After praising Yan Chuyang in his heart, Wei Qing put him in the passenger seat. Then he picked up the jacket in the car and covered him. "Tave a nap now. You will be comfortable when you get home."

Then Wei Qing turned his head, switched the car key, hit the gas and drove steadily forward.

There was no one at home. Because it was Saturday, Nanny Wang took a holiday.

Wei Qing carried the drunken and dizzy Yan Chuyang into the living room. He had wanted to send him to his own room, but it was on the second floor. Yan Chuyang's feet were feeble. It would take some effort to support him up to the second floor, so Wei Qing carried him into his room.

His bedroom was on the first floor, so it was convenient.

Wei Qing supported him to the bedside, helped him lie down on the bed cautiously and put the blanket over his body.

As soon as Yan Chuyang touched the soft pillow, he snorted because of feeling comfortable and unconsciously rubbed against the soft cloth.

Wei Qing straightened his head, looked down and kissed his brow. "I have work to do. You sleep here. I'll cook dinner for you when I come back."

Just as he said that, the boy's thin eyelids opened. His dark eyeballs were constantly swaying and his eyesight was out of focus, as if he didn't know the person in front of him.

They drank red wine whose aftereffect was strong at the party. After a while, alcohol would take effect in one's mind, making him even more confused than the time when he just drank it.

Looking at those dark fascinating eyes, Wei Qing rolled his Adam's apple and said, "Why did you open your eyes? Sleep."

Yan Chuyang grunted, raised his hand and touched the pillow. He looked around blankly and said, "This isn't my room."

Wei Qing's face sank, "How come it's not your room?"

Yan Chuyang shook his head. "It is Wei Qing's room." He pushed Wei Qing's shoulder and tried to stand up.

Wei Qing was so angry that he pushed Yan Chuyang back, "What are you doing when you're drunk? Sleep obediently."

"No!" Yan Chuyang was so anxious that his face turned pale. "This is Wei Qing's room. I can't sleep here."

'Wei Qing hates the most that men sleep on his bed. On the first day of marriage, he was particularly disgusted for sharing a room. He will hate me if he sees I get drunk and sleep on his bed when he comes home from work.'

Yan Chuyang became more anxious as he thought of that. He kept trying to push Wei Qing's shoulder away and stand up, but because he drank too much, he couldn't exert any strength at all.

Wei Qing was so angry that his face turned livid. He pressed Yan Chuyang's shoulder with his arm and whispered, "We're married. My room is your room. My bed is your bed. It's reasonable for you to sleep here."

Yan Chuyang's eyelashes trembled, but he still said, "No."

Wei Qing gritted his teeth, "You have to do it!"

Then, he pulled the quilt over to cover him, "If you dare move, I will pull off your pants and throw them out of the window."

Yan Chuyang shrank in fright and closed his eyes.

He finally fell asleep.

Wei Qing heaved a sigh of relief and walked out. He would have an important meeting later, so if he stayed here any longer, he would be late.

When he heard the sound of the doorknob switching, Yan Chuyang suddenly opened his eyes and looked at the back at the door. He suddenly came back to his senses a little and recognized the person at the door. Seeing he was gonna leave, Yan Chuyang hurriedly shouted, "Wei Qing?"

Wei Qing froze and turned to ask, "What's wrong?"

Yan Chuyang compressed his lips and looked up slightly. "I want to go to the toilet."

Wei Qing's jaw tightened. "Can't you go by yourself?"

Yan Chuyang shook his head. "I tried it just now. My legs are feeble and I can't stand up." In fact, his legs weren't feeble. He just didn't want Wei Qing to leave.

Wei Qing sighed and walked over to him. He quickly pulled him up and said, "Be quick. I have to go to the company right now."

Yan Chuyang smilingly put his arm on Wei Qing's neck and said, "I got it."

Wei Qing held him by his shoulder and helped him to the bathroom.

"Go ahead," Wei Qing pointed to the toilet. "Piss here after untying your pants later. If you dare to piss on the mat, I won't spare you."

Yan Chuyang held the wall and said, "Oh."

Wei Qing asked worriedly, "Can you untie your pants yourself?"

58. He Praises Him For Being Good?

Yan Chuyang nodded heavily, "Don't worry! I can do it."

"OK," Wei Qing replied. He turned around and left the bathroom, waiting for him outside.

After a while, when he heard the sound of water flushing, he felt relieved a little. 'Fortunately, it seems that he hasn't lost all his consciousness and can still untie his pants.'

After waiting for about three or four minutes, Wei Qing knocked on the door. "Have you finished? Come out immediately if so."

It was quiet in the bathroom.

Wei Qing felt worried and hurriedly pushed the door open.

Yan Chuyang stood upright, with one hand against the wall and the other holding his pants. He fell asleep with his eyes closed.

Yes, he was asleep standing there!

Wei Qing couldn't help but curse, "You're so damn capable!"

Wei Qing walked behind him and lifted his pants.

He gritted his teeth. 'An hour ago, I praised him for being good. But it's not true. He's just a pain in the neck!'

Yan Chuyang suddenly opened his eyes, looked down at his neat trousers, then looked at the toilet and whispered, "Did I finish pissing without taking off my pants?"

Hearing that, Wei Qing burst into laughter. He sighed and hugged him up around his waist, "Yes, you are an awesome guy, who can piss without taking off the pants."

Then, he took big strides towards the bedroom with Yan Chuyang in his arms.

When he reached the bedside, Yan Chuyang struggled, "Let go of me!"

Wei Qing frowned. "What now?"

Yan Chuyang blushed and said, "I want to tie the belt."

In the bathroom, Wei Qing only lifted his pants but didn't buckle his belt.

"Alas," Wei Qing sighed and let go of him helplessly. "Hurry up and sleep. I'm leaving."

"OK," Yan Chuyang responded. He stood with one hand on the bed and the other searching for his belt buckle.

Seeing his slow movements, Wei Qing became more and more anxious. He raised his hand to help him.

But the moment he touched his pants, Yan Chuyang immediately raised his hand and pushed him hard. Wei Qing was not prepared for that and fell straight to the bed. Yan Chuyang became anxious. He frowned and immediately reached out to pull him, but he had no strength out of being drunk.

Wei Qing's whole body stiffened. When he realized that the warm breath was from Yan Chuyang, his back felt paralyzed as if he was shocked by the electricity.

"Yan Chuyang!" The veins in the corner of Wei Qing's forehead bulged. He raised his hand and pushed Yan Chuyang's shoulder.

Yan Chuyang twisted his cheeks because of feeling uncomfortable, "I want to sleep."

"Sleep on the side!" Wei Qing roared.

Yan Chuyang looked up with grievance and said with tears in his eyes, "Wei Qing, I'm feeling terrible."

What was a critical strike?

It was just that.

Wei Qing's eyes instantly turned red.

"Be good," Wei Qing raised his hand and rubbed Yan Chuyang's head. He tried his best to control himself and said hoarsely, "You can't sleep here. Get up and sleep on the pillow."

"No," Yan Chuyang looked unhappy again and rubbed with satisfaction, "It's very comfortable here. I want to sleep here."

"Yan Chuyang!" Wei Qing's veins bulged and he pinched Yan Chuyang's chin to force him to raise his head. However, when he saw his rosy and moist lips pouting with grievance, his heart suddenly skipped a beat. Wei Qing wanted to push his hand away, but immediately touched his thick eyelashes gently, calling his name in a hoarse voice.

When Yan Chuyang woke up, it was already seven in the evening. He started to sleep from three in the afternoon. Surprisingly, he had slept for four hours.

There was no one in the room, and only the sound of the clock ticking could be heard.

"Mmm…" Yan Chuyang patted his dizzy head and sat up slowly from the bed. He looked at the room blankly and muttered, "How come I am in Wei Qing's room?"

He was startled at the moment.

His voice was so hoarse, and his throat was itchy and a little painful when he swallowed.

Yan Chuyang smacked his mouth and frowned because of being uncomfortable.

Yan Chuyang shook his head, lifted the quilt and got out of the bed. He wanted to go to the bathroom to rinse his mouth.

But just as he opened the bedroom door and came out to the bathroom, he saw Wei Qing open the living room door with a briefcase in his hand and put on slippers at the entrance.

Yan Chuyang hurriedly walked over, "Wei Qing, did you just get off work?"

Hearing Yan Chuyang's hoarse voice, Wei Qing's body stiffened, but he quickly came back to his senses. He looked down and said, "Yes, I just finished my work."

Yan Chuyang frowned and asked in confusion, "Since you went to work, who brought me back from the restaurant in the afternoon?"

Wei Qing's expression froze. He looked up at him, "Don't you remember what happened this afternoon?"

Yan Chuyang shook his head. "I seem to have lost my consciousness then."

His stomach was not good and he hadn't drunk alcohol for a long time. Yesterday it was the first time that he had drunk so much wine since his grandmother died.

He drank a lot and became confused.

Wei Qing looked obviously relieved. "Oh!" He bypassed him and sat down on the sofa with a poker face. "You're drunk. Wei Yuan called me and I drove you back."

59. Cooperation

"Oh," Yan Chuyang compressed his lips and looked up, "Why didn't you bring me upstairs?"

Wei Qing raised his hand, picked up the cup on the coffee table, and took a sip. "You drank too much and you couldn't walk. I thought it was convenient to bring you into my room."

Yan Chuyang looked embarrassed and scratched the back of his head. "I'm sorry. Did I become weird after I got drunk? Sorry to have made trouble for you."

Wei Qing's face froze. He rubbed the rim of the porcelain cup and said in a hoarse voice, "It doesn't matter." Anyway, he got an extremely sweet reward.

"Then don't go to sleep later," Yan Chuyang said softly, "I've messed up your bed. I'll go to the bathroom and brush my teeth. After that, I will tidy up your quilt."

"OK," Wei Qing replied with his head down. He looked calm and his feelings couldn't be seen through.

Yan Chuyang heaved a sigh of relief in his heart. 'Fortunately, Wei Qing doesn't look very angry.'

He thought that Wei Qing would feel disgusted because he got drunk and slept on his bed. 'In this way, it seems that he doesn't hate that thing so much.'

Yan Chuyang turned around and entered the bathroom. He tried to brush his teeth several times to make sure that the strange smell in his mouth had dissipated a little before he rinsed his mouth and put the toothbrush back.

When he went out, Yan Chuyang raised his hand to cover his mouth and puffed. After confirming that it was the refreshing smell of mint toothpaste, he loosened up his shoulders and muttered, "It's true that wine can't be drunk too much… It's harmful."

After brushing his teeth and taking a good shower to wash the smell of liquor off his body, Yan Chuyang came out of the bathroom with wet hair, wearing a white T-shirt and black sports shorts.

Wei Qing was preparing dinner in the kitchen. The sound of cooking was pleasing to the ear.

Yan Chuyang excitedly ran to the kitchen, leaned against the door frame, and looked at the man's elegant and handsome side face, saying happily, "Didn't Nanny Wang make dinner normally? Why are you cooking today?

Wei Qing paused his movement and coughed lightly, "I don't have work tonight, so I want to do something."

"Okay," Yan Chuyang leaned over and looked at the dishes on the cupboard.

Tofu, pork with preserved vegetables, and tenderloin braised in brown sauce.

Yan Chuyang swallowed. These were the dishes he liked and he often asked Nanny Wang to cook these.

"Why are you so kind to me today?" Yan Chuyang bent and looked at the dishes with his eyes wide open. "All of them are my favorite dishes. Have I made any achievements recently so you want to reward me?"

Wei Qing didn't say anything. He just took out a pair of chopsticks from the tray and handed them to Yan Chuyang, "If you're hungry, eat first. When the soup is ready, I'll take the dishes out together."

"Okay!" Yan Chuyang took the chopsticks, excitedly got a stool in the kitchen, and sat down. But just as he was about to eat, he felt uneasy again.

Yan Chuyang put down his chopsticks and turned to Wei Qing. "I'm telling the truth. I can't receive a reward without making merit. Why did you make so many delicious dishes for me today?"

Wei Qing glanced at him. When he saw Yan Chuyang's rosy lips, he suddenly turned his head and coughed awkwardly, "To compensate you."

"Compensate?" Yan Chuyang frowned. "For what?"

Wei Qing took the spoon out and hung it on the wall. He said coldly, "Why are you asking so much? Just eat what I cook. Besides, these dishes aren't made just for you. I like to eat them, too."

Yan Chuyang became increasingly uneasy. He suddenly stood up from his stool and said, "Is it the breakup dinner? Do you want to divorce me?"

"What are you talking about?" Wei Qing was even more agitated. He slammed the spoon and said coldly.

Yan Chuyang also stared at him and pointed to the food on the table, "I like to eat tofu, but you don't eat it at all. You even dislike seeing tofu.

Today, you even cooked tofu for me. You must have done something guilty. You..."

"Come here!" Wei Qing suddenly interrupted him.

Yan Chuyang was stunned and took a step back in panic. "I won't come over. I'm not going abroad. I'm very busy recently. I don't have time to divorce you. I..."

"Come here!" Wei Qing warned.

Looking at his gloomy face, Yan Chuyang was flustered as he pinched the side of his pants. "What are you doing?"

Wei Qing sighed, took two steps forward to his side, raised his hand, and touched his lips. With sadness in his eyes, Wei Qing asked, "Do you still feel uncomfortable in your... mouth?"

"Huh?" Yan Chuyang looked up at him blankly.

Wei Qing pinched his chin impatiently and opened his mouth to check it out carefully. Seeing there was no swelling in his throat, he let out a sigh of relief, "Do you feel comfortable in your mouth now? Do you need medicine?"

Yan Chuyang raised his hand and pinched his Adam's apple blankly. "It's fine. It hurts just when I swallow."

"I'm sorry," Wei Qing held him by his shoulder and hugged him tightly, feeling guilty.

'I'm a bastard.

I don't like Yan Chuyang, but I treated him as a tool to vent my desire.

At that time, Yan Chuyang was out of breath because of pain. He was coughing non-stop, and he didn't even have the strength to struggle. He started sobbing, but I still forced him to bear my uncontrolled desire by taking advantage of his unconsciousness.

I'm guilty. I'm a lousy person.'

Yan Chuyang patted his shoulder in confusion, "Why did you apologize? I drank too much. It's me who should apologize. I must've caused you a lot of trouble."

Wei Qing exhaled and suddenly asked uneasily, "Are you still willing to let me kiss you?"

Yan Chuyang's body stiffened and he pushed him away in a panic. He stared into Wei Qing's eyes and asked, "What did you mean? Kissing every day is included in the contract terms. You can't change it as you want."

Looking at his moving lips, Wei Qing felt sad and said with difficulty, "Don't worry. I will never do that in the future."

Yan Chuyang's face turned pale, "You mean you're going to violate the term and not to kiss me anymore?"

"No," Wei Qing pinched Yan Chuyang's chin and pecked his lips, saying softly, "I will kiss you as long as you are willing."

Yan Chuyang replied with reddened ears, "Of course. It's included in the contract."

Wei Qing's eyes flashed and he said in a low voice, "Yes, that's right."

'It's just a cooperation between us.'

Wei Qing said repeatedly in his heart.

60. Do You Think I'm Just For That Little Money?

Yan Chuyang could feel that Wei Qing had been abnormal these days.

Wei Qing didn't look at him.

Yes, for the past few days, no matter how Yan Chuyang stared at him or talked to him, Wei Qing hadn't looked directly into his eyes, unless Yan Chuyang took the initiative to kiss him in the evening. At that time, Wei Qing would respond perfunctorily, but he quickly retreated. In short, he didn't look straight at him.

Yan Chuyang felt a little awkward, but he couldn't tell what had happened between them. They had been normal these days, and they didn't quarrel or have any silent treatments.

Yan Chuyang had wanted to talk to him, but the competition was coming soon. He was busy drawing, so he didn't take that matter to heart. He just thought Wei Qing was too tired recently and thus was in a bad mood.

It would be June soon. Yan Chuyang was increasingly busy. He had to take a lot of classes and practice drawing, so he almost stayed just in the teaching building and the painting classroom every day.

As the competition approached, he felt more that he was not prepared enough. Because the university assigned a professional teacher to teach him, he started to spend every day in the university's art hall, not going home and practicing drawing under the guidance of his teacher.

Although he wanted to go home to have lunch with Wei Qing, he understood that it was not the time to be immersed in love. He had to spend all his energy on the competition and abandon all distracting thoughts.

'It's a chance to prove myself.

I can't lose. I can't disappoint Wei Qing or myself.'

The consequence of being too nervous was that he felt stressed out.

Yan Chuyang didn't know how many nights he woke up from the nightmare of being eliminated in cold sweats, then turned on the lights in

horror, drank a glass of water to get refreshed, got out of bed, and finally picked up the drawing board to continue practicing.

Anxiety.

His teacher told him more than once that his state wasn't good and he could feel he was anxious.

His teacher asked him to have a day or two off to adjust his state before continuing to draw.

But Yan Chuyang didn't want to stop, or he couldn't stop. He would become more anxious if he stopped.

His previous failures were too impressive. As a result, he had a reflexive pregame nervousness.

He would never forget that his mother abandoned him and married another man after he failed the first competition. The second time he failed, his grandmother shook her head and said regretfully, "I might not be able to go back to my hometown in my life."

'I have already disappointed so many people. If I fail again, will Wei Qing be completely disappointed in me? Will he think I'm useless?'

This strange speculation and prediction made Yan Chuyang out of breath.

It was fine in the daytime. When he was busy, he could still maintain his calm, but in the evening, he was so nervous that he tossed and turned restlessly and couldn't sleep all night.

Early in the morning.

Yan Chuyang read the explanation of the painting on his phone while raising his head to drink milk.

When Wei Qing came out of the bathroom, he accidentally saw Yan Chuyang sticking out his red tongue and gently licking the milk at the corners of his mouth.

Almost instantly, the heat from his lower abdomen forced him to turn around and enter the bathroom again.

After washing his face countless times with cold water and confirming that he became calm again, Wei Qing finally opened the door and walked into the dining room.

"Wei Qing?" Hearing footsteps, Yan Chuyang turned to look at him and put his phone on the table. He frowned and said, "The food is going to turn cold. You've been very slow in washing up recently."

"Yes," Wei Qing said in a low voice. He sat down without raising his head. He looked down, picked up the tissue on the table, and spread it on

his legs. Then he started to pick up his knife and fork to eat breakfast.

'Once again!' Yan Chuyang sighed in his heart. ’He has not said "Good morning" to me for several days.'

After a moment of disappointment, Yan Chuyang hurriedly lowered his head and picked up his chopsticks to eat. He had to go to the painting classroom to practice drawing with the teacher at half-past seven. He couldn't be late.

"I'm full," Yan Chuyang quickly swallowed the last bite of the sandwich and stood up from the chair. He picked up the canvas bag beside him and said, "I need to draw at school at noon, so I won't come back. Tell Nanny Wang not to prepare my lunch."

Wei Qing paused for a moment and then looked up at him. "Why aren't you back?"

Yan Chuyang frowned and said seriously, "My competition instructor said that my painting was not so stable, so he wants me to practice more at school."

It was him who wanted to practice more.

"What about your lunch?"

"I can eat something at school."

Seeing Yan Chuyang's thinner jaw, Wei Qing frowned, "Is the food in your university okay? I find you are thinner after eating at school for two days."

Yan Chuyang said indifferently, "Of course, there are more dishes at school than at home. Don't worry about it."

Then, he hurriedly pulled out the chair and went out.

"Yan Chuyang," Wei Qing called him again.

Yan Chuyang stomped, turned around, and asked anxiously, "What again?"

Wei Qing stood up and walked to his side. He frowned as he looked at Yan Chuyang's face that had become much thinner over the past few days.

"If this competition makes you very hard, just give up. It's just a small bonus. If you want money, I'll raise your salary. If you want to go to a comic studio, I'll accompany you to Japan after I finish my work."

Yan Chuyang's face darkened bit by bit and the light in his eyes gradually dimmed as if it had been quenched by cold water.

"Tell me, how much is the bonus? If you need it, I'll ask my assistant to transfer it to you right now. After a few days.."

"Have you finished speaking?" Yan Chuyang interrupted him expressionlessly.

Seeing Yan Chuyang's disappointment, Wei Qing was stunned and compressed his lips. "I don't mean anything. Don't think too much. I just think..."

"Do you just think that I work hard every day for that little money, right?" Yan Chuyang looked up at him calmly.

"No."

Yan Chuyang shrugged. "Then you think I can't do it, so you advise me to give up in advance, right?"

"Yan Chuyang…"

61. Who Says He Can't Win?

"Stop!" Yan Chuyang turned around and said in a flat voice, "I'm very busy. I have to take time to practice, so I won't come back tonight, either. I'll sleep in the dorm." Then he strode out.

Wei Qing was left alone, seeing helplessly the figure disappear at the door.

At noon, Wei Qing finished his work early and went home to make some food that Yan Chuyang liked to eat. He placed the food in a thermal lunch box and prepared to send it to the school.

Yan Chuyang got thinner quickly. In just a week, his shoulder blades were more prominent.

Wei Qing could feel his pressure but he didn't understand it.

It was just a match. It didn't matter even if he lost. However, Yan Chuyang seemed to value this competition.

To be honest, Wei Qing couldn't agree with this kind of obstinancy.

If it were someone else, Wei Qing would be full of ridicule, but now this idiot was Yan Chuyang so he could only feel sorry for him.

Wei Qing gave Wei Yuan a call. After knowing that Yan Chuyang was in the school's art gallery, he went there with the lunch box in his hand.

He once drove Yan Chuyang there to practice drawing, so he was quite familiar with the way.

When he reached the door and was about to push it, he heard the voice of a middle-aged woman.

"None of these paintings are good…" The teacher threw all the homework Yan Chuyang handed into the ground and said, "Chuyang, they're not what you really can do."

Yan Chuyang's expression changed. He hurriedly picked them up and said, "Teacher, I painted all this last night. Please take another look."

The teacher sighed and shook her head helplessly. "Chuyang, if this represents your true strength, I advise you to drop out of this competition now, because you won't be able to enter the finals."

Yan Chuyang's body swayed and his eyes flashed slightly, "Are they... so bad?"

The teacher sighed and took the painting from Yan Chuyang's hand again. Looking at the seemingly anxious strokes on it, she said, "Don't you think you've been too anxious and desirous of success recently?"

Yan Chuyang shook his head. "I just want to make the best use of time and work hard to draw more…"

"But the competition needs good quality, not quantity."

Yan Chuyang looked down in panic, "I thought that if I draw more, my painting skill might improve faster."

The teacher was impatient. "If you think so, then you don't have to participate in the competition. You won't win."

"Who said he couldn't win?" A gloomy voice interrupted the conversation between the two people in the room.

Wei Qing suddenly pushed the door open and entered.

Yan Chuyang turned back in astonishment and saw Wei Qing. He quickly stood up and walked to him, "Why are you here?"

Wei Qing didn't say anything. He just pushed Yan Chuyang aside and walked to the drawing board. He squatted down and picked up the paintings scattered on the ground.

"Miss, Chuyang is indeed a little anxious, but as his teacher, you should be clear about his capability. He is excellent, but recently, he has been under great pressure, so he's not confident enough. But you still discourage him even though you know that. Isn't it against your career ethics?"

The teacher looked embarrassed and snorted, "As his teacher, I must make the most accurate evaluation of him. What I said is correct. He won't win in his current state."

Wei Qing snorted and flicked the dust on the paper, "I wondered why Chuyang had always been absent-minded recently. I thought something had happened to him. It turns out that he met a teacher like you who has always discouraged him."

"Wei Qing!" Yan Chuyang hurriedly approached him and tugged at his collar, "Don't talk to the teacher like that. She is the most professional teacher in our academy."

"The most professional?" Wei Qing sneered and shook his head. "Without career ethics, she is still not a good teacher."

"You!" The woman's face turned pale. After grinding her teeth for a long time, she suddenly rolled down her sleeves and said, "I can't teach you. I quit, OK?"

Wei Qing nodded, "I didn't plan to let you teach."

The woman snorted, shook her arm, and turned to leave.

Yan Chuyang hurriedly stomped and caught up to stop her. "Teacher, my brother is mean. Don't take it seriously."

The teacher stopped and gradually calmed down when she saw Yan Chuyang's apologetic look. She said guiltily, "Chuyang I should've told you that I'm sorry. I've been a little impatient recently. I know you don't have enough confidence, but I still speak in that way…"

"It doesn't matter," Yan Chuyang scratched the back of his head and said anxiously, "Don't say that. I know I'm not good enough and let you down."

The woman sighed. "I've been in a bad mood recently because something happened to my family."

"Did you vent your anger on my brother just because you were in a bad mood?" Wei Qing interrupted meaningfully beside him.

"Cut it out!" Yan Chuyang interrupted him loudly.

Wei Qing snorted and stopped.

The teacher said with embarrassment, "Chuyang, you had a bad mentality because of me. In short, you keep working hard. I might not be able to teach you recently."

"Teacher.…"

"I'm leaving now," the woman patted Yan Chuyang's shoulder and said in a low voice, "Try your best in the competition and trust yourself."

Seeing her resolute attitude, Yan Chuyang couldn't say anything to stop her. He could only agree in a low voice and watch as she turned around and walked out.

Seeing the door close, Wei Qing walked over to him and hugged him on the shoulder. "Later, I'll send a text message to my assistant, asking him to find a teacher who is much more professional than this woman. She spoke without careful consideration. How dare she… Ah!" Wei Qing exclaimed abruptly.

Yan Chuyang clenched his fists and punched Wei Qing's shoulder.

"What are you doing?" Wei Qing took a step back forming beaten and looked up at the person in front of him in confusion.

62. Follow Me To The Company To Practice Drawing

Yan Chuyang stared at him viciously and said, "My teacher said those for my good. Why did you say such ruthless words? Do you know how much she has helped me since I prepared for the competition?"

Wei Qing pinched his shoulders and said impatiently after a little while of silence, "Then how about I get someone to buy some things and send them to her in a few days as an apology?"

Yan Chuyang glared at him and pulled out the paintings from his hand coldly. He took a few steps and threw them into the trash can at the corner of the room.

"What did you do?" Wei Qing pushed him away and picked up the paintings from the trash can. "Didn't you say you painted them all night? How could you just throw them away?"

Yan Chuyang looked down in disappointment, "It's trash anyway. It will only make people laugh."

"How can it be?" Wei Qing extended the paper and looked at it seriously, "I think it looks good."

"It doesn't look good at all," Yan Chuyang sat on the chair with hatred and clenched his knees. "I can tell that I can't do it at all."

Wei Qing's heart was pierced. He slowly walked to his side, squatted down, and looked into his eyes. "Why do you value this competition so much?"

Yan Chuyang's eyelashes trembled and he looked down. "I… I owe someone a lot of money."

"Money?"

"Yes, he has helped me a lot. I'm very grateful to him, but I've grown up now. I want to pay back the debt. If I win the competition, there will be a big bonus."

'Only by paying back what I owe him will I be able to pursue him most cleanly.

Honestly speaking, my original intention of participating in the competition is to get a big bonus. If I can repay all the money Wei Qing donated to me, I'll be completely relaxed.

We're equal, and we're no longer a provider and a receiver.'

Wei Qing felt uncomfortable, "Who lent you so much money?"

Yan Chuyang's eyes flashed and he said, "Just a friend."

Wei Qing stared at him. "Can't you borrow money from me and return it to him?"

"No." Yan Chuyang immediately shook his head.

'Borrow money from him and give it back to him. Isn't it a circle?'

Wei Qing pinched Yan Chuyang's chin. "But you still don't need to be so stressed out."

"It's not like that," Yan Chuyang shook his head and said, "I don't think I can. I can't do it now. It seems that I still have to owe him…"

Wei Qing felt suffocated and stood up to hold him in his arms. "Anyway, stop drawing today and have a rest."

"I can't," Yan Chuyang pushed him away, got up, and stood in front of the drawing board. "My painting skill is not good enough. If I rest for two days, I'll become less skilled."

Then, Yan Chuyang got the wooden pencil and started to draw on the white paper.

Seeing his pressure, Wei Qing said desperately, "I brought you lunch. After you finish the meal, follow me to the company to practice painting."

Yan Chuyang paused for a moment and turned to look at the person behind him with astonishment, "To the company?"

Wei Qing nodded, "Due to your current state, I'm afraid that you will bump your head out of sadness when drawing if no one watches you."

Yan Chuyang snorted, "I won't."

"Hurry up!" Wei Qing pointed to the thermal lunch box on the table. "Eat the meal, pack your things up and follow me to the company."

"Hey, do you know this?" One of the female employees crowded into the desk of the two other female employees in a daze. She held her face and said, "There is a handsome young artist in the CEO's office."

"Really?" Employee A suddenly threw away the folder in her hand. "Is Mr. Wei enlightened now? Did he start to hide his lover in his room?'

"It's real!" the first female employee nodded and smiled. "The young man looks so handsome. His face is fair and delicate, and his eyes sparkle. His

voice is very young and pleasing to the ear."

"Gosh!" Employee B couldn't keep aloof anymore. She turned her head from the computer and said, "Could it be Mr. Wei's lover?"

"I don't think so," the first female employee shook her head with pity after thinking about it. "Everyone in the company knows that Mr. Wei hates gays the worst. Last time, the male manager of the logistics department had a crush on Mr. Wei. When he knew it, Mr. Wei just fired him. He even specifically held a meeting to criticize such an abnormal phenomenon."

"Then who is the young man in the office?"

"Maybe he is Mr. Wei's relative."

A few women were gossiping when someone knocked on the door.

Because it was an office area, the door was cracked open.

When they heard the sound, the women hurriedly dispersed and sat down on their seats. They looked serious as if it weren't them who gossiped before.

"Come in," a female employee coughed and sat straightly.

Yan Chuyang pushed the door open and walked in. He politely asked, "May I ask where is the tea room?"

When Wei Qing brought him to the company, he left him alone in the office and went to the conference room for a meeting.

Knowing that he was close to Wei Qing, Yan Chuyang felt calmer.

After half an hour of drawing patiently, Wei Qing still didn't show up. He wanted to drink water, but there was only a coffee machine in Wei Qing's office. There wasn't even a water dispenser, so he could only go out to find it.

The woman stared at Yan Chuyang quietly for a while and then suddenly stood up, smiling at him. "Can't you find the tea room? How about I lead you there?"

Yan Chuyang felt nervous when he saw a few people rushing over in an instant. He seemed to have recalled his childhood. When he was a child, as long as his grandmother took him to the park, there would always be a few young women who came over and pinched his face.

Yan Chuyang subconsciously retreated and smiled embarrassedly, "Thank you, but you don't need to take me there. I can't trouble you more. Just tell me how to go there."

The woman standing at the front sighed regretfully. "Alright! Turn left, pass through the long corridor, and you will see the tea room. However, our

company is very big, so don't get lost."

63. My Brother Is The CEO

Yan Chuyang smiled and nodded. "Thank you. I'll be careful."

Then, he bowed slightly and immediately turned around to walk out.

A group of girls looked at his back from afar and screamed, "Ah! He is so polite and handsome, and his voice is pleasing to the ear. Ah! … "

Yan Chuyang regretted not letting someone else lead him.

He was lost.

However, it was not his fault. The company was too big, and every room looked the same. Office areas were close to each other. Except for the different listings at the entrance, the rest was all the same.

"Turn left... A long corridor..." Yan Chuyang helplessly turned round and round, muttering, "This is the end, but I don't see a long corridor."

As he was lost, his eyes suddenly lit up and he saw a door in front of him.

Yan Chuyang clapped his hands and said, "This is the end. There must be a long corridor behind this door."

Then, Yan Chuyang strode confidently to the door and turned the doorknob.

The door wasn't locked and it was pushed open directly.

"Our design concept is better to satiate…"

Yan Chuyang froze in an instant.

'This isn't a long corridor, but a meeting room.'

The long conference table was full of people. Wei Qing was sitting at the front of the conference table, leaning against the back of his chair and listening to an employee in front of him describing the company's new product design with a projector.

As the sound of the door opening could be heard, all the people in the meeting room fell silent. Everyone's eyes fell to Yan Chuyang.

Seeing Wei Qing looking at him, Yan Chuyang hurriedly bent down and said, "Sorry, I'm sorry. I came to the wrong room."

Then he immediately turned around to leave, but before he could move, Wei Qing had suddenly said, "Don't move."

Yan Chuyang froze.

Wei Qing waved at him, "Yan Chuyang, come over."

"What?" Yan Chuyang turned around in confusion and stood there, pinching the side of his pants. "I'm to get water, but I went the wrong way."

Wei Qing repeated it impatiently, "I know. Come over now."

Yan Chuyang looked at the shocked people on both sides and nervously walked to Wei Qing's side. He whispered, "What do you want?"

Wei Qing suddenly stood up from his seat and pulled Yan Chuyang in the wrist to his seat. He smiled and looked at the crowd, "This is my brother, a top student in the best art college in Song City. Today, he will assess your designs."

Yan Chuyang stood up in shock, "Stop joking."

"Sit down," Wei Qing pressed on his shoulder and pushed him to the seat. He bent down and whispered in Yan Chuyang's ear, "This meeting is very important. If you mess it up, your pocket money will be all gone."

"Wei Qing!" Yan Chuyang secretly pinched Wei Qing's thigh and frowned angrily, "Don't mess around, okay? I have no idea about your designs. How can I comment on them?"

Wei Qing's Adam's apple rolled up and down and he grasped Yan Chuyang's hand that was pinching his thigh. "Don't pinch others' legs casually. In addition, be more confident. Anyway, I'll leave this meeting to you. Remember, your bank card is in my hands. Perk up if you still want pocket money next month."

After saying that, Wei Qing straightened up and spoke calmly, "Now, my brother is the CEO. All your reports and design ideas must be told to him. His evaluation is mine."

There was a small commotion in the crowd. Everyone looked at each other and didn't know why Wei Qing, who had always been careful with his work, would suddenly hand over the position to a child who broke in suddenly and said he had gone wrong and wanted to find the tea room.

"That's it." Wei Qing straightened his sleeves and looked at the crowd, "You guys can continue. I have something to do, so I'm leaving now."

"Wei Qing," Yan Chuyang pulled the edge of Wei Qing's shirt under the table to stop him from leaving.

Wei Qing turned around and ruthlessly pushed away Yan Chuyang's fair and tender hand. He quickly walked out, shut the door with a bang, took the key, and locked the door.

Hearing the sound of the door locking, Yan Chuyang collapsed on the back of the chair like he had been drained of his strength. 'Now I really can't leave.'

Wei Qing didn't leave. He just leaned against the door and put his ear on it to listen to the sound inside with his hand in his pocket.

Wei Qing wanted to make Yan Chuyang braver because he was too unconfident.

Yan Chuyang was usually warm and positive, but Wei Qing knew that as long as he encountered something big, Yan Chuyang always felt that he couldn't do it well.

Wei Qing also knew that it was not his fault. The trauma of his childhood was too serious.

Yan Chuyang's mother married another man just on the day he failed the painting competition, so he had the illusion that he was abandoned because of his failure.

Therefore, when faced with great competition he would feel much more stressed out than most people.

The office was quiet. Yan Chuyang looked down and didn't say anything. His hands were pulling his pants on his knees. He always did this when he felt nervous.

He didn't say anything, and neither did the people at the sides. They all stayed silent.

After about two or three minutes, Yan Chuyang finally let out a long breath and summoned up the courage to look up. "Please continue the display just now. Since Mr. Wei has left this work to me, I think I should do it well."

Hearing his soft and cute voice, Wei Qing smiled outside the door. 'Fortunately, no matter what, he summoned up his courage. Although his voice was a little trembling, it is awesome.'

"Sir," a middle-aged man sitting next to Yan Chuyang suddenly said. "Please forgive me for being blunt. Are you familiar with this area? If you know nothing, why should we trust you? Just because of your relationship with Mr. Wei? This is work, not a child's play!"

Wei Qing's face turned cold. He could recognize this person's voice. It was the manager of the company's planning department, Wan Yanshan, who loved to put on airs. He never gave anyone face when speaking. Usually, apart from being respectful in front of Wei Qing, he would act

domineeringly. If not for his competence, Wei Qing would have already transferred him to the branch!

64. Do You Want My Brother To Fire You?

Because of what Wan Yanshan said, everyone's state had changed. The pretended respect in their eyes turned into suspicion.

After all, the people sitting in this office were all elites in the company, enjoying the same status. Now that their boss was not there, no one would listen to a college student who suddenly appeared.

They had been working in society for several years. If a child who had not graduated commented on their work, it would be too shameful.

Feeling the ridicule, suspicion, and sarcasm in the gazes from around, Yan Chuyang became less confident, and his hands started to pull his pants on his knees again.

The office kept silent.

Wei Qing was waiting anxiously outside. He knew how hateful those old and cunning men were. They prided themselves on being veterans and showed off their power. They must be looking at Yan Chuyang with sarcasm.

"Why don't we end the meeting?" Wan Yanshan broke the silence and looked around. "It's not our fault to postpone the progress of work for the person appointed by Mr. Wei is not capable enough, and the work can't proceed. It's useless for us to stay here, right?"

"Yes, yes!" Everyone nodded in agreement. "If we can't do anything, it's a waste of time for us to stay here."

Suddenly, everyone in the conference room reached a consensus.

Yan Chuyang looked down and didn't say anything. His hands were clenched more tightly.

"Sir," Wan Yanshan bent his finger and knocked on the table. "How about we leave now? We're very busy and don't have time to waste here."

Yan Chuyang still lowered his head, his mouth was compressed tightly and he was still silent.

Seeing the side face of cowardly Yan Chuyang who was evading, Wan Yanshan sneered and said disdainfully, "If you don't say anything, we will take it as your consent. Then we're leaving now."

Then Wan Yanshan turned his head and waved at the people on both sides of the table. "Everyone, pack up and get ready to get off work."

With the order, the sound of arranging documents and pulling tables and chairs started to resound in the originally quiet office.

"Sir," Wan Yanshan stood up and looked at the person beside him. "Are you leaving? I have the key."

Yan Chuyang still didn't say anything.

Wan Yanshan sneered and handed the key to a person beside him. "Open the door. Let's get off work."

"Alright," the employees stood up from their seats and walked to the door.

But before they opened the door, Yan Chuyang who had been silent suddenly said, "Who dares to leave won't get his salary of this month."

Everyone stiffened.

Wan Yanshan paused and then sneered, "You don't have the right to decide the salary of any employee present."

Yan Chuyang looked up and stared at the person in front of him. "Yes, I have no right, but my brother has."

Wan Yanshan's expression froze.

Yan Chuyang continued, "Have you forgotten this? My brother is Wei Qing, the CEO of this company."

Silence returned to the office.

Yan Chuyang compressed his lips and suppressed the trembling in his heart. He raised his voice volume and said calmly, "Let me tell you. I'm the most powerful in this company except my brother. In other words, if he leaves, I will be your boss."

"How is that possible?" Wan Yanshan snorted and looked ferocious, "I've never heard that Mr. Wei has a younger brother. Even if you call him brother, you're not his biological brother, so you don't have such power."

"But we're indeed biological brothers," Yan Chuyang shrugged. "He's willing to let me take this position. Even if you have been by his side for over ten years, you can't beat me."

"You!" Wan Yanshan's face was livid from anger. He slammed the table and stood up from the chair.

The office was silent, but Wei Qing laughed with satisfaction outside.

Yan Chuyang put down his hand and hid his trembling fingers under the table. Then he looked up at the people at the door and spoke in a cold voice.

"Everyone, it's the working time now. Why are you still standing at the door? Do you want my brother to fire you?"

In an instant, the people at the door turned around, pulled out chairs, and sat straight.

Yan Chuyang looked down at the list on the table and asked softly, "Which one showed the design just now? Please continue now."

"It's me," an employee stood up and coughed lightly. He picked up the folder on the table, turned around, faced the projector, and began to explain in detail again.

Wan Yanshan stood beside them for a while. Seeing that everyone didn't listen to him and was immersed in work, he rubbed his nose and obediently sat down.

Yan Chuyang thought this task would be difficult, but to his surprise, he did it well.

He studied art in university and evaluating a work was often his homework.

The staff showed the latest perfume advertisement design for this spring. Yan Chuyang had been learning painting since his childhood and was born with keen artistic appreciation, so he could roughly guess the design intention and design concept of the designer for each design. And he also had a few suggestions about its flaws.

After Yan Chuyang repeatedly made reasonable opinions, everyone slowly became more and more serious. They also realized that the young man in front of them was not ignorant, not like his immature face.

The meeting was well underway in harmony.

After watching the design display of seven people, Yan Chuyang picked out three more excellent works as the perfume advertisement design for this season and gave the eliminated works guidance. Because the guidance was reasonable, no one objected.

After the collective discussion, two more excellent works were selected among the relatively good three as an alternative for advertising.

The meeting ended successfully.

Everyone sighed with relief.